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THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING

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OF

MODERN PAINTING

63996

BY

RICHARD MUTHER

PROFESSOR OF ART HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU
LATE KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AT THE MUNICH PINAKOTHEK

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THREE

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The translation of this volume
was entrusted to
Mr. Arthur Cecil Hillier;
and the printing to
Messrs. Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld.
of London and Aylesbury.

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INTRODUCTION

"REALISM" having led painting from the past to the present, and "Impressionism" having broken the jurisdiction of the galleries by establishing an independent conception of colour for a new class of subjects, the flood of modern life, which had been artificially dammed, began to pour into art in all its volume. A whole series of new problems emerged, and a vigorous band of modern spirits were ready to lay hold upon them and give them artistic shape, each according to his nature, his ability, and his individual knowledge and power. After nineteenth-century painting had found its proper field of activity, they were no longer under the necessity of seeking remote subjects. The fresh conquest of a personal impression of nature took the place of that retrospective taste which employed the ready-made language of form and colour belonging to the old masters, as a vocabulary for the preparation of fresh works of art. Nature herself had become a gallery of splendid pictures. Artists were dazzled as if by a new light, overcome as though by a revelation of tones and strains, from which the painter was to compose his symphonies. They learnt how to find what was pictorial and poetic in the narrowest family circle and amongst the beds of the simplest vegetable garden; and for the first time they felt mere wonder in the presence of reality, the joy of gradual discovery and of a leisurely conquest of the world.

Of course *plein-air* painting was, at first, the chief object of their endeavours. Having painted so long only in brown tones, the radiant magic world of free and flowing light was

something so ravishingly novel, that for several years all their efforts were exclusively directed to possessing themselves once more of the sun, and substituting the clear daylight for the clare-obscure which had reigned alone, void of atmosphere. In this sunny brightness, flooded with light and air, they found a crowd of problems, and turned to the perpetual discovery of new chords of colour. Sunbeams sparkling as they rippled through the leaves, and greyish-green meadows flecked with dust and basking under light, were the first and most simple themes.

The complete programme, however, did not consist of painting in bright hues, but, generally speaking, in seizing truth of colour and altogether renouncing artificial harmony in a received tone. Thus, after the painting of daylight and sunlight was learnt, a further claim had still to be asserted: the ideal of truth in painting had to be made the keynote in every other task. For in the sun light is no doubt white, but in the recesses of the forest, in the moonshine, or in a dim place, it shines and is at the same time charged with colour. Night, or mist, with its hovering and pervasive secrets, is quite as rich in beauties as the radiant world of glistening sunshine. After seeing the summer sun on wood and water, it was a relief for the eye to behold the subdued, soft, and quiet light of a room. Upon the older and rougher painting of free light there followed a preference for dusk, which has a softness more picturesque, a more tender harmony of colours, and more geniality than the broad light of day. Artists studied clare-obscure, and sought for an enhancement of colour in it; they looked into the veil of night, and addressed themselves to a painting of darkness such as could only have proceeded from the *plein-air* school. For this darkness of theirs is likewise full of atmosphere, a darkness in which there is life and breath and palpitation. In earlier days, when a night was painted, everything was thick and opaque, covered with black verging into yellow; to which latter error artists were seduced by the crusts of varnish upon old pictures. Now they learnt to interpret the mysterious life of the night, and to render the bluish-grey atmosphere of twilight. Or if figures

were to be painted in a room, artists rendered the circulation of the air amid groups of people, which Correggio called "the ambient" and Velasquez "respiration." And there came also the study of artificial illumination—of the delicate coloured charm of motley lanterns, of the flaring gas or lamp-light which streams through the glass windows of shops, flaring and radiating through the night and reflected in a blazing glow upon the faces of men and women. Under these purely pictorial points of view the gradual widening of the range of subject was completed.

So long as the acquisition of sunlight was the point in question, representations from the life of artisans in town and country stood at the centre itself of artistic efforts, because the conception and technical methods of the new art could be tested upon them with peculiar success. And through these pictures painting came into closer sympathy with the heart-beat of the age. At an epoch when the labouring man as such, and the political and social movement in civilization, had become matters of absorbing interest, the picture of artisans necessarily claimed an important place in art; and one of the best sides of the moral value of modern painting lies in its no longer holding itself in indifference aloof from these themes. When the century began, Hector and Agamemnon alone were qualified for artistic treatment, but in the natural course of development the disinherited, the weary and heavily-laden likewise acquired rights of citizenship. In the passage where Vasari speaks of the Madonnas of Cimabue, comparing them with the older Byzantine Virgins, he says finely that the Florentine master brought more "goodness of heart" into painting. And perhaps the historians of the future will say the same about the art of the present.

The predilection for the disinherited was in the beginning to such an extent identified with the plain, straightforward painting of the proletariat that Naturalism could not be conceived at all except in so far as it dealt with poverty: in making its first great successes it had sought after the miserable and the outcast, and serious critics recognized its chief importance

in the discovery of the fourth estate. Of course the painting of paupers, as a sole field of activity for the new art, would have been an exceedingly one-sided acquisition. It is not merely the working-man who should be painted, because the age must strive to compass in a large and full spirit the purport of its own complicated conditions of life. So there began, in general, the representation, so long needed, of the man of to-day and of society agitated, as it is, by the stream of existence. As Zola wrote in the very beginning of the movement: "Naturalism does not depend upon the choice of subject. The whole of society is its domain, from the drawing-room to the drinking-booth. It is only idiots who would make Naturalism the rhetoric of the gutter. We claim for ourselves the whole world." Everything is to be painted, forges, railway-stations, machine-rooms, the workrooms of manual labourers, the glowing ovens of smelting-works, official fêtes, drawing-rooms, scenes of domestic life, *cafés*, storehouses and markets, the races and the Exchange, the clubs and the watering-places, the expensive restaurants and the dismal eating-houses for the people, the *cabinets particuliers* and *chic des premières*, the return from the Bois and the promenades on the seashore, the banks and the gambling-hells, casinoes, boudoirs, studios, and sleeping-cars, overcoats, eyeglasses, and red dress-coats, balls, *soirées*, sport, Monte Carlo and Trouville, the lecture-rooms of universities and the fascination of the crowded streets in the evening, the whole of humanity in all classes of society and following every occupation, at home and in the hospitals, at the theatre, upon the squares, in poverty-stricken slums and upon the broad boulevards lit with electric light. Thus the new art flung aside the blouse, and soon displayed itself in the most various costumes, down to the frock-coat and the smoking-jacket. The rude and remorseless traits which it had at first, and which found expression in numbers of peasant, artisan, and hospital pictures, were subdued and softened until they even became idyllic. Moreover the scale of painting over life-size, favoured in the early years of the movement, could be abandoned, since it arose essentially from competition with the works of the historical school. So long as those huge pictures

covered the walls at exhibitions, artists who obeyed a new tendency were forced from the beginning — if they wished to prevail—to produce pictures of the same size. But since historical painting was finally dead and buried, there was no need to set up such a standard any longer, and a transition could be made to a smaller scale, better fitted for works of an intimate character. The dazzling tones in which the Impressionists revelled were replaced by those which were dim and soft, energy and force by subdued and tender treatment, largeness of size by a scale which was small and intimate.

That was more or less the course of evolution run through in all European countries in a similar way between the years 1875 and 1885. Nor was it possible to talk of "imitation of the French." For "resemblance, and even uniformity of style and taste, is not necessarily the same thing as subserviency. In every age certain tendencies and forms of representation, like germs in the air, may be found in quarters divided from each other by space or national sentiment; they are lit upon by more than one person, and arise without outward communication, just as discoveries in science and inventions in mechanics are often independently made by several persons. Every age leaves its successor a heritage of latent powers, forms in need of development, and disturbing questions. Thus the dissimilarity of artists belonging to different generations, though natives of the same place and closely related, is materially greater than the distinction between contemporaries belonging to different places and completely unknown to each other. As soon as they have found their feet, the work of pupils has a very different appearance from that of the master under whose roof they have worked for years together; yet masters of the same period, who have never heard of each other and are of distinct nationalities, are often so much alike that they could be taken one for the other." These words from Justi's *Velasquez* are sufficient to invalidate the patriotic fears which inferred a renunciation of the principle of nationality, and the intrusion of a nugatory Volapük into art, from the outward parity of the strivings of modern times.

The history of art knows nothing of national distinctions in technique and subjects. Subjects rise according to the general atmosphere of civilization. Technical acquirements, like all other newly discovered truths, are the property of the whole world. In fact it is the teaching of every manual of art, that since the introduction of Christianity all the greater and more powerful movements amongst the Latin and German races, taken together, were not permanently localized; they were not confined to one people; but spread over the whole civilized world. Since the age of the old Christian basilica and the Gothic cathedral, styles have never been the product of single nations. And in this sense "the new art" which has flooded Europe for twenty years is not an invention of the French, but a free and independent expression of the new spirit. It was not in France, it was not scattered here and there in particular countries, that this spirit appeared; it was a single stream of new blood pouring through arteries to the East and the West, to the North and the South, in painting as in all other departments of intellectual life. In all literatures the same battles had been raging long. What Zola was to Parisians, Dostoievski was in Russia, Ibsen in Norway, Echegaray in Spain, and Verga in Italy. It is probably only because the French are people with a gift for the initiative in art, because they so eminently possess the talent for cutting the facets of a jewel, and for first giving an idea or a subject an intelligible, attractive, and generally valid form, that the revolution in painting proceeded from them, whilst in literature they share that glory with the Norwegians and the Russians.

But, as a matter of fact, the main principle of modern art had the effect of turning national distinctions to account far more than had been the case in earlier times. In the first half of the century there had been a tendency to suppress what is individual and peculiar, subordinating it to a universal rule. Painters of all countries moved at the command of the old masters with all the evenness of soldiers on parade. Then, in accordance with Courbet's doctrine, the artist became the slave of nature. Painters opposed historical art and imitation with all their power, and began to see nature with their own eyes, though

they worked, it must be owned, as objectively as if the medium of the human soul were of evil inspiration and man capable of beholding the world like a photographic apparatus, leaving his inner self at home whilst the process was going on. Compared with this kind of realism, Naturalism meant the liberation of individual temperament. The Impressionists also dispensed with all recipes and relied upon nature, though not, as Courbet, at the expense of their artistic personality. On the contrary, they demanded practically everything from this element. Instead of copying nature pedantically in its stale reality, they endeavoured to seize her in fleeting moments, beaming with colour, and in all the sheer poetry of her essential life; they sought her in moments when she had a special quickening power upon the spirit of the artist who abandoned himself to his personal vision. The temperament of the painter, which had been a necessary evil in the eyes of the realist, a danger to objectivity of representation, and a hindrance to the effort at attaining complete truth, now became the determining element in a work of art. But temperament is an affair of blood. It is only a man of feeble talent, such as could be dispensed with altogether, who will be a mere imitator. The individuality of the true artist is a thing which never loses the mark of race. The more completely he abandons himself to his own temperament, the more distinctly will he give expression to national individuality also. From these differences of temperament amongst various peoples, national distinctiveness in art can alone be said to spring. To bring them under this point of view, assigning to every country its place in the general chart of modern painting, will be the task of the following section of this work.

BOOK IV

THE PAINTERS OF LIFE

CHAPTER XXXIV

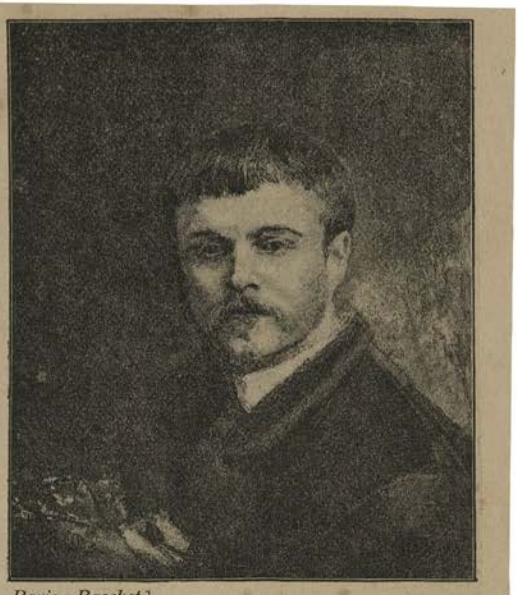
FRANCE

Bastien-Lepage, L'hermitte, Roll, Raffaelli, de Nittis, Ferdinand Heilbuth, Albert Aublet, Jean Béraud, Ulysse Butin, Édouard Dantan, Henri Gervex, Duez, Friant, Goeneutte, Dagnan-Bouveret.—The Landscape-Painters: Seurat, Signac, Anquetin, Angrand, Lucien Pissarro, Pointelin, Jan Monchablon, Montenard, Dauphin, Rosset-Granget, Émile Barau, Damoye, Boudin, Dumoulin, Lebourg, Victor Binet, Réné Billotte. — The Portrait-Painters: Fantin-Latour, Jacques Émile Blanche, Boldini. — The Draughtsmen: Chéret, Willette, Forain, Paul Renouard, Daniel Vierge.

PARIS, which for a hundred years had given the signal for all novel tactics in European art, still remained at the head of the movement; the artistic temperament of the French people themselves, and the superlatively excellent training which the painter enjoys in Paris, enable him at once to follow every change of taste with confidence and ease. In 1883 Manet died, on the varnishing day of the Salon, and in the preface which Zola wrote to the catalogue of the exhibition held after the death of the master, he was well able to say: "His influence is an accomplished fact, undeniable, and making itself more deeply felt with every fresh Salon. Look back for twenty years, recall those black Salons, in which even studies from the nude seemed as dark as if they had been covered with mouldering dust. In huge frames history and mythology were smothered in layers of bitumen; never was there an excursion into the province of the real world, into life and into perfect light; scarcely here or there a tiny landscape, where a patch of blue sky ventured bashfully to shine down. But little by little the Salons were

seen to brighten, and the Romans and Greeks of mahogany to vanish in company with the nymphs of porcelain, whilst the stream of modern representations taken from ordinary life increased year by year, and flooded the walls, bathing them with vivid tones in the fullest sunlight. It was not merely a new period; it was a new painting bent upon reaching the perfect light, respecting the law of colour values, setting every figure in full light and in its proper place, instead of adapting it in an ideal fashion according to established tradition."

When the way had been paved for this change, when the new principles had been transferred from the chamber of experiments to full publicity, from the *Salon des Refusés* to the Salon which was official, it was chiefly the merit of *Bastien-Lepage* to have gained the first adherents to them amongst the public. What was experimental in Manet ripened in him to easy mastery. He is the first who overcame, in himself, the defiant hostility of vehement youth, and attained truth and beauty. For him the new technique was a matter of course, a natural language, without which he could not have expressed himself without constraint, and in a full, ripe, mature, unconscious, and straightforward manner. But because he does not belong to the pioneers of art, and merely adapted for the great public elements that had been won by Manet, the immoderate praise which was accorded him in earlier days has been recently brought within more legitimate limits. It has been urged, by way of restriction, that he stands in relation to Manet as Breton to Millet, and that, admitting all differences, he has nevertheless a certain resemblance to his teacher, Cabanel. As the latter rendered Classicism elegant, Bastien-Lepage, it has been said, softened the ruggedness of Naturalism, cut and polished the nails of his peasants, and made their rusticity a pretty thing, qualifying it for the drawing-room. Degas was in the habit of calling him the Bouguereau of Naturalism. But such critics forget that it was just these amiable concessions which helped the principles of Manet to prevail more swiftly than would have been otherwise possible. All the forms and ideas of the Impressionists, with which no one, outside the ring



Paris : Baschet.]
JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

of artists, had been able to reconcile himself, were to be found in Bastien-Lepage, purified, . mitigated, and set in a golden style. He followed the *eclaireurs,* as the leader of the main body of the army which has gained the decisive battle, and in this way he has fulfilled an important mission in the history of art.

Bastien-Lepage was born in ancient Damvillers—once a small stronghold of Lorraine—in a pleasant, roomy house that told a tale of even prosperity rather than of wealth. As a boy he played amongst the venerable moats which had been converted into orchards. Thus in his youth he received the freshest impressions, being brought up in the heart of nature. His father drew a good deal himself, and kept his son at work with the pencil, without any æsthetic theories, without any vague ideal, and without ever uttering the word "academy" or "museum." Having left school in Verdun, Bastien-Lepage went to Paris to become an official in the post-office. Of an afternoon, however, he drew and painted with Cabanel. But he was Cabanel's pupil much as Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits. "My handicraft," as he said afterwards, "I learnt at the Academy, but not my art. You want to paint what exists, and you are invited to represent the unknown ideal, and to dish up the pictures of the old masters. In old days I scrawled drawings of gods and goddesses, Greeks and Romans, beings I didn't know, and didn't understand, and regarded with supreme indifference. To keep up my courage, I repeated to myself that this was possibly 'grand art,' and I ask myself

Paris : Baschet.]
BASTIEN-LEPAGE : PORTRAIT OF HIS GRANDFATHER.
(By permission of Mons. E. Bastien-Lepage, the owner of the picture.)

sometimes whether anything academical still remains in my composition. I do not say that one should only paint everyday life; but I do assert that when one paints the past it should, at any rate, be made to look like something human, and correspond with what one sees around one. It would be so easy to teach the mere craft of painting at the academies, without incessantly talking about Michael Angelo, and Raphael and Murillo and Domenichino. Then one would go home afterwards to Brittany, Gascony, Lorraine, or Normandy, and paint what lies around; and any morning, after reading, if one had a fancy to represent the Prodigal Son, or Priam at the feet of Achilles, or anything of the kind, one would paint such scenes in one's own fashion, without reminiscences of the galleries—paint them in the surroundings of the country, with the models that one has at hand, just as if the old drama had taken place yesterday evening. It is only in that way that art can be living and beautiful."

The outbreak of the war fortunately prevented him from remaining long at the Academy. He entered a company of Franc-Tireurs, took part in the defence of Paris, and returned ill to Damvillers. Here he came to know himself and his peculiar talent. At once a poet and a realist, he looked at nature with that simple frankness which those alone possess who have learnt from youth upwards to see with their own eyes instead of trusting those of other people. His friends

called him "primitive," and there was some truth in what they said, for Bastien-Lepage came to art free from all trace of mannerism; he knew nothing of academical rules, and merely relied upon his eyes, which were always open and trustworthy.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: SARAH BERNHARDT.

Looking back as far as he could, he was able to remember nothing except gleaners bowed over the stubble-fields, vintagers scattered amid the furrows of the vineyards, mowers whose robust figures rose brightly from the green meadows, shepherdesses seeking shelter beneath tall trees from the blazing rays of the midday sun, shepherds shivering in their ragged cloaks in winter, peddlers hurrying with great strides across the plain raked by a storm, laundresses laughing as they stood at their tubs beneath the blossoming apple-trees. He was impressionable to everything: the dangerous-looking tramp who hung about one day near his father's house; the wood-cutter groaning beneath the weight of his burden; the passer-by trampling the fresh grass of the meadows and leaving his trace behind him; the little sickly girl minding her lean cow upon a wretched field; the fire which broke out in the night and set the whole village in commotion. That was what he wanted to paint, and that is what he has painted. The life of the peasants of Lorraine is the theme of all his pictures, the landscape of Lorraine is their setting. He painted what he loved, and he loved what he painted.

It was in Damvillers that he felt at home as an artist. He had his studio in the second story of his father's house, though

Paris: Baschet.]
BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "THE FLOWER-GIRL."

he usually painted in the open air, either in the field or the orchard, whilst his grandfather, an old man of eighty, was near him clipping the trees, watering the flowers, and weeding the grass. His mother, a genuine peasant, was always busy with the thousand cares of housekeeping. Of an evening the whole family sat together round the lamp, his mother sewing, his father reading the paper, his grandfather with the great cat on his lap, and Jules working. At this time it was that he produced those familiar domestic scenes, thrown off with a few strokes, which were to be seen at the exhibition of the works which he left behind him. He knew no greater pleasure than that of drawing again and again the portraits of his father and mother, the old lamp, or the velvet cap of his grandfather. At ten o'clock sharp his father gave the signal for going to bed.

In Paris, indeed, other demands were made. In 1872 he painted, with the object of being represented in the Salon, that remarkable picture "In the Spring," the only one of his works which is slightly hampered by conventionality in conception. The pupil of Cabanel is making an effort at truth, and has not yet the courage to be true altogether. Here, as in the "Spring Song" which followed, there is a mixture of borrowed

Paris : Baschet.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE : MADAME DROUET.

sentiment, work in the old style and fresh Naturalism. The landscape is painted from nature, and the peasant woman is real, but the Cupids are taken from the old masters.

The next years were devoted to competitive labours. To please his father and mother Bastien-Lepage twice contested the *Prix de Rome.* In 1873 he painted as a prize exercise a "Priam before Achilles," and in 1875 an "Annunciation of the Angel to the Shepherds," that now famous picture which received the medal at the World Exhibition of 1878. And he who afterwards revelled in the clearest *plein-air* painting here celebrates the secret wonders of the night, though the influences of Impressionism are here already visible. In his picture the night is as dark as in Rembrandt's visions; yet the colours are not harmonized in gold-brown, but in a cool grey silver tone. And how simple the effect of the heavenly appearance upon the shepherds lying round the fire of coals! The place of the curly ideal heads of the old sacred painting has been taken by those of bristly, unwashed men who, nurtured amid the wind and the weather, know nothing of those arts of toilette so much in favour with the imitators of Raphael, and they receive the miracle with the simplicity of elementary natures. Fear and abashed astonishment at the angelic appearance are reflected in their faces, and the plain and homely gestures of their hands are in correspondence with their inward excitement. Even the angel turning towards the shepherds was conceived in an entirely human and simple way. In spite of this, or just because of it, Bastien failed

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "THE HAY HARVEST."

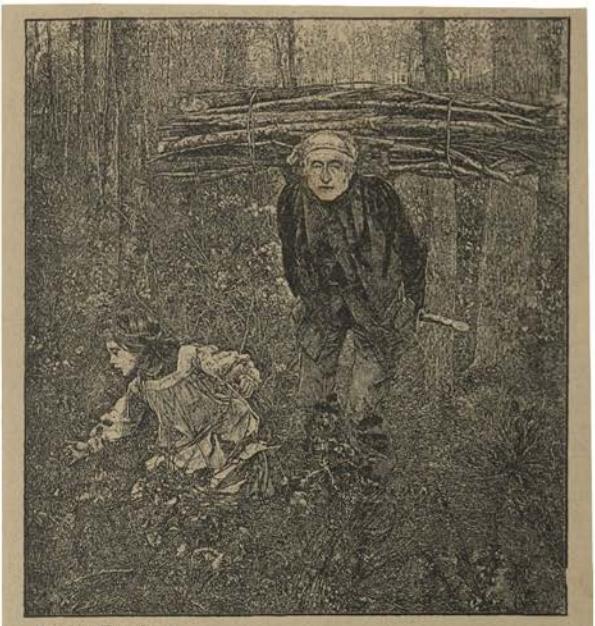
with his "Annunciation to the Shepherds," as he had done previously with his "Priam." Once the prize was taken by Léon Comerre, a pupil of Cabanel, and on the other occasion by Josef Wencker, the pupil of Gérôme. It was written in the stars that Bastien-Lepage was not to go to Rome, and it did him as little harm as it had done to Watteau a hundred and sixty years before. In Italy Bastien-Lepage would only have been spoilt for art. The model profitable for him was not one of the old Classic painters, but nature as she is in Damvillers, great maternal nature. When the works sent in for the competition were exhibited, a sensation was made when one day a branch of laurel was laid on the frame of Bastien-Lepage's "Annunciation to the Shepherds" by Sarah Bernhardt. And

[*Braun photo.*

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "JOAN OF ARC."

Sarah Bernhardt's portrait became the most celebrated of the small likenesses which soon laid the foundation of the painter's fame.

The portrait of his grandfather, that marvellous work of a young man of five-and-twenty, is the first picture in which he was completely himself. The old man sits in a corner of the garden, just as usual, in a brown cap, his spectacles upon his nose, his arms crossed upon his lap, with a horn snuff-box and a check handkerchief lying upon his knees. How perfectly easy and natural is the pose, how thoughtful the physiognomy, what a personal note there is in the dress! Nor are there in that garden, bathed in light, any of those black shadows which only fall in the studio. Everything bore witness to a simplicity and sincerity which justified the greatest hopes. After that first



Paris: Baschet.]
BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "PÈRE JACQUES."

work the world knew that Bastien-Lepage was a pre-eminent portrait-painter, and he did not betray the promise of his youth. His succeeding pictures showed that he had not merely rusticity and nature to rely upon, but that he was a *charmeur* in the best sense of the word.

This ingenuous artist, who knew nothing of the history of painting and felt more at home in the open air than in museums, was not ignorant, at any rate, of the portraits of the sixteenth century, and had chosen for his likenesses a scale as small as that which Clouet and his school preferred. The representation here reaches a depth of characterization which recalls Jan van Eyck's little pearls of portrait-painting. In these works also he mostly confined himself to bright lights. Portraits of this type are those of his brother, of Madame Drouet, the aged friend of Victor Hugo, with her weary, gentle, benevolent face—a masterpiece of intimate feeling and refinement—of his friend and biographer André Theuriet, of Andrieux the prefect of the police, and above all the famous and signal work of inexorable truth and marvellous delicacy, Sarah Bernhardt in profile, with her tangled chestnut hair, sitting upon a white fur, arrayed in a white China-silk dress with yellowish lights in it, and carefully examining a Japanese bronze. The bizarre grace of the tragic actress, her slender figure, fashioned, as it were, for Donatello, the nervous intensity with which she sits there, her wild Chinese method

Paris: Baschet.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "THE BEGGAR."

of wearing the hair, and the profile of which she is so proud, have been rendered in none of her many likenesses with such an irresistible force of attraction as in this little masterpiece. In some of his other portraits Bastien-Lepage has not disdained the charm of obscure light; he has not done so, for example, in the little portrait of Albert Wolff, the art-critic, as he sits at his writing-desk amongst his artistic treasures, with a cigarette in his hand. Only Clouet and Holbein painted miniature portraits of such refinement. Amongst moderns, probably Ingres alone has reached such a depth of characterization upon the smallest scale, and in general he is the most closely allied to Bastien-Lepage as a portrait-painter in profound study of physiognomy, and in the broad and, one might say, chased technique of his little drawings. Comparison with Gaillard would be greatly to the disadvantage of this great engraver, for Bastien-Lepage is at once more seductive and many-sided. It is curious how seldom his portraits have that family likeness which is elsewhere to be found amongst almost all portrait-painters. In his effort at penetrative characterization he alters, on every occasion, his entire method of painting according to the personality, so that it leaves at one time an effect that is bizarre, coquettish, and full of intellectual power and spirit, at another one which is plain and large, at another one which is bashful, sparing, and *bourgeois*.

Paris: Baschet.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "THE POND AT DAMVILLERS."

As a painter of peasant life he made his first appearance in 1878.

In the Salon of this year a sensation was made by a work of such truth and poetry as had not been seen since Millet; this was the "Hay Harvest." It is noon. The June sun throws its heavy beams over the mown meadows. The ground rises slowly to a boundless horizon, where a tree emerges here and there, standing motionless against the brilliant sky. The grey and the green of these great plains—it is as if the weariness of many toilsome miles rose out of them—weighed heavily upon one, and created a sense of forsaken loneliness. Only two beings, a pair of day-labourers, break the wide level scorched by a quivering, continuous blaze of light. They have had their midday meal, and their basket is lying near them upon the ground. The man has now lain down to sleep upon a heap of

[*Braun photo.*

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "LOVE IN THE VILLAGE."

hay, with his hat tilted over his eyes. But the woman sits dreaming, tired with the long hours of work, dazzled with the glare of the sun, and overpowered by the odour of the hay and the sultriness of noon. She does not know the drift of her thoughts; nature is working upon her, and she has feelings which she scarcely understands herself. She is sunburnt and ugly, and her head is square and heavy, and yet there lies a world of sublime and mystical poetry in her dull, dreamy eyes gazing into a mysterious horizon. By this picture and "The Potato Harvest," which succeeded it in 1879, Bastien-Lepage, the splendid, placed himself in the first line of modern French painters. This time he renders the sentiment of October. The sandy fields, impregnated with dust, rest in a white, subdued light of noon; pale brown are the potato stalks, pale brown the blades of grass, and the roads are bright with dust; and through this landscape, with its wide horizon, where the tree-tops, half despoiled already, shiver in the wind, there blows *le grand air*, a breeze strong as only Millet in his water-colours had the secret of painting it. With Millet he shares likewise the breath of tender melancholy which broods so sadly over his pictures. "The Girl with the Cow," the little Fauvette, that child of social misery—misery that lies sorrowful and despairing in the gaze of her eyes—is, perhaps, the most touching example of his

Paris; Baschet.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE: "THE HAYMAKER."

brooding devotion to truth. Her brown dress is torn and dirty, while a grey kerchief borders her famished, sickly face. A waste, disconsolate landscape, with a frozen tree and withered thistles, stretches round like a boundless Nirvana. Above there is a whitish, clear, tremulous sky, making everything *paler, more arid* and wearily bright; there is no gleam of rich luxuriant tints, but only dry, stinted colours; and not a sound is there in the air, not a scythe driving through the grass, not a cart clattering over the road. There is something overwhelming in this union between man and nature. One thinks of the famous words of Taine: "Man is as little to be divided from the earth as an animal or a plant. Body and soul are influenced in the same way by the environment of nature, and from this influence the destinies of men arise." As an insect draws its entire nature, even its form and colour, from the plant on which it lives, so is the child the natural product of the earth upon which it stands, and all the impulses of its spirit are reflected in the landscape.

In 1879 Bastien-Lepage went a step further. In that year appeared "Joan of Arc," his masterpiece in point of spiritual expression. Here he has realized the method of treating historical pictures which floated before him as an idea at the

Academy, and has, at the same time, solved a problem which beset him from his youth—the penetration of mysticism and the world of dreams into the reality of life. "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," "In Spring," and "The Spring Song" were merely stages on a course of which he reached the destination in "Joan of Arc." His ideal was "to paint historical themes without reminiscences of the galleries—paint them in the surroundings of the country, with the models that one has at hand, just as if the old drama had taken place yesterday evening."

Magazine of Art.)
BASTIEN-LEPAGE ON HIS SICK-BED.
(By permission of Mons. E. Bastien-Lepage, the owner of the copyright.)

The scene of the picture is a garden of Damvillers painted exactly from nature, with its grey soil, its apple- and pear-trees clothed with small leaves, its vegetable beds, and its flowers growing wild. Joan herself is a pious, careworn, dreamy country girl. Every Sunday she has been to church, lost herself in long mystic reveries before the old sacred pictures, heard the misery of France spoken of; and the painted statues of the parish church and its tutelary saints pursue her thoughts. And just to-day, as she sat winding yarn in the shadow of the apple-trees, murmuring a prayer, she heard of a sudden the heavenly voices speaking. The spirits of St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catharine, before whose statues she has prayed so often, have freed themselves from the wooden images and float as light phantoms, as pallid shapes of mist, which will as suddenly vanish into air before the eyes of the dreaming girl. Joan rises trembling, throwing her stool over, and steps forward. She stands in motionless ecstasy stretching out her left arm, and gazing into vacancy with her pupils morbidly dilated. Of all human phases of expression which painting can approach,

MARIE BASKIRTSCHEFF: "A MEETING."

such mystical delirium is perhaps the hardest to render; and probably it was only by the aid of hypnotism, to which the attention of the painter was directed just then by the experiments of Charcot, that Bastien-Lepage was enabled to produce in his model that look of religious rapture, oblivious to the whole world, which is expressed in the vague glance of her eyes, blue as the sea.

"Joan of Arc" was succeeded by "The Beggar," that life-size figure of the haggard old tramp, who, with a thick stick under his arm—of which he would make use upon any suitable occasion—picks up what he can in the villages, saying a paternoster before the doors while he begs. This time he has been ringing at the porch of an ordinary middle-class dwelling, and he is sulkily thrusting into the wallet slung round his shoulders a great hunch of bread which a little girl has just given to him. There is a mixture of spite and contempt in his eyes as he goes off in his heavy wooden shoes with a shuffling gait. And behind the doorpost the little girl, who, in her pretty blue frock, has such a trim air of wearing her Sunday best, glances at the mysterious old man, rather scared.

"Un brave Homme," or "Le Père Jacques," as the master afterwards called the picture, was to some extent a pendant to "The Beggar." He comes out of the wood wheezing, with a

L'Art.] [*Bellenger sc.*

LÉON L'HERMITTE.

pointed cap upon his head and a heavy bundle of wood upon his shoulders, whilst at his side his little grandchild is plucking the last flowers. It is November; the leaves have turned yellow and cover the ground. Père Jacques is providing against the Winter. And the Winter is drawing near —death.

Bastien-Lepage's health had never been good, nor was Parisian life calculated to make it better. Slender and delicate, blond with blue eyes and a sharply chiselled profile—*tout petit, tout blond, les cheveux à la bretonne, le nez retroussé et une barbe d'adolescent,* as Marie Baskirtscheff describes him—he was just the type which *Parisiennes* adore. His studio was besieged; there was no entertainment to which he was not invited, no committee, no meeting to hold judgment over pictures at which he was not present. Amateurs fought for his works and asked for his advice when they made purchases. Pupils flocked to him in numbers. He was intoxicated with the Parisian world, enchanted with its modern elegance; he loved the vibration of life, and rejoiced in masked balls like a child. Consumptive people are invariably sensuous, drinking in the pleasures of life with more swift and hasty draughts. He then left Paris and plunged into the whirlpool of other great cities. From Switzerland, Venice, and London he came back with pictures and landscapes. In London, indeed, he painted that beautiful picture "The Flower-Girl," the pale, delicate child upon whose faded countenance love and hunger have so early left their traces. Through the whole summer of 1882 he worked incessantly in Damvillers. Once more he painted his native place in a landscape of the utmost refinement. Here, as in his portraits, everything has been rendered with a positive trenchancy, with a

severe, scientific effort after truth, in which there lies what is almost a touch of aridness. And yet an indescribable magic is thrown over the fragrant green of the meadows, the young, quivering trees, and the still pond which stretches rippling in the cloudless summer sun.

In 1883 there appeared in the Salon that wonderful picture "Love in the Village." The girl has hung up her washing on the paling, and the neighbour's son has run down with a flower in his hand; she has taken the flower, and in confusion they have suddenly turned their backs upon each other and stand there without saying a word. They love each other, and wish to marry, but how hard is the first confession. Note how the lad is turning his fingers about in his embarrassment; note the confusion of the girl, which may be seen, although she is looking towards the background of the picture; note the spring landscape, which is as fair as the figures it surrounds.

It is a tender dreamer who gives himself expression here—and love came to him also.

Enthusiastically adored by the women in his school of painting, he had found a dear friend in *Marie Baskirtscheff*, the distinguished young Russian girl who had become his pupil just as his fame began to rise. It is charming to see the enthusiasm with which Marie speaks of him in her diary. "*Je peins sur la propre palette du vrai Bastien, avec des couleurs à lui, son pinceau, son atelier, et son frère pour modèle.*" And how the others envy her because of it! "*La petite Suédoise voulait toucher à sa palette.*" With Marie he sketched his plans for the future, and in the midst of this restless activity he was summoned hence together with her, for she also died young, at the age of twenty-four, just as her pictures began to create a sensation. A touching idyll in her diary tells how the girl learnt, when she was dying of consumption, that young Bastien had also fallen ill, and been given up as hopeless. So long as Marie could go out of doors she went with her mother and her aunt to visit her sick friend; and when she was no longer allowed to leave the house he had himself carried up the steps to her drawing-room by his brother, and there they both sat beside each other in armchairs, and saw

the end draw near, merciless and inevitable, the end of their young lives, their talents, their ambition, and their hopes. "At last! Here it is then, the end of all my sufferings! So many efforts, so many wishes, so many plans, so many —— ——, and then to die at four-and-twenty upon the threshold of them all!"

Her last picture was one of six schoolboys, sons of the people, who are standing at a street corner chattering; and it makes a curiously virile impression, when one considers that it was painted by a blonde young girl, who slept under dull blue silken bed-curtains, dressed almost entirely in white, was rubbed with perfumes after a walk in hard weather, and wore on her shoulders furs which cost two thousand francs. It hangs in the Luxembourg, and for a long time a lady dressed in mourning used to come there every week and cry before the picture painted by the daughter whom she had lost so early. Marie died on October 31st, 1884, and Bastien barely a month afterwards. "The Funeral of a Young Girl," in which he wished to immortalize the funeral of Marie, was his last sketch, his farewell to the world, to the living, alluring, ever splendid nature which he loved so much, grasped and comprehended so intimately, and to the hopes which built up their deceptive castles in the air before his dying gaze. He died before he reached Raphael's age, for he was barely thirty-six. The final collapse came on December 10th, 1884, upon a sad, rainy evening, after he had lain several months upon a bed of sickness. His frame was emaciated, and as light as that of a child; his face was shrivelled—the eyes alone had their old brilliancy.

On December 14th his body was brought to the Eastern railway-station. The coffin was covered with roses, white elder blossoms, and immortelles. And now he lies buried in Lorraine, in the little churchyard of Damvillers, where his father and grandfather rest beneath an old apple-tree. Red apple-blossoms he loved himself so dearly. His importance Marie Baskirtscheff has summarized simply and gracefully in the words: "*C'est un artiste puissant, originel, c'est un poète, c'est un philosophe; les autres ne sont que des fabricants de n'importe quoi à côté de lui.*

Portfolio.]

L'HERMITTE: "PAYING THE REAPERS."

. . . On ne peut plus rien regarder quand on voit sa peinture, parce que c'est beau comme la nature, comme la vie. . . ."

This tender poetic trait which runs through his works is what principally distinguishes him from *L'hermitte*, the most sterling representative of the picture of peasant life at the present time. L'hermitte, also, like most of these painters of peasants, was himself the son of a peasant. He came from Mont-Saint-Père, near Château-Thierry, a quiet old town, where from the great "Hill of Calvary" one sees a dilapidated Gothic church and the moss-grown roofs of thatched houses. His grandfather was a vine-grower and his father a schoolmaster. He worked in the field himself, and, like Millet, he painted afterwards the things which he had done himself in youth. His principal works were pictures of reapers in the field, peasant women in church, young wives nursing their children, rustics at work, here and there masterly water-colours, pastels and charcoal drawings, in 1888 the pretty illustrations to André Theuriet's

[*Focillon sc.*

L'HERMITTE: "RESTING FROM WORK."

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Vie Rustique, the decoration of a hall at the Sorbonne with representations of rustic life, in his later period occasionally pictures from other circles of life, such as "The Fish-market of St. Malo," "The Lecture in the Sorbonne," "The Musical Soirée," and finally, as a concession to the religious tendency of recent years, a "Christ visiting the House of a Peasant." He has his studio in the Rue Vaquelin in Paris, though he spends most of his time in the village where he was born, and where he now lives quietly and simply with the peasants. Most of his works, which are to be ranked throughout amongst the most robust productions of modern Naturalism, are painted in the great glass studio which he built here in the garden of his father's house. Whilst Bastien-Lepage, through a certain softness of temperament, was moved to paint the weak rather than the strong, and less often men in the prime of life than patriarchs, women, and children,

ROLL: "THE STRIKE."
(By permission of the Artist.)

L'hermitte displays the peasant in all his rusticity. He knows the country and the labours of the field which make the hands horny and the face brown, and he has rendered them in a strictly objective manner, in a great sculptural style. Bastien-Lepage is inclined to refinement and poetic tenderness; in L'hermitte everything is clear, precise, and sober as pale, bright daylight.

Alfred Roll was born in Paris, and the artisan of the Parisian streets is the chief hero of his pictures. Like Zola in his Rougon-Macquart series, he set before himself the aim of depicting the social life of the present age in a great sequence of pictures—the workman's strike, war, and toil. His pictures give one the impression that one is looking down from the window upon an agitated scene in the street. And his broad, plebeian workmanship is in keeping with his rough and democratic subjects. He made a beginning in 1875 with the colossal picture of the "Flood at Toulouse." The roofs of little peasants'

houses rise out of the expanse of water. Upon one of them a group of country people have taken refuge, and are awaiting a boat which is coming from far. A young mother summons her last remnant of strength to save her trembling child. Beside her an old woman is sitting, sunk in the stupor of indifference, while in front a bull is swimming, bellowing wildly from the water. The influence of Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" is indeed obvious; but how much more plainly and actually has the struggle for existence been represented here, than by the great Romanticist, still hampered by Classicism. The devastating effect of the masses of water in all their elemental force could not have been more impressively rendered than has been done through this bull struggling for life with all its enormous strength.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts. [*Dujardin helio.*

ROLL: "MANDA LAMÉTRIE, FERMIÈRE."

In technique this picture belongs to the painter's earlier phase. Even in the colouring of the naked figures it has still the dirty heaviness of the Bolognese. This bond which united him to the school of Courbet was broken when—probably under the influence of Zola's *Germinal*—he painted "The Strike," in 1880. The stern reality which goes through Zola's accounts of the life of pit-men is likewise to be found in these ragged and starving figures, clotted with coal dust, assembling in savage desperation before the manufactory walls, prepared for a rising. The dull grey of a rainy November morning spreads above. In 1887 he painted war, war in the new age, in which one man is

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Dujardin helio.*

ROLL: "THE WOMAN WITH A BULL."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

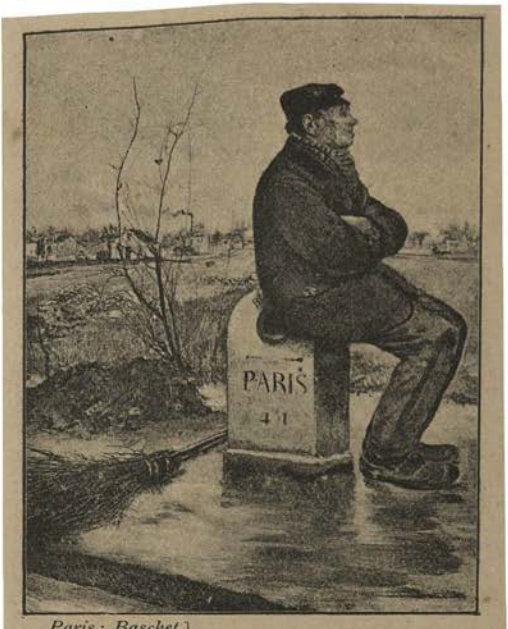
not pitted against another, but great masses of men, who kill without seeing one another, are made to manœuvre with scientific accuracy—war in which the balloon, distant signalling, and all the discoveries of science are turned to account. "Work" was the last picture of the series. There are men toiling in the hot, dusty air of Paris with sandstones of all sizes. Life-size, upon life-size figures, the drops of sweat were seen upon the apathetic faces, and the patches upon the blouses and breeches. Any one who only reckons as art what is fine and delicate will necessarily find these pictures brutal; but whoever delights in seeing art in close connection with the age, as it really is, cannot deny to Alfred Roll's great epics of labour the value of artistic documents of the first rank.

He devoted himself to the more delicate problems of light,

especially in certain idyllic summer scenes, in which he delighted in painting life-size bulls and cows upon the meadow, and beside them a girl, sometimes intended as a milkmaid and sometimes as a nymph. Of this type was the picture of 1888, "A Woman who has milked a Cow" (*Manda Lamétrie, Fermière*). With a full pail she is going home across the sunny meadow. Around there is a gentle play of light, a soft atmosphere transmitting faint reflections, lightly resting upon all forms, and mildly shed around them. A yet more subtile study of light in 1889 was named "The Woman with a Bull." Pale sunbeams are rippling through the fluttering leaves, causing a delicious play of fine tones upon the nude body of a young woman and the shining hide of a bull.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
RAFFAELLI: "THE GRANDFATHER."
(By permission of the Artist.)

In a strip of ground in the suburbs of Paris, where the town has come to an end and the country has not yet begun, *Raffaelli*, perhaps the most spirited of the Naturalists, has taken up his abode. He has painted the workman, the vagabond, the restlessness of the man who does not know where he is going to eat and sleep; the small householder, who has all he wants; the ruined man, overtaken by misfortune, whose only remaining passion is the brandy-bottle,—he has painted them all amid the melancholy landscape around Paris, with its meagre region still in embryo, and its great straight roads losing



Paris: Baschet.]
RAFFAELLI: "PARIS 4e I."
(By permission of the Artist.)

themselves disconsolately in the horizon. Théophile Gautier has written somewhere that the geometricians are the ruination of landscapes. If he lived in these days he would find, on the contrary, that those monotonous roads running straight as a die give landscape a strange and melancholy grandeur. One thinks of the passage in Zola's *Germinal*, where the two socialists, Étienne and Suwarin, walk in the evening silently along the edge of a canal, which, with the perpendicular stems of trees at its side, stretches for miles, as if measured with a pair of compasses, through a monotonous flat landscape. Only a few low houses standing apart break the straight line of the horizon; only here and there, in the distance, does there emerge a human being, whose diminished figure is scarcely perceptible above the ground. Raffaelli was the first to understand the virginal beauty of these localities, the dumb complaining language of poverty-stricken regions spreading languidly beneath a dreary sky. He is the painter of poor people and of wide horizons, the poet and historian of humanity living in the neighbourhood of great cities. There sits a house-owner, or the proprietor of a shop, in front of his own door; there a peddler, or a man delivering parcels, hurries across the field; there a rag-picker's dog strays hungry about a lonely farmyard. Sometimes the wide landscapes are relieved by the manufactories, water- and gas-works which feed the huge crater of Paris. At other times the snow lies on the ground, the skeletons of trees stand along the

high-road, and a driver shouts to his team; the heavy working nags, covered with worsted cloths, shiver, and an impression of intense cold goes through you to your very bones. Indeed Raffaelli's austerity was first subdued a little when he came to make a lengthy residence in England. Then he acquired a preference for the light-coloured atmosphere and the gracious verdure of nature in England. He began to take pleasure in tender spring landscapes, in place of rigid scenes of snow. The poor soil no longer seems so hard and inhospitable, but becomes attractive beneath the soft, peaceful, bluish atmosphere. Even the uncivilized beings, with famine in their eyes, who wandered about in his earliest pictures, become milder and more resigned. The grandfather, in his blouse and wooden shoes, leads his grandchild by the hand amid the first shyly budding verdure. Old men sit quietly in the grounds of the almshouse, with the sun shining upon them. People no longer stand in the mist of November evenings with their teeth chattering from the frost, but breathe with delight the soft air of bright spring mornings.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

RAFFAELLI: "THE OLD CONVALESCENTS."

(By permission of the Artist.)

Raffaelli has been for fifteen years the master of this narrowly circumscribed region, and has recorded his impressions of it in

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Artist sc.*
RAFFAELLI: "THE MIDDAY SOUP."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

an entirely personal manner, in a style which in one of his *brochures* he has himself designated "caractérisme." And by comparing the costumed models in the pictures of the previous generation with the figures of Raffaelli, the happiness of this phrase is at once understood. In fact Raffaelli is a great master of characterization, and perhaps nowhere more trenchant than in the illustrations which he drew for the *Revue Illustrée*. Spirited caricatures of theatrical representations alternate with the grotesque figures of the Salvation Army. Yet he feels most in his element when he dives into the horrors of Paris by night. The types which he has created live; they meet you at every step, wander about the boulevards, in the cafés and outside the barriers, and they haunt you with their looks of misery, vice, and menace.

Giuseppe de Nittis, an Italian who has become a Parisian, a bold, searching, nervously excitable spirit, was the first *gentilhomme* of Impressionism, the first who made a transition from the rugged painting of the proletariat to coquettish pictures from the fashionable quarters of the city, and reconciled even the wider public to the principles of Impressionism by the delicate flavouring of his works.

"It was a cold November morning. Cold it was certainly, but in compensation the morning vapour was as fine as snow turned into mist. Yonder in the crowded, populous, sooty quarters of the city, in Paris busy with trade and industry,

this early vapour which settles in the broad streets is not to be found; the hurry of awakening life, and the confused movement of country carts, omnibuses, and heavy, rattling freight-waggons, have scattered, divided, and dispersed it too quickly. Every passer-by bears it away on his shabby overcoat, on his threadbare comforter, or disperses it with his baggy gloves. It drizzles in the shivering blouses and the waterproofs of toiling poverty, it dissolves before the hot breath of the many who have passed a sleepless or dissipated night, it is absorbed by the hungry, it penetrates into shops which have just been opened, into gloomy backyards, and it floats up the staircases, dripping on the walls and banisters, right up to the frozen attics. And that is the reason why so little of it remains outside. But in the spacious and stately quarter of Paris, upon the broad boulevards planted with trees and the empty quays, the mist lay undisturbed, section over section, like an undulating mass of transparent wool in which one felt isolated, hidden, almost imbedded in splendour, for the sun rising lazily on the distant horizon already shed a mild purple glow, and in this light the mist level with the tops of the houses shone like a piece of muslin spread over scarlet."

This opening passage in Daudet's *Le Nabab* most readily gives the mood awakened by Giuseppe de Nittis' Parisian landscapes. De Nittis was born in 1846 at Barletta, near Naples, in poor circumstances. In 1868, when he was two-and-twenty years of age, he came to Paris, where Gérôme and Meissonier interested themselves in him. Intercourse with Manet led him to his range of subject. He became the painter of Parisian street-life as it is to be seen in the neighbourhood of the quays, the painter of mist, smoke, and air. The Salons of 1875 and 1876

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Dujardin helio.*

DE NITTIS: "PARIS RACES."

contained his first pictures, the "Place des Pyramides" and the view of the Pont Royal, fine studies of mist with a tremulous grey atmosphere, out of which graceful little figures raise their faint, vanishing outlines. From that time he has stood at the centre of artistic life in Paris. He observed everything, saw everything, painted everything—a strip of the boulevards, the Place du Carrousel, the Bois de Boulogne, the races, the Champs Elysées, in the daytime with the budding chestnuts, the flower-beds blooming in all colours, the playing fountains, the women of grace and beauty, and the light carriages which crowd between the Arc de Triomphe, the Obelisk, and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and in the evening when chains of white and coloured lights flash through the dark trees. De Nittis has interpreted all atmospheric phases. He seized the intangible, the vibration of vapour, the dust of summer and the rains of December days. He breathed the atmosphere, as it were, with his eyes, and felt with accuracy its greater or diminished density. The great public he gained by his exquisite sense of feminine elegance. Of marvellous charm are the figures which give animation to the Place des Pyramides, the Place du Carrousel, the Quai du Pont Neuf—women in the most coquettish toilettes, men chatting together

DE NITTIS: "THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL."

as they lean against a newspaper kiosk, flower-girls offering bouquets, loiterers carelessly turning over the books exposed for sale upon a stall, *bonnes* with short petticoats and broad ribbons, smart-looking boys with hoops, and little girls with the air of great ladies. Since Gabriel de Saint Aubin, Paris has had no more faithful observer. "De Nittis," said Claretie in 1876, "paints modern French life for us as that brilliant Italian, the Abbé Galliani, spoke the French language—that is to say, better than we do it ourselves."

The summit of his ability was reached in his last pictures from England. One knows the London fogs of November, which hover over the town as black as night, so that the gas has to be lit at noon, fogs which are suffocating and shroud the nearest houses in a veil of crape. Scenes like this were made for De Nittis' brush. He roamed about in the smoke of the city, observed the fashion of the season, the confusion of cabs and drays upon London Bridge, the surge and hurry

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

HEILBUTH: "IN THE GRASS."

of the human stream in Cannon Street, the vast panorama of the port of London veiled with smoke and fog, the fashionable West End with its magnificent clubs, the green, quiet squares and great plainly built mansions; he studied the dense, smoky atmosphere of fog compressed into floating phantom shapes, the remarkable effects of light seen when a fresh breeze suddenly drives the black clouds away. And again his eye adapted itself at once to the novel environment. It was not merely the blithe splendour of Paris that found an incomparable painter in Giuseppe de Nittis, but London also with its thick atmosphere and that mixture of damp, tawny fog and grey smoke. Piccadilly, the National Gallery, the railway arch at Charing Cross, the Green Park, the Bank, and Trafalgar Square are varied samples of these English studies, which showed British painters themselves that not one of them had understood the foggy atmosphere of London as this tourist who was merely travelling through the town. "Westminster" and "Cannon Street,"

a pair of dreary, sombre symphonics in ash-grey, perhaps display the highest of what De Nittis has achieved in the painting of air.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
AUBLET: "STUDYING THE SCORE."
(By permission of the Artist.)

Born in Hamburg, though a naturalized Frenchman, *Ferdinand Heilbuth* took up again the cult of the *Parisienne* in the wake of Stevens, and as he turned the acquisitions of Impressionism to account in an exceedingly pleasing manner, he seems, in comparison with Stevens, lighter and more vaporous and gracious. He painted water-scenes, scenes on the greensward or in the entrance squares of châteaux, placing in these landscapes girls in fashionable summer toilette. He was particularly fond of representing them in a white hat, a white or pearl-grey dress with a black belt and long black gloves, in front of a bright grey stream, seated upon a fallen trunk, against which their parasol is resting. The bloom of the atmosphere is harmonized in the very finest chords with the virginal white of their dresses and the fresh verdure of the landscapes. His pictures are little Watteaus of the nineteenth century, as discreet in effect as they are piquant.

After Heilbuth's death *Albert Aublet*, who in earlier days depicted sanguinary historical pieces, became the popular painter of girls, whose beauties are gracefully interpreted in his pictures. When he paints the composer Massenet, sitting at the piano

L'Art.] [*E. Champollion sc.*

BUTIN: "THE DEPARTURE."

surrounded by flowers and beautiful women—when he represents the doings of the fashionable world on the shore at a popular watering-place, or young ladies plucking roses, or wandering meditatively in bright dresses amid green shrubs and yellow flowers, or going into the sea in white bathing-gowns, there may be nothing profound or particularly artistic in it all, but it is none the less charming, attractive, bright, joyous, and fresh.

Jean Béraud, another interpreter of Parisian elegance, has found material for numerous pictures in the blaze of the theatres, the naked shoulders of ballet-girls, the dress-coats of old gentlemen, the evening humour of the boulevards, the mysteries of the Café Anglais, the bustle of Monte Carlo, and the footlights of the Café-Concert. But absolute painter he is not. One would prefer to have a less oily heaviness in his works, a bolder and freer execution more in keeping with the lightness of the subject, and for this one would willingly surrender the touches of *genre* which Béraud cannot let alone even in these days. But his illustrations are exceedingly spirited.

It would be impossible to classify painters according to

L'Art.] [*Duez pxt.*

ULYSSE BUTIN.

further specialities. In fact it is as little possible to bring individuals into categories as it was at the time of the Renaissance, when the painter busied himself at the same time with sculpture, architecture, and the artistic crafts. Great artists do not wall themselves up in a narrow space to be studied. Liberated from the studio and restored to nature, they endeavour, as in the best periods of art, to encompass life as widely as possible. A mere enumeration, such as chance offers, and such as will preserve a sense for the individuality of every man's talent without attempting comparisons, seems therefore a better method to pursue than a systematic grouping which could only be attained artificially and by ambiguities.

The late *Ulysse Butin* settled down on the shore of the Channel and painted the life of the fishermen of Villerville, a little spot upon the coast near Honfleur. Sturdy, large-boned fellows drag their nets across the strand, carry heavy anchors home, or lie smoking upon the dunes. The rays of the evening sun play upon their clothes; the night sinks, and a profound silence rests upon the landscape.

By preference *Édouard Dantan* has painted the interiors of sculptors' studios—men turning pots, casting plaster, or working on marble, with grey blouses, contrasting delicately with the light grey walls of workrooms which are themselves flooded with bright and tender light. Very charming was "A Plaster-Cast from Nature," painted in 1887: in the centre was a nude feminine figure most naturally posed, whilst a fine, even atmosphere, which lay softly upon the girl's form, streaming gently over it, was shed around.

Having cultivated in the beginning the province of feminine

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
DANTAN: "A PLASTER-CAST FROM NATURE."

nudity with little success, in such pictures as "The Bacchante" of the Luxembourg, "The Woman with the Mask," and "Rolla," *Henri Gervex*, the spoilt child of contemporary French painting, turned to the lecture-rooms of the universities, and by his picture of Dr. Péan at La Salpétrière gave the impulse to the many hospital pictures, surgical operations, and so forth which have since inundated the Salon. With the upper part of her body laid bare and her lips half-opened, the patient lies under the influence of narcotics, whilst Péan's assistant is counting her pulse. His audience have gathered round. The light falls clear and peacefully into the room. Everything is rendered simply, without diffidence, and with confidence and quietude.

Duez, when he had had his first success in 1879 with a large religious picture—the triptych in the Luxembourg of Saint Cuthbert—appeared with animal pictures, landscapes, portraits, or fashionable representations of life in the streets and cafés. In the hands of such mild and complacent spirits as *Friant* and *Goeneutte*, Naturalism fell into a mincing, lachrymose condition; but in a series of quiet, unpretentious pictures *Dagnan-Bouveret* was more successful in meeting the growing inclination of recent years for contemplative repose, just as in the province of literature Ohnet, Malot, and Claretie, with their spirit of

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Dujardin helio.*

GERVEX: "DR. PÉAN AT LA SALPÉTRIÈRE."

(By permission of the Artist.)

compromise, came after those stern naturalists Flaubert and Zola. According to the drawing of Paul Renouard, Dagnan-Bouveret is a little, black-haired man with a dark complexion and deep-set eyes, a short blunt nose, and a black pointed beard. There is nothing in him which betrays spirit, caprice, and audacity, but everything which is an indication of patience and endurance; and, as a matter of fact, such are the qualities by which he has gained his high position. He is a man of poetic talent, though rather tame, and stands to Bastien-Lepage and Roll as Breton to Millet. One often fancies that it is possible to observe in him that German *Gemüth*, that genial temper, for the satisfaction of which Frau Marlitt provided in fiction. A pupil of Gérôme, he made his first great success in the Salon of 1879 with the picture "A Wedding at the Photographer's." This was succeeded in 1882 by "The Nuptial Benediction;" in 1883 by "The Vaccination;" in 1884 by "The Horse-pond" of the Musée Luxembourg; in 1885 by a "Blessed Virgin," a homely, thoughtful, and delicately coloured picture which gained him many admirers in Germany; and in 1886 by "The Consecrated Bread," in which he was one of the first to take up the study of light in interiors. In a Catholic church there are sitting

L'Art. [*E. Champollion sc.*

DUEZ: "ON THE CLIFF."

devout women—most of them old, but also one who is young—and children, while a chorister is handing them consecrated bread. This simple scene in the damp village church, filled with a tender gloom, is rendered with a winning homely plainness, and with that touch of compassionate sentimentality which is the peculiar note of Dagnan-Bouveret. The "Bretonnes au Pardon" of 1889 thoroughly displayed this definitive Dagnan: a soft, peaceful picture, full of simple and cordial poetry. In the grass behind the church, the plain spire of which rises at the end of a wall, women are sitting, both young and old, in black dresses and white caps. One of them is reading a prayer from a devotional book. The rest are listening. Two men stand at the side. Everything is at peace; the scheme of colour is soft and quiet, while in the execution there is something recalling Holbein, and the effect is idyllically moving, like the chime of a village bell when the sun is going down.

The zeal with which painters took up the study of contemporary life, so long neglected, did not, however, prevent the quality of French landscape-painting from being exceedingly high. New parts of the world were no longer to be conquered. For fifteen years none of the nobler, nor of the less noble, landscapes of France had been neglected, nor any strip of field; there were no flowers that were not plucked, whether they were cultivated in forcing-houses or had sprung pallid in a dark garden of old Paris. It was only the joy in brightness and the

L'Art.] [*F. Milius sc.*

DUEZ: "THE END OF OCTOBER."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

newly discovered beauty of sunshine that brought with them any change of material. Following the Impressionists, the landscape-painters deserted their forests. Those "woodland depths," such as Diaz and Rousseau painted, seldom appear in the works of the most modern artists. In opposition the severest to such once popular scenes, there lies the plain, the wide expanse stretching forth like a carpet in bright, shining tones under the play of tremulous sunbeams, and scarcely do a few trees break the quiet line of the distant horizon. At first the poorest and most humble corners were preferred. The painting of the poor brought even the most forlorn regions into fashion. Later, in landscape also, a bent towards the most tender lyricism corresponded with that inclination to idyllic sentiment which was on the increase in figure-painting. These painters have a peculiar joy in the fresh mood of morning, when a light vapour wavers over the meadows and the waters, before it is dissolved into shining dew. They love the blooming fruit-trees and the first smile of spring, or revel in the gradations of the dusk, rich as they are in shades of tint, mistily wan and grey, pale lilac, delicate green, and milky blue. The perspective is broad and

L'Art.] [*Salmon sc.*

DAGNAN-BOUVERET: "CONSECRATED BREAD."

fine; objects are entirely absorbed by the harmony of colour, and the older and coarser treatment of free light heightened to the most refined play by the most delicate shades of hue. And these colourists deriving from Corot, with their soft grey enveloping all, are opposed by others who strike novel and higher chords upon the keyboard of Manet—landscape-painters whom such simple and intimate things do not satisfy, but who search after unexpected, fleeting, and extraordinary impressions, analyzing fantastically combined effects of light.

A group of New-Impressionists, who might be called prismatic painters, stand in this respect at the extreme left. Starting from the conviction that the traditional mixing of colours upon the pallet results after all only in pallet-tones, and can never fully express the intensity and pulsating vividness of tone values, they founded the theory of the resolution of tones—in other words, they break up all compound colours into their primary hues, set these directly upon the canvas, and leave it to the eye of the spectator to undertake the mixture for itself. In particular *George Seurat* was an energetic disseminator of this painting in points which excited new discussions amongst artists and new polemics in the newspapers. His pictures were entirely composed of flaming, glowing, and shining patches. Close to these pictures nothing was to be seen but a confusion of blotches, but at the proper distance they took shape as wild sea-studies in the brilliant hues of noon, with rocks and stones

L'Art.] [*J. Puyplat sc.*

DAGNAN-BOUVERET: "BRETONNES AU PARDON."

(By permission of the Artist.)

standing out in relief, orgies of blue, red, and violet. Such was Seurat's manner of seeing nature. That such a course brings with it a good deal of monotony, that it will hardly ever be possible to quicken art to this extent with science, is incontestable. But it is just as certain that Seurat was a painter of distinction who shows in many of his pictures a fine sense for delicate, pale atmosphere. Many of his landscapes, which at close quarters look like mosaics of small, smooth, variously coloured stones, acquire a vibrating light such as Monet himself did not attain when looked at from a proper distance. *Signac*, *Anquetin*, *Angrand*, and *Lucien Pissarro* are the names of the other representatives of this scientific painting, and their method has not seldom enabled them to give expression in an overpowering manner to the quiet of water and sky, the green of the meadows and the softness of tender light shifting over the sea.

Amongst the younger painters exhibiting in the Salon, *Pointelin*—without any trace of imitation—perhaps comes nearest to the tender poetry of Corot, and has with most subtilty interpreted the delicate charm of cold moods of morning, the deep feeling of still solitude in a wide expanse. *Jan Monchablon* views the meadow and the grass, the blades and variegated flowers of the field, with the eyes of a primitive artist. Wide stretches of rolling ground upon radiant spring days are usually to be seen in his pictures. The sun shines, the grass sparkles, and the horizon spreads boundless around. In the background cows are grazing, or there move small figures bathed in air,

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*F. Milius sc.*

DAGNAN-BOUVERET: "THE NUPTIAL BENEDICTION."

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whilst a dreamy rivulet murmurs in the foreground. The bright, soft light of Provence is the delight of *Montenard*, and he depicts with delicacy this landscape with its bright, rosy hills, its azure sky, and its pale underwood. Light, as he sees it, has neither motes nor shadows; its vibration is so intense and fine that it fills the air with liquid gold, and absorbs the tints of objects, wrapping them in a soft and mystic golden veil.

Dauphin, who is nearly allied with him, always remains a colourist. His painting is more animated, provocative, and blooming, especially in those sea-pieces with their bright harbours, glittering waves, and rocking ships, whose sails have a coquettish sparkle in the sunshine. The name of *Rosset-Granget* recalls festal evenings, bright houses vivid with the glow of lights and fireworks, or the gleam of red lanterns illuminating the dark blue firmament, and reflected by a thousand fine tints in the sea.

The melancholy art of *Émile Barau*, a thoroughly rustic

painter, who renders picturesque corners of little villages with an extremely personal accent, stands in contrast with the blithe painting of the devotees of light; it is not the splendour of colour that attracts him, but the dun hues of dying nature. He has come to a halt immediately in front of Paris, in the square before the church of Creile. He knows the loneliness of village streets when the people are at work in the fields, and the houses give a feeling that their inhabitants are not far off and may return at any moment. His pictures are harmonies in grey. The leading elements in his works are the pale light lying upon colourless autumn sward, the mournful outlines of leafless trees stretching their naked boughs into the air as though complaining, small still ponds where ducks are paddling, the scanty green of meagre gardens, the muddy water of old canals, reddish-grey roofs and narrow little streets amid moss-covered hills, tall poplars and willows by the side of swampy ditches, and in the background the old village steeple, which is scarcely ever absent. *Damoye*, likewise, is fond of twilight, and autumn and winter evenings. He is the poet of the great plains and dunes and the sombre heaven, where isolated sunbeams break shyly from behind white clouds. A fine sea-painter, *Boudin*, studies in Etretat, Trouville, Saint Valery, Crotoy, and Berck the dunes and the misty sky, spreading in cold northern grey across the silent sea. *Dumoulin* paints night landscapes with deep blue shadows and bright blue lights, while *Albert Lebourg* has a passion for the grey of rain and the glittering snow which gleams in the light, blue in one place, violet and rosy in another. *Victor Binet* and *René Billotte* have devoted themselves to the study of that poor region, still in embryo, which lies around Paris, a region where a delicate observer finds so much that is pictorial and so much hidden poetry. Binet is so delicate that everything grows nobler beneath his brush. He specially loves to paint the poetry of twilight, which softens forms and tinges the trees with a greyish green, the quiet, monotonous plains, where tiny field-paths lose themselves in mysterious horizons, expiring light of the autumn sun playing with the fallen yellow leaves upon dusty highways. Réné

Dial.]
LUCIEN PISSARRO : "SOLITUDE" (WOODCUT).
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Billotte's life is exceedingly many-sided. In the forenoon he is an important ministerial official, in the evening the polished man of society in dress-clothes and white tie whom Carolus Duran painted. Of an afternoon, in the hours of dusk and moonrise, he roams as a landscape-painter in the suburbs of Paris: he is an exceedingly accomplished man of the world, who only speaks in a low tone, and what he specially loves in nature, too, is the hour when moonlight lies gently and delicately over all forms. The scenes he usually chooses are a quarry with light mist settling over it, a light-coloured cornfield in a bluish dusk, a meadow bathed in pale light, or a strip of the seashore where the delicate air is impregnated with moisture.

To be at once refined and true is the aim which portrait-painting in recent years has also specially set itself to reach. In the years of *chic* it started with the endeavour to win from every personality its beauties, to paint men and women "to advantage;" but later, when the Naturalism of Bastien-Lepage stood at its zenith, it strove at all costs to seize the actual human being, to catch, as it were, the workaday character of the personality, as it is in involuntary moments when people believe themselves to be unobserved and give up posing. The place of those pompous arrangements of the painters of material was taken by a soul, and temperament interpreted by an intelligence. And corresponding with the universal principle

of conceiving man and nature as an indivisible whole, it became imperative in portrait-painting no longer to place persons before an arbitrary background, but in their real surroundings — to paint the man of science in his laboratory, the painter in his studio, the author at his work-table—and to observe with accuracy the atmospheric influences of this environment.

LUCIEN PISSARRO: "RUTH" (WOODCUT).
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The ready master-worker of this plain and sincere naturalism in portrait-painting was peculiarly *Fantin-Latour*, who ought not merely to be judged by his latest paintings, which have something petrified, rigid, gloomy, and professorial. In his younger days he was a solid and powerful artist, one of the soundest and simplest of whom France could boast. His pictures were dark in tone and harmonious, and had a puritanic charm. The portrait of Manet, and the double likeness of the engraver Edwin Edwards and his wife, in particular, will always preserve their historical value.

Later, when the whole bias of art was to turn away from the poorer classes and once more approach this fashionable world, portrait-painting also tended to become exquisite and over-refined and to show a preference for symphonic arrangements of colour and subtilized effects of light. White, light yellow, and light blue silks were harmonized upon very delicate scales with pearly-grey backgrounds. Ladies in mantles of light grey fur and rosy dresses stand amid dark-green shrubs, in which rose-coloured lanterns are burning, or they sit in a ball-dress near a lamp,

[*Lauzet sc.*

BOUDIN: "THE PORT OF TROUVILLE."

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which produces the most tender and manifold transformations of light upon the white of the silk.

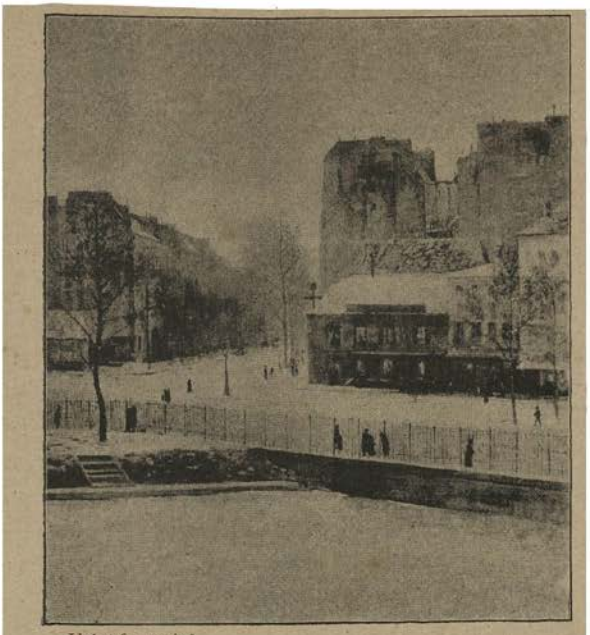
The work of *Jacques Émile Blanche*, the son of the celebrated doctor for the mad, is peculiarly characteristic of these new tendencies of French portrait-painting. It is well known that English fashion was at this time regarded in Paris as the height of elegance, while Anglicisms were entering more and more into the French language; and this tendency of taste gave Blanche the occasion for most æsthetic pictures. The English miss, in her attractive mixture of affectation and naïveté, in all her slim and long-footed grace, has found a delicate interpreter in him. Tall ladies clad in white, bitten with the Anglo-mania, drink tea most æsthetically and sit there bored, or are grouped round the piano; *gommeux*, neat, straight, *chic*, from their tall

hats to their shining leather boots, look wearily about the world, with an eyeglass fixed, a yellow rose in their buttonhole, and a thick stick in the gloved hand. Amongst his likenesses of well-known personalities, much notice was attracted by that of his father in 1890—a modern Bertin the Elder—and in 1891 by that of Maurice Barrès, a portrait in which he has analyzed the author of *Le Jardin de Bérénice* in a very simple and convincing fashion.

Paris : Boussod-Valadon.] *[Carolus Duran pxt.*

RÉNÉ BILLOTTE.

The brilliant Italian *Boldini* brought to this English *chic* the manual volubility of a Southerner : sometimes he was microscopic *à la* Meissonier, sometimes a juggler of the brush *à la* Fortuny, and sometimes he gave the most seductive mannerism and the most diverting elegance to his portraits of ladies. Born in 1845, the son of a painter of saints, Boldini had begun as a Romanticist with pictures for Scott's *Ivanhoe*. From Ferrara he went to Florence, where he remained six years. At the end of the sixties he emerged in London, and, after he had painted Lady Holland and the Duchess of Westminster there, he soon became a popular portrait-painter. But since 1872 his home has been Paris, where the fine Anglo-Saxon aroma, the "æsthetic" originality of his pictures, soon became an object of universal admiration. In his portraits of women Boldini always renders what is most novel. It is as if he knew in advance the new fashion which the coming season would bring. His trenchantly cut figures of ladies in white dresses and with black gloves have a defiant and insolent



L'Art français.]
BILLOTTE: "PARIS TWILIGHT."
(By permission of the Artist.)

effect, and yet one which is captivating through their ultra-modern *chic*. The portraits of Carolus Duran have nothing of that charm which makes such an appeal to the nerves, nothing of that discomposing indefinable quality which lies in the expression and gestures of a fashionable woman, whose eccentricity reveals every day fresh *nuances* of beauty. He had not the faculty of seizing movement, the most difficult element in the world. But Boldini's pictures seem like bold and sudden fetches which clench the conception with spirit and swiftness in liberal, pointed crayon strokes controlled by keen observation. There is no ornament, no bracelet, no pillars and drapery. One hears the silken bodice rustle over the tightly laced corset, sees the mobile foot, and the long train swept to the side with a bold movement. Sometimes his creations are full and luxuriant, nude even in their clothes, excited and full of movement; sometimes they are bodiless, as if compact of the air, pallid and half-dead with the exertion caused by nights of festivity, "living with hardly any blood in their veins where the pulse beats almost entirely out of complaisance."

His pictures of children are just as subtile: there is an elasticity in these little girls, with their widely opened velvet eyes, their rosy young lips, and their poses calculated with so much coquetry. Boldini has an indescribable method of seizing a motion of the head, a mien, or a passing flash of the eyes, of arranging the

L'Art.] [*Paul Lafond sc.*

BOLDINI: GIUSEPPE VERDI.

hair, of indicating coquettish lace underclothing beneath bright silk dresses, or of showing the grace and fineness of the slender leg of a girl, encased in a black silk stocking, and dangling in delicate lines from a light grey sofa. There is French *esprit*, something piquant and with a double meaning in his art, which borders on the indecorous and is yet charming. These portraits of ladies, however, form but a small portion of his work. He paints in oils, in water-colour, and pastel, and is equally marvellous in handling the portraits of men, the street picture, and the landscape. His portrait of the painter John Lewis Brown, crossing the street with his wife and daughter, looked as though it had been painted in one jet. In his little pictures of horses there is an astonishing animation and nervous energy. M. Faure, the singer, possesses some small Rococo pictures from his brush, scenes in the Garden of the Tuileries, which might have come from Fortuny. His pictures from the street-life of Paris—the Place Pigalle, the Place Clichy—recall De Nittis, and some illustrations—scenes from the great Paris races—might have been drawn by Caran D'Ache.

There is no need to treat illustration in greater detail, because, naturally, it could no longer play the initiative part which fell to it in earlier days, now that the whole of life had been drawn within the compass of pictorial representation. Besides, in an epoch like our own, which is determined to know, and see, and feel everything, illustration has been so extended that it would be quite impossible even to select the most important work. Entirely apart from the many painters who occasionally illustrated novels or other books, such as Bastien-Lepage, Gervex, Dantan, Détaille, Dagnan-Bouveret, Ribot, Benjamin Constant, Jean

Paris: Goupil.]
BOLDINI: PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

Paul Laurens, and others, there are a number of professional draughtsmen in Paris, most of whom are really distinguished artists.

In particular, *Chéret*, one of the most original artists of our time—Chéret, the great king of posters, the monarch of a fabulously charming world, in which everything gleams in blue and red and orange, cannot be passed over in a history of painting. The flowers which he carelessly strews on all sides with his spendthrift hand are not destined for preservation in an historical herbarium; his works are transient flashes of spirit, brilliantly shining ephemeras, but a bold and subtile Parisian art is concealed amid this improvisation. Settled for many years in London, Jules Chéret had there already drawn admirable placards, which are now much sought after by collectors.

In 1866 he introduced this novel branch of industry into France, and gave it—thanks to the invention of machines which admit of the employment of the largest lithographical blocks—an artistic development which could not have been anticipated. He has created many thousands of placards. The book-trade, the great shops, and almost all branches of industry owe their success to him. His theatrical posters alone are amongst the most graceful products of modern art: La Fête des Mitrons,

La Salle de Frascati, Les Mongolis, Le Chat Botté, L'Athénée Comique, Fantaisies Music-Hall, La Fée Cocotte, Les Tsiganes, Les Folies-Bergères en Voyage, Spectacle Concert de l'Horloge, Skating Rink, Les Pillules du Diable, La Chatte Blanche, Le Petit Faust, La Vie Parisienne, Le Droit du Seigneur, Cendrillon, Orphée aux Enfers, Éden Théâtre, etc. These are mere placards, destined to hang for a few days on the street pillars, and yet in graceful ease, sparkling life, and coquettish bloom of colour they surpass many oil-paintings which flaunt upon the walls of the Musée Luxembourg.

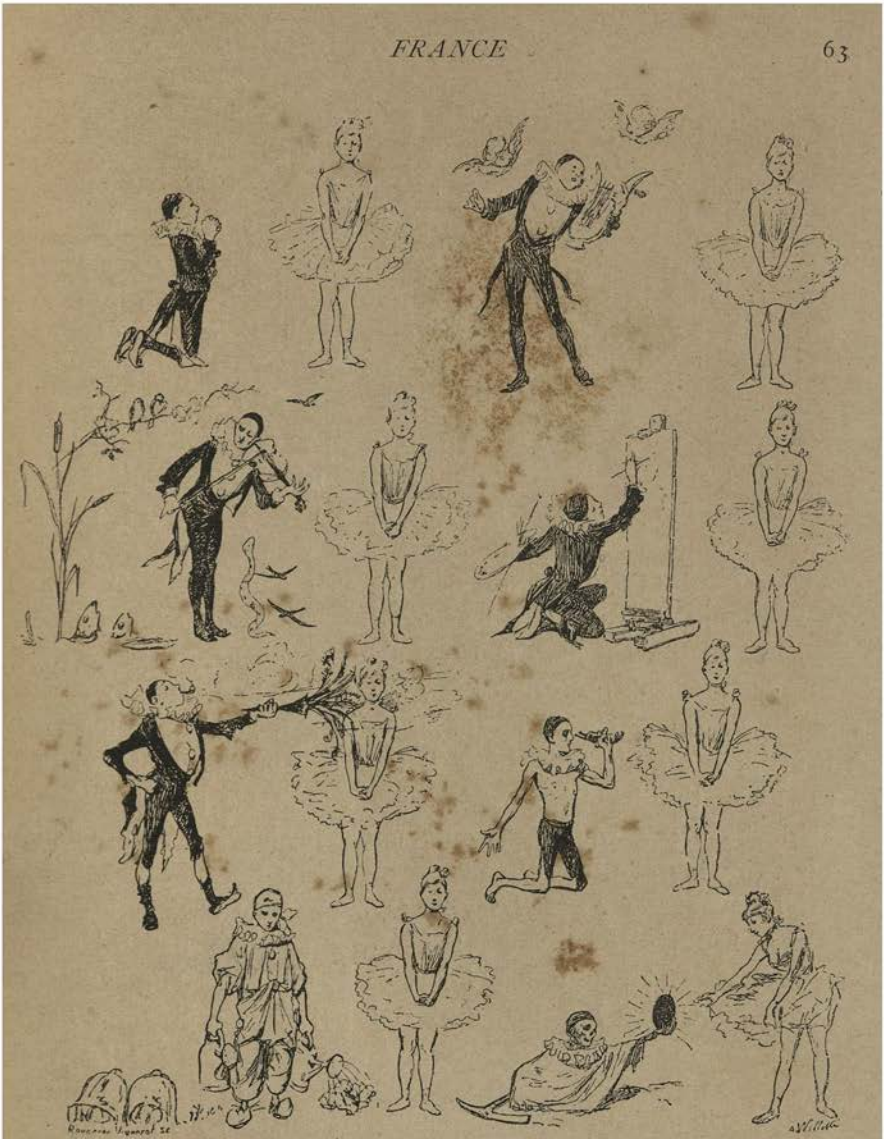
L'Art français.]
BOLDINI: PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Amongst the illustrators *Willette* is perhaps the most charming, the most brilliant in grace, fancy, and spirit. A drawing by him is something living, light, and fresh. Only amongst the Japanese, or the great draughtsmen of the Rococo period, does one find plates of a charm similar to Willette's tender poems of the "Chevalier Printemps" or the "Baiser de la Rose." At the same time there is something curiously innocent, something primitive, naïve, something like the song of a bird, in his charming art. No one can laugh with such youthful freshness. No one has such a childlike fancy. Willette possesses the curious gift of looking at the world like a boy of sixteen, with

L'Art français.]

BOLDINI: PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

eyes that are not jaded for all the beauty of things, with the eyes of a school-boy in love for the first time. He has drawn angels for Gothic windows, battles, and everything imaginable; nevertheless woman is supreme over his whole work, ruined and pure as an angel, cursed and adored, and yet always enchanting. She is Manon Lescaut, with her soft eyes and angelically pure sins. She has something of the lovely piquancy of the woman of Brantôme, when she disdainfully laughs out of countenance poor Pierrot, who sings his serenades to her plaintively in the moonshine. One might say that Willette is himself his Pierrot, dazzled by the young bosoms and rosy lips: at one time graceful and laughing, wild as a young fellow who has just escaped from school; at another earnest and angry, like an archangel driving away the sinful; to-day fiery, and to-morrow melancholy; now in love, teasing, blithe and tender, now gloomy and in mortal trouble. He laughs amid tears and weeps amid laughter, singing the *Dies Iræ* after a couplet of Offenbach; himself wears a black-and-white garment, and is, at the same time, mystic and sensuous. His plates are as exhilarating as



Paris : Quantin.]

WILLETTE : "THE GOLDEN AGE."

sparkling champagne, and breathe the soft, plaintive spirit of old ballads.

Beside this amiable Pierrot *Forain* is like the modern Satyr, the true outcome of the Goncourts and Gavarni, the product of the most modern decadence. All the vice and grace of Paris, all the luxury of the world, and all the *chic* of the *demi-monde*

he has drawn with spirit, with bold stenographical execution, and the elegance of a sure-handed expert. Every stroke is made with trenchant energy and ultimate grace. Adultery, gambling, *chambres séparées*, carriages, horses, villas in the Bois de Boulogne; and then the reverse side—degradation, theft, hunger, the filth of the streets, pistols, suicide,—such are the principal stages of the modern epic which Forain composed; and over all the *Parisienne*, the dancing-girl, floats with smiling grace like a breath of beauty. His chief field of study is the promenade of the Folies-Bergères — the delicate profiles of anæmic girls singing, the heavy masses of flesh of gluttonizing *gourmets*, the impudent laughter and lifeless eyes of prostitutes, the thin waists, lean arms, and demon hips of fading bodies laced in silk. Little dancing-girls and fat *roués*, snobs with short, wide overcoats, huge collars, and long, pointed shoes —they all move, live, and exhale the odour of their own peculiar atmosphere. There is spirit in the line of an overcoat which Forain draws, in the furniture of a room, in the hang of a fur or a silk dress. He is the master of the light, fleeting seizure of the definitive line. Every one of his plates is like a spirited *causerie*, which is to be understood through hints and the twinkling of the eyes.

The name of *Paul Renouard* is inseparable from the opera. Degas had already painted the opera and the ballet-dancers with wonderful reality, fine irony, or in the weird humour of a dance of death. But Renouard did not imitate Degas. As a pupil of Pils he was one of the many who, in 1871, were occupied with the decoration of the staircase of the new opera house, and through this opportunity he obtained his first glance into this capricious and mysterious world made up of contrasts —a world which henceforward became his domain. All his ballet-dancers are accurately drawn at their rehearsals, but the charm of their smile, of their figures, their silk tights, their gracious movements, has something which almost goes beyond nature. Renouard is a realist with very great taste. The practising of girls standing on the tips of their toes, dancing, curtseying, and throwing the public a kiss with their hands is

[*Lauzet sc.*

FORAIN: "AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES."

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broadly and surely drawn with a few strokes. The opera is for him a universe in a nutshell—a *résumé* of Paris, where all the oddities, all the wildness, and all the sadness of modern life are to be found.

At the close mention must be made of *Daniel Vierge*, torn prematurely from his art by a cruel disease, but not before he had been able to complete his masterpiece, the edition of Don Pablo de Segovia. By birth he was a Spaniard, his proper name being Daniel Vierge Urrabieta. He, too, showed himself a man of audacious, delicate talent of nervous fibre; and his illustrations in the Paris journals are uncommonly Parisian, spirited, delicate, and piquant. Without striving after a "style," like Doré, he expressed everything with a boldness and naturalness which lie miles apart from any kind of pedantry. He cared chiefly to devote himself to the courtly eighteenth century, the epoch of silk shoes, powder, and Brussels lace. Certain of his plates almost recall Goya, or the exhilarating verve of Fortuny.

CHAPTER XXXV

SPAIN

From Goya to Fortuny.—Mariano Fortuny.—Official efforts for the cultivation of historical painting.—Influence of Manet inconsiderable.—Even in their pictures from modern life the Spaniards remain followers of Fortuny: Francisco Pradilla, Casado, Vera, Manuel Ramirez, Moreno Carbonero, Ricardo Villodas, Antonio Casanova y Estorach, Benliure y Gil, Checa, Francisco Amerigo, Viniegra y Lasso, Mas y Fondevilla, Alcazar Tejedor, José Villegas, Luis Jimenez, Martin Rico, Zamacois, Raimundo de Madrazo, Francisco Domingo, Emilio Sala y Francés, Antonio Fabrés.

IT was in the spring of 1870 that a little picture called "La Vicaria" was exhibited in Paris at the dealer Goupil's. A marriage is taking place in the sacristy of a Rococo church in Madrid. The walls are covered with faded Cordova leather hangings figured in gold and dull colours, and a magnificent Rococo screen separates the sacristy from the middle aisle. Venetian lustres are suspended from the ceiling. And pictures of martyrs, Venetian glasses in carved oval frames, richly ornamented wooden benches, and a library of missals and gospels in sparkling silver clasps at the wall, form part of the scene where the marriage contract is being signed; shining marble tables and glistening brasiers are around. The costumes are those of the time of Goya. As a matter of fact an old beau is marrying a young and beautiful girl. With affected grace and in a skipping minuet step, holding a modish three-cornered hat under his arm, he approaches the table to put his signature in the place which the *escribano* points out with a submissive bow. He is arrayed in delicate lilac, while the bride is wearing a white silk dress trimmed with flowered lace, and has a wreath

of orange blossoms in her luxuriant black hair. As a girl-friend is talking to her she examines with abstracted attention the pretty little pictures upon her fan, the finest which she has ever possessed. A very piquant little head she has, with her long lashes and her black eyes. Then, in the background, follow the witnesses, and first of all a young lady in a swelling silk dress of the brightest rose-colour. Beside her is one of the bridegroom's friends in a cabbage-green coat with long flaps, and a shining belt from which a gleaming sabre hangs. The whole picture is a marvellous assemblage of colours, where tones of Venetian glow and strength beside tender pearly grey, like that of the Japanese, and a melting neutral brown, stand scintillating together.

The painter, who was barely thirty, bore the name of *Mariano Fortuny*, and was born in Reus, a little town in the province of Tarragonia, on June 11th, 1838. Five years after he had completed this work he died, at the age of thirty-six, on November 21st, 1874. Short as his career was, it was, nevertheless, so brilliant, his success so immense, his influence so great, that his place in the history of modern painting remains assured to him.

Like French art, Spanish art, after Goya's death, had borne the yoke of Classicism, Romanticism, and academical influence by turns. In the grave of Goya there was buried for ever, as it seemed, the world of torreros, majas, manolas, monks, smugglers, knaves, and witches, and all the local colour of the Spanish Peninsula. As late as the Paris World Exhibition of 1867, Spain was merely represented by a few carefully composed, and just as carefully painted, but tame and tedious, historical pictures of the David or the Delaroche stamp—works such as had been painted for whole decades by José Madrazo, J. Ribera y Fernandez, Federigo Madrazo, Carlo Luis Ribera, Eduardo Rosales, and many others whose names there is no reason for rescuing from oblivion. They laboured, meditating an art which was not their own, and could not waken any echo in themselves. Their painting was body without soul, empty histrionic skill. As complete darkness had rested for a century over Spanish art, from the death of Claudio Coellos in 1693 to the

L'Art.]
MARIANO FORTUNY.

appearance of Goya, rising like a meteor, so the first half of the nineteenth century produced no single original artist until Fortuny came forward in the sixties.

He grew up amid poor surroundings, and when he was twelve years of age he lost his father and mother. His grandfather, an enterprising and adventurous joiner, had made for himself a cabinet of wax figures, which he exhibited from town to town in the province of Tarragonia. With his grandson he went on foot through all the towns of Catalonia, the old man showing the wax figures which the boy painted. Whenever he had a moment free the latter was drawing, carving in wood, and modelling in wax. It chanced, however, that a sculptor saw his attempts, spoke of them in Fortuny's birthplace, and succeeded in inducing the town to make an allowance of forty-two francs a month to a lad whose talent had so much promise. By these means Fortuny was enabled to attend the Academy of Barcelona during four years. In 1857, when he was nineteen years of age, he received the *Prix de Rome*, and set out for Rome itself in the same year. But whilst he was copying the pictures of the old masters there, a circumstance occurred which set him upon another course. The war between Spain and the Emperor of Morocco determined his future career. Fortuny was then a young man of three-and-twenty, very strong, rather thickset, quick to resent an injury, taciturn, resolute, and habituated to exertion. His residence in the East, which lasted from five to six months, was a discovery for him—a feast of delight. He found the opportunity of studying in the immediate neighbourhood a people whose life was opulent in colour and wild in movement; and he beheld with wonder the gleaming pictorial

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

FORTUNY: "THE SPANISH MARRIAGE."

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episodes so variously enacted before him, and the rich costumes upon which the radiance of the South glanced in a hundred reflections. And, in particular, when the Emperor of Morocco came with his brilliant suite to sign the treaty of peace, Fortuny developed a feverish activity. The great battle-piece which he should have executed on the commission of the Academy of Barcelona remained unfinished. On the other hand, he painted a series of Oriental pictures, in which his astonishing dexterity and his marvellously sensitive eye were already to be clearly discerned: the stalls of Moorish carpet-sellers, with little figures swarming about them, and the rich display of woven stuffs of the East; the weary attitude of old Arabs sitting in the sun; the sombre, brooding faces of strange snake-charmers and magicians. This is no Parisian East, like Fromentin's; every one here is speaking Arabic. It is only Guillaumet who afterwards interpreted the fakir world of the East, dreamy and contemplative in the sunshine, in a manner equally convincing.

Yet Fortuny first discovered his peculiar province when he began, after his return, to paint those brilliant kaleidoscopic Rococo pictures with their charming play of colour, the pictures

L'Art.] [*Champollion sc.*

FORTUNY: "MOORS PLAYING WITH A VULTURE."

which founded his reputation in Paris. Even in the earliest, representing gentlemen of the Rococo period examining engravings in a richly appointed interior, the Japanese weapons, Renaissance chests, gilded frames of carved wood, and all the delightful *petit-riens* from the treasury of the past which he had heaped in it together, were so wonderfully painted that Goupil began a connection with him and ordered further works. This commission occasioned his journey, in the autumn of 1866, to Paris, where he entered into Meissonier's circle, and worked sometimes at Gérôme's. Yet neither of them exerted any influence upon him at all worth mentioning. The French painter in miniature is, probably, the father of the department of art to which Fortuny belongs; but the latter united to the delicate execution of the Frenchman the flashing, gleaming spirit of the Latin races of the South. He is a Meissonier with *esprit* recalling Goya. In his picture "The Spanish Marriage" (La Vicaria), all the vivid, throbbing, Rococo world, buried with Goya, revived once more. While in his Oriental pieces—"The Praying Arab,"

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Boilvin sc.*

FORTUNY: "THE SNAKE-CHARMERS."

"The Arabian Fantasia," and "The Snake-Charmers"—he still aimed at concentration and unity of effect, this picture had something gleaming, iridescent, and pearly which soon became the delight of all collectors. Fortuny's successes, his celebrity, and his fortune dated from that time. His name went up like a meteor. After fighting long years in vain, not for recognition, but for his very bread, he suddenly became the most honoured painter of the day, and began to exert upon a whole generation of young artists that powerful influence which survives even at this very day.

The studio which he built for himself after his marriage with the daughter of Federigo Madrazo in Rome was a little museum of the most exquisite products of the artistic crafts of the West and the East: the walls were decorated with brilliant Oriental stuffs, and great glass cabinets with Moorish and Arabian weapons, and old tankards and glasses from Murano stood around. He sought and collected everything that shines and gleams in varying colour. That was his world, and the basis of his art.

Pillars of marble and porphyry, groups of ivory and bronze, lustres of Venetian glass, gilded consoles with small busts, great tables supported by gilded satyrs and inlaid with variegated mosaics, form the surroundings of that astonishing work "The Trial of the Model." Upon a marble table a young girl is

[Champollion sc.

FORTUNY: "THE TRIAL OF THE MODEL."

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standing naked, posing before a row of academicians in the costume of the Louis XV. period, while each one of them gives his judgment by a movement or an expression of the face. One of them has approached quite close and is examining the little woman through his lorgnette. All the costumes gleam in a thousand hues which the marble reflects. By his picture "The Poet" or "The Rehearsal," he reached his highest point in the capricious analysis of light. In an old Rococo garden, with the brilliant façade of the Alhambra as its background, there is a gathering of gentlemen assembled to witness the rehearsal of a tragedy. The heroine, a tall, charming, luxuriant beauty, has just fallen into a faint. On the other hand the hero, holding the lady on his right arm, is reading the verses of his part from a large manuscript. The gentlemen are listening and exchanging remarks with the air of connoisseurs; one of them closes his eyes to listen with thorough attention. Here the entire painting flashes like a rocket, and is iridescent and brilliant like a peacock's tail. Fortuny splits the rays of the sun into endless *nuances* which are scarcely perceptible to the eye,

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

FORTUNY: "THE REHEARSAL."

and gives expression to their flashing glitter with astonishing delicacy. Henri Regnault, who visited him at that time in Rome, wrote to a Parisian friend: "The time I spent with Fortuny yesterday is haunting me still. What a magnificent fellow he is! He paints the most marvellous things and is the master of us all. I wish I could show you the two or three pictures that he has in hand, or his etchings and water-colours. They inspired me with a real disgust of my own. Ah! Fortuny, you spoil my sleep."

Even as an etcher he caught all the technical finesses and appetizing piquancies of his great forerunner Goya. It is only with very light and spirited strokes that the outlines of his figures are drawn; then, as in Goya, comes the aquatint, the colour which covers the background and gives locality, depth, and light. A few scratches with a needle, a black spot, a light made by a judiciously inserted patch of white, and he gives his figures life and character, causing them to emerge from the black depth of the background like mysterious visions. "The Dead Arab," covered with his black cloak, and lying on the ground with his musket on his arm, "The Shepherd" on the stump of a pillar, "The Serenade," "The Reader," "The Tambourine Player," "The Pensioner," the picture of the gentleman

L'Art.] [*Waltner sc.*

FORTUNY: "THE CHINA VASE."

with a pig-tail bending over his flowers, "The Anchorite," and "The Arab mourning over the Body of his Friend," are the most important of his plates, which are sometimes pungent and spirited, and sometimes sombre and fantastic.

In the picture "The Strand of Portici" he attempted to strike out a new path. He was tired of the gay rags of the eighteenth century, as he said himself, and meant to paint for the future only subjects from surrounding life in an entirely modern manner like that of Manet. But he was not destined to carry out this change any further. He passed away in Rome on November 21st, 1874. When the unsold works which he left were put up to auction the smallest sketches fetched high figures, and even his etchings were bought at marvellous prices.

In these days the enthusiasm for Fortuny is no longer so glowing. The capacity to paint became so ordinary in the course of years that it was presupposed as a matter of course; it was a necessary acquirement for an artist to have before approaching his pictures in a psychological fashion. And in this latter respect there is a deficiency in Fortuny. He is a *charmeur* who dazzles the eyes, but rather creates a sense of astonishment than holds the spectator in his grip. Beneath his hands painting has become a matter of pure virtuosity, a marvellous, flaring firework that amazes and—leaves us cold after all. With enchanting delicacy he runs through the brilliant gamut of radiant colours upon the small keyboard

of his little pictures painted with a pocket-lens, and everything glitters golden, like the dress of a fairy. To the patience of Meissonier he united a delicacy of colour, a wealth of pictorial point, and a crowd of delightful trifles, which combine to make him the most exquisite and fascinating juggler of the pallet—an amazing colourist, a wonderful clown, an original and subtile painter with vibrating nerves, but not a truly great and moving artist. His pictures are dainties in gold frames, jewels delicately set, astonishing efforts of patience, broken by a flashing, rocket-like *esprit*; but beneath the glittering surface one is conscious of there being neither heart nor soul. His art might have been French or Italian, just as appropriately as Spanish. It is the art of virtuosos of the brush, and Fortuny himself is the initiator of a religion which found its enthusiastic followers, not in Madrid alone, but in Naples, Paris, and Rome.

Yet Spanish painting, so far as it is individual, works even now upon the lines of Fortuny. After his death it divided into two streams. The official endeavour of the academies was to keep the grand historical painting in flower, in accord with the proud programme announced by Francisco Tubino in his brochure *The Renaissance of Spanish Art.* "Our contemporary artists," he writes, "fill all civilized Europe with their fame, and are the object of admiration on the far side of the Atlantic. We have a peculiar school of our own with a hundred teachers, and it shuns comparison with no school in any other country. At home the Academy of the Fine Arts watches over the progress of painting; it has perfected the laws by which our Academy in Rome is guided, the Academy in the proud possession of Spain and situated so splendidly upon the Janiculum. In Madrid there is a succession of biennial exhibitions, and there is no deficiency in prizes nor in purchases. Spanish painting does not merely adorn the citizen's house or the boudoir of the fair sex with easel-pieces; by its productions it recalls the great episodes of popular history, which are able to excite men to glorious deeds. Austere, like our national character, it forbids fine taste to descend to the painting of anything indecorous. Before everything we want grand paintings for our

galleries; the commercial spirit is no master of ours. In such a way the glory of Zurburan, Murillo, and Velasquez lives once more in a new sense."

The results of such efforts were those historical pictures which at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, the Munich International Exhibition of 1883, and at every larger exhibition since became so exceedingly refreshing to all admirers of the illustration of history upon ground that was genuinely Spanish. At the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, *Pradilla's* "Joan the Mad" received the large gold medal, and was indeed a good picture in the manner of Laurens. Philip the Fair is dead. The funereal train, paying him the last honours, has come to a halt upon a high-road, and the unhappy princess rushes up with floating hair and staring eyes fixed upon the bier which hides the remains of her husband. The priests and women kneeling around regard the unfortunate mad woman with mournful pity. To the right the members of the Court are grouped near a little chapel where a priest is celebrating a mass for the dead; to the left the peasantry are crowding round to witness the ceremony. Great wax candles are burning, and the chapel is lit up with the sombre glow of torches. This was all exceedingly well painted, carefully balanced in composition, and graceful in drawing. At the Munich Exhibition of 1883 he received the gold medal for his "Surrender of Granada, 1492," a picture which made a great impression at the time upon the German historical painters, as Pradilla had made a transition from the brown bituminous painting of Laurens to a "modern" painting in grey, which did more justice to the illumination of objects beneath the open sky. In the same year *Casado's* large painting "The Bells of Huesca," with the ground streaming with blood, fifteen decapitated bodies and as many bodiless heads, was a creation which was widely admired. *Vera* had exhibited his picture, filled with wild fire and pathos, "The Defence of Numantia," and *Manuel Ramirez* his "Execution of Don Alvaro de Luna," with the pallid head which has rolled from the steps and stares at the spectator in such a ghastly manner. In his "Conversion of the Duke of Gandia," *Moreno Carbonero* displayed an open coffin *à la* Laurens: as Grand

PRADILLA: "THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA."

PRADILLA: A FRESCO AT THE MURGA PALACE.

Equerry to the Empress Isabella at the Court of Charles V., the Duke of Gandia, after the death of his mistress, has to superintend the burial of her corpse in the vault at Granada, and as the coffin is opened there, to confirm the identity of the person, the distorted features of the dead make such a powerful impression upon the careless noble that he takes a vow to devote himself to God. *Ricardo Villodas* in his picture "Victoribus Gloria" represents the beginning of one of those sea-battles which Augustus made gladiators fight for the amusement of the Roman people. By *Antonio Casanova y Estorach* there was a picture of King Ferdinand the Holy, who upon Maundy Thursday is washing the feet of eleven poor old men and giving them food. And a special sensation was made by the great ghost picture of *Benliure y Gil*, which he named "A Vision in the Colosseum." Saint Almaquio, who was slain, according to tradition, by gladiators in the Colosseum, is seen floating in the air, as he swings in fanatical ecstasy a crucifix from which light is streaming. Upon one side men who have borne witness to Christianity with their blood chant their hymns of praise; upon the other troops of female martyrs clothed in white and holding tapers in their hands move by; but below the earth has opened and the dead rise for the celebration of this midnight service, praying from their graves, while the full moon shines through the windows of the ruins and pours its pale light upon the phantom congregation.

Kunst unserer Zeit.] PRADILLA: "ON THE BEACH." [*Hanfstängl helio.*

There was exhibited by *Checa* "A Barbarian Onset," a Gallic horde of riders thundering past a Roman temple, from which the priestesses are flying in desperation. *Francisco Amerigo* treated upon a huge canvas a scene from the sacking of Rome in 1527, when the despoiling troops of Charles V. plundered the Eternal City. "Soldiers intoxicated with wine and lust, tricked out with bishops' mitres and wrapped in the robes of priests, are desecrating the temples of God. Nunneries are violated, and fathers kill their daughters to save them from shame." So ran the historical explanation set upon the broad gold frame.

But, after all, these historical pictures, in spite of their great spaces of canvas, are of no consequence when one comes to characterize the efforts of modern art. Explanations could be given showing that in the land of bull-fights this painting of horrors maintained itself longer than elsewhere, but the hopes of those who prophesied from it a new golden period for historical painting were entirely disappointed. For Spanish art, as in earlier days for French art, the historical picture has merely the importance implied by the *Prix de Rome*. A

method of colouring which is often dazzling in result, and a vigorous study of nature, preserved from the danger of "beautiful" tinting, make the Spanish works different from the older ones. Their very passion often has an effect which is genuine, brutal, and of telling power. In the best of these pictures one believes that a wild temperament really does burst in flame through the accepted convention that the painters have delight in the horrible, which the older French artists resorted to merely for the purpose of preparing veritable *tableaux*. But in the rank and file, in place of the Southern vividness of expression which has been sincerely felt, histrionic pose is the predominant element, the petty situation of the stage set upon a gigantic canvas, and in addition to this a straining after effect which grazes the boundary line where the horrible degenerates into the ridiculous. Through their extraordinary ability they all compel respect, but they have not enriched the treasury of modern emotion, nor have they transformed the older historical painting in the essence of its being. And the man who handles again and again motives derived from what happens to be the mode in colours renders no service to art. Delaroche is dead; but though he may be disinterred he cannot be brought to life, and the Spaniards merely dug out of the earth mummies in which the breath of life was wanting. Their works are not guide-posts to the future, but the last *revenants* of that histrionic spirit which wandered like a ghost through the art of all nations. Even the composition, the shining colours, the settles and carpets picturesquely spread upon the ground, are the same as in Gallait. How often have these precious stage-properties done duty in tragic funereal service since Delaroche's "Murder of the Duke of Guise" and Piloty's "Seni"!

And these conceptions nourished upon historical painting had an injurious influence upon the handling of the modern picture of the period. Even here there is an endeavour to make a compromise with the traditional historic picture, since artists painted scenes from modern popular life upon great spaces of canvas, transforming them into pageants or pictures of tragical ceremonies, and sought too much after subjects with which

VILLEGAS: "THE DEATH OF THE MATADOR."

the splendid and motley colours of historical painting would accord. *Viniegra y Lasso* and *Mas y Fondevilla* execute great processions filing past, with bishops, monks, priests, and choristers. All the figures stand beaming in brightness against the sky, but the light glances from the oily mantles of the figures without real effect. *Alcazar Tejedor* paints a young priest reading his "First Mass" in the presence of his parents, and merely renders a theatrical scene in modern costume, merely transfers to an event of the present that familiar "moment of highest excitement" so popular since the time of Delaroche. By his "Death of the Matador," and "The Christening," bought by Vanderbilt for a hundred and fifty thousand francs, *José Villegas*, in ability the most striking of them all, acquired a European name; whilst a hospital scene by *Luis Jimenez* of Seville is the single picture in which something of the seriousness of French Naturalism is perceptible, but it is an isolated example from a province of interest which is otherwise not to be found in Spain.

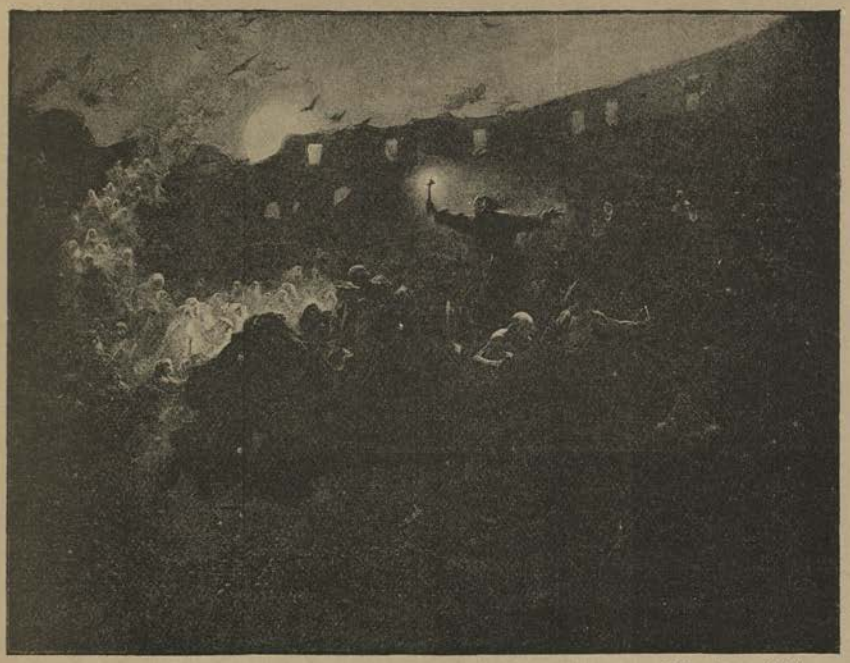
Indeed the Spaniards are by no means most attractive in gravely ceremonial and stiffly dignified pictures, but rather when they indulge in unpretentious "little painting" in the

manner of Fortuny. Yet even these wayward "little painters," with their varied glancing colour, are not to be properly reckoned amongst the moderns. Their painting is an art dependent on deftness of hand, and knows no higher aim than to bring together in a picture as many brilliant things as possible, to make a charming bouquet with glancing effects of costume, and the play, the reflections, and the caprices of sunbeams. The earnest modern art which sprang from Manet and the Fontainebleau painters avoids this kaleidoscopic sport with varied spots of colour. All these little folds and mouldings, these prismatic arts of blending, and these curious reflections are what the moderns have no desire to see: they blink their eyes to gain a clearer conception of the chief values; they simplify; they refuse to be led from the main point by a thousand trifles. Their pictures are works of art, while those of the disciples of Fortuny are sleights of artifice. In all this *bric-à-brac* art there is no question of any earnest analysis of light. The motley spots of colour yield, no doubt, a certain concord of their own; but there is a want of tone and air, a want of all finer sentiment: everything seems to have been dyed, instead of giving the effect of colour. Nevertheless those who were independent enough not to let themselves be entirely bewitched by the deceptive adroitness of a conjurer have painted little pictures of talent and refinement; taking Fortuny's Rococo works as their starting-point, they have represented the fashionable world and the highly coloured and warm-blooded life of the people of modern Spain with a bold and spirited facility. But they have not gone beyond the observation of the external sides of life. They can show guitarreros clattering with castanets and pandarets, majas dancing, and ribboned heroes conquering bulls instead of Jews and Moors. Yet their pictures are at any rate blithe, full of colour, flashing with sensuous brilliancy, and at times they are executed with stupendous skill.

Martin Rico was for the longest period in Italy with Fortuny, and his pictures also have the glitter of a casket of jewels, the pungency of sparkling champagne. Some of his sea-pieces in particular—for instance, those of the canal in Venice and

the Bay of Fontarabia—might have been painted by Fortuny. In others he seems quieter and more harmonious than the latter. His execution is more powerful, less marked by spirited stippling, and his light gains in intensity and atmospheric refinement what it loses in mocking caprices, while his little figures have a more animated effect, notwithstanding the less piquant manner in which they are painted. Their outlines are scarcely perceptible, and yet they are seen walking, jostling, and pressing against each other, whereas those of Fortuny, precisely through the more subtile and microscopic method in which they have been executed, often seem as though they were benumbed in movement. Certain market scenes, with a dense crowd of buyers and sellers, are peculiarly spirited, rapid sketches, with a gleaming charm of colour.

Zamacois, *Casanova*, and *Raimundo de Madrazo*, Fortuny's brother-in-law, show no less virtuosity of the pallet. Sea-pieces and little landscapes alternate with scenes from Spanish popular life, where they revel, like Fortuny, in a scintillating motleyness of colour. Later, in Paris, Madrazo was likewise much sought after as a painter of ladies' portraits, as he lavished on his pictures sometimes a fine *haut goût* of fragrant Rococo grace *à la* Chaplin, and sometimes devoted himself with taste and deftness to symphonic *tours de force à la* Carolus Duran. Particularly memorable is the portrait of a graceful young girl in red, exhibited in the Munich Exhibition of 1883. She is seated upon a sofa of crimson silk, and her feet rest upon a dark red carpet. And equally memorable was a pierrette in the Paris World Exhibition of 1889, whose costume ran through the whole gamut from white to rose-colour. Her skirt was of a darker, her bodice of a brighter red, and a light rose-coloured stocking peeped from beneath a grey silk petticoat; over her shoulders lay a white swansdown cape, and white gloves and white silk shoes with rose-coloured bows completed her toilette. His greatest picture represented "The End of a Mask Ball." Before the Paris Opera cabs are waiting with coachmen sleeping or smoking, whilst a troop of pierrots and pierrettes, harlequins, Japanese girls, Rococo gentlemen, and



[*Hanfstängl helio.*

BENLIURE Y GIL: "A VISION IN THE COLOSSEUM."

Turkish women are streaming out, sparkling with the most glittering colours in the grey winter morning, into which the gas of the lamps casts a paling yellow light.

Even those who made their chief success as historical painters became new beings when they came forward with such piquant "little paintings." *Francisco Domingo* in Valencia is the Spanish Meissonier, who has painted little horsemen before an inn, mercenary soldiers, newspaper-readers, and philosophers of the time of Louis XV., with all the daintiness in colour associated with the French patriarch—although a huge canvas, "The Last Day of Sagunt," has the reputation of being his chief performance. In the year in which he exhibited his "Vision in the Colosseum," *Benliure y Gil* had success with two little pictures stippled in varied colours, the "Month of Mary" and the "Distribution of Prizes in Valencia," in which children, smartened and dressed in white frocks, are moving in the

CASADO: "THE BELLS OF HUESCA."

ante-chambers of a church, which are festally adorned. *Casado*, painter of the sanguinary tragedy of Huesca, showed himself an admirable little master full of elegance and grace in "The Bull-fighter's Reward," a small eighteenth-century picture. The master of the great hospital picture, *Jimenez*, took the world by surprise at the very same time by a "Capuchin Friar's Sermon before the Cathedral of Seville," which flashed with colour. *Emilio Sala y Francés*, whose historical masterpiece was the "Expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1493," delights elsewhere in spring, Southern gardens with luxuriant vegetation, and delicate Rococo ladies, holding up their skirts filled with blooming roses, or bending to the grass to pick field-flowers. *Antonio Fabrés* was led to the East by the influence of Regnault, and excited attention by his aquarelles and studies in pen and ink, in which he represented Oriental and Roman street figures with astonishing adroitness. But the *ne plus ultra* is attained by the bold and winning art of *Pradilla*, which is like a thing shot out of

a pistol. He is the greatest product of contemporary Spain, a man of ingenious and improvizing talent, moving with ease in the most varied fields. In the bold and spirited decorations with which he embellished Spanish palaces, he sported with nymphs and Loves and floating genii *à la* Tiepolo. All the grace of the Rococo period is cast over his works in the Palais Murga in Madrid. The figures join each other with ease—coquettish nymphs swaying upon boughs, and audacious "Putti" tumbling over backwards in quaint games. Nowhere is there academic sobriety, and everywhere life, pictorial inspiration, the intoxicating joyousness of a fancy creating without effort and revelling in the festal delight of the senses. In the accompanying wall-pictures he revived the age of the troubadours, of languishing love-song and knightly romance free from the burden of thought, in tenderly graceful and fluent figures. And this same painter, who filled these huge spaces of wall, lightly dallying with subjects from the world of fable, seems another man when he grasps fragments from the life of our own age in pithy inspirations sure in achievement. His historical pictures are works which compel respect; but those paintings of the most diminutive scale, where he represented scenes from the Roman carnival and the life in Spanish camps, the shore of the sea and the joy of a popular merry-making, with countless figures of the most intense vividness, carried out with an unrivalled execution of detail which is yet free from anything laboured, and full of splendour and glowing colour, these indeed are performances of painting beside which as a musical counterpart at best Paganini's variations on the G string are comparable—sleights of art of which only Pradilla is capable in these days, and such as only Fortuny painted thirty years ago. In this marvellous acrobat of the pallet the strength of the Romance genius is embodied. He not only prescribes subject, technique, and colour for the Spaniards of the present, but he is also the spiritual ancestor to whom modern Italian painting may be traced.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ITALY

Fortuny's influence on the Italians, especially on the school of Naples.—Domenico Morelli and his followers: F. P. Michetti, Edoardo Dalbono, Alceste Campriani, Giacomo di Chirico, Rubens Santoro, Edoardo Toffano.—Prominence of the costume-picture.—Venice: Favretto, Lonza.—Florence: Andreotti, Conti, Gelli, Vinea.—The peculiar position of Segantini.—Otherwise anecdotic painting still preponderates.—Chierici, Rotta, Vannuttelli, Monteverde, Tito.—Reasons why the further development of modern art was generally completed not so much on Latin as on Germanic soil.

THE sun of Italy has not grown paler; the Gulf of Baiæ shines with its old brightness; the mighty oaks of Lerici still grow luxuriantly; the marvels of Michael Angelo and Titian still hang in the galleries; and it is only the painting of Italy that has nothing any longer of that lofty majesty in the shadow of which the world lay in the sixteenth century: it has become petty, worldly, and frivolous. This reflection runs through most discussions on modern Italian pictures as a burden of complaint, whereas it would be more just to make it a matter of praise for the moderns that they should differ from the old masters. To compare living Italy with the past, to hold up for ever the great geniuses of old time as figures of warning before the painters of the present, were to condemn the latter to a stationary condition, to the activity of mere copyists. It is a sign of power and self-consciousness that, instead of copying their great masters, they have founded a new and original school by their own efforts—that, even in this country, where the artist is oppressed by the wealth of old masterpieces, painting has

created for itself a style of its own. Italy is no longer ecclesiastical, no longer papal, but has become a modern and mundane country, a new nation. This is reflected in Italian pictures. They are vivid and joyous like the Italian people. And to have won this freedom is the merit of the living generation. Even at the World Exhibition of 1855 Edmond About called Italy "the grave of painting" in his *Voyage à travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts.* He mentions a few Piedmontese professors, but about Florence, Naples, and Rome he found nothing to say. "And Venice?" he queries at the end. "Venice is situated in Austria." The Great Exhibition of 1862 in England was productive of no more favourable criticism, for W. Burger's account is as little consolatory as About's. "Renowned Italy and proud Spain," writes Burger, "have no longer any painters who can rival those of other schools. There is nothing to be said about the rooms where the Italians, Spanish, and Swiss are exhibited." It was only at the World Exhibition of 1867, after the young kingdom had been founded, that tendencies towards a certain elevation were displayed, and now Italy has a throng of vigorous painters. In Angelo de Gubernati's lexicon of artists there are over two thousand names, some of which are favourably known in other countries also. *Italia farà da se* has likewise become a saying in art.

Whether it be from direct influence or similarity of origin, Fortuny has found his ablest successors amongst the Neapolitan artists. As early as the seventeenth century the school of painting there was very different from those in the rest of Italy; the Greek blood of the population and the wild, romantic scenery of the Abruzzi gave it a peculiar stamp. Southern *brio*, the joy of life, colour, and warmth, in contrast with the noble Roman ideal of form, were the qualities of Salvator Rosa, Luca Giordano, and Ribera, bold and fiery spirits. And a breath of such power seems to live in their descendants still. Even now Neapolitan painting sings, dances, and laughs in a bacchanal of colour, pleasure, delight in life, and glowing sunshine.

A wild and restless spirit, *Domenico Morelli*, whose biography is like a chapter from *Rinaldo Rinaldini*, is the head of this

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MORELLI: "THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY."

Neapolitan school. He was born on August 4th, 1826, and in his youth he is said to have been, first a pupil in a seminary of priests, then an apprentice with a mechanician, and for some time even *facchino*. He never saw such a thing as an academy. Indeed it was a Bohemian life that he led, taking his meals on bread and cheese, wandering for weeks together with Byron's poems in his pocket upon the seashore between Posilippo and Baiæ. In 1848 he fought against King Ferdinand, and was left severely wounded on the battle-field. After these episodes of youth he first became a painter, beginning his career in 1855 with the large picture "The Iconoclasts," followed in 1857 by a "Tasso," and in 1858 by a "Saul and David." Biblical pictures remained his province even later, and he was the only artist in Italy who handled these subjects from an entirely novel point of view, pouring into them a peculiarly exalted and imaginative spirit. A Madonna rocking her sleeping Child, whilst her song is accompanied by a legion of cherubs playing upon instruments, "The Reviling of Christ," "The Ascension," "The Descent from the Cross," "Christ walking on the Sea," "The Raising of the Daughter of Jairus," "The Expulsion of

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MICHETTI: "THE CORPUS DOMINI PROCESSION AT CHIETI."

the Money-Changers from the Temple," "The Marys at the Grave," "Salve Regina," and "Mary Magdalen meeting Christ Risen from the Grave," are the principal stages of his great Christian epic, and in their imaginative naturalism a new revolutionary language finds utterance through all these pictures. There is in them at times something of the mystical quietude of the East, and at times something of the passionate breath of Eugène Delacroix. In these pictures he revealed himself as a true child of the land of the sun, a lover of painting which scintillates and flickers. As yet hard, ponderous, dark, and plastic in "The Iconoclasts," he was a worshipper of light and resplendent in colour in the "Mary Magdalen." "The Temptation of St. Anthony" probably marks the summit of his creative power in the matter of colour. Morelli has conceived the whole temptation as an hallucination. The saint squats upon the ground, claws with his fingers, and closes his eyes to protect himself from the thoughts, full of craving sensuality, which are flaming in him. Yet they throng ever more thickly, take shape ever more distinctly, are transformed into red-haired women who detach themselves from corners upon all

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

MICHETTI: "GOING TO CHURCH."

sides. They rise from beneath the matting, wind nearer from the depth of the cavern, even the breeze caressing the fevered brow of the tormented man changes into the head of a kissing girl. Only Naples could produce an artist at once so bizarre, so many-sided and incoherent, so opulent and strange. Younger men of talent trooped around him. A fiery spirit, haughty and independent, he became the teacher of all the younger generation. He led them to behold the sun and the sea, to marvel at nature in her radiant brightness. Through him the joy in light and colour came into Neapolitan painting, that rejoicing in colour which touches such laughing concords in the works of his pupil *Paolo Michetti.*

A man of bold and magnificent talent, the genuine product of the wild Abruzzi, Michetti was the son of a day-labourer, like Morelli. However, a man of position became the protector of the boy, who was early left an orphan. But neither at the Academy at Naples, nor in Paris and London, did this continue long. As early as 1876 he was back in Naples, and settled amid the Abruzzi, close to the Adriatic, in Francavilla a Mare, near Ostona, a little nest passed just before the traveller goes on board the Oriental steamer in Brindisi. Here he lives out of touch with old pictures, in the thick of the vigorous life of the Italian people. In 1877 he painted the work which laid the foundation of his celebrity, "The Corpus Domini Procession at Chieti," a picture which rose like a firework in its boisterous, rejoicing, and glaring motleyness of colour. The procession is

seen just coming out of church: men, women, naked children, monks, priests, a canopy, choristers with censers, old men and youths, people who kneel and people who laugh, the mist of incense, the beams of the sun, flowers scattered on the ground, a band of musicians, and a church façade with rich and many-coloured ornaments. There is the play of variously hued silk, and colours sparkle in all the tints of the prism. Everything laughs, the faces and the costumes, the flowers and the sunbeams. Following upon this came a picture which he called "Spring and the Loves." It represented a desolate promontory in the blue sea, and upon it a troop of Cupids, playing round a blooming hedge of hawthorn, are scuffling, buffeting each other, and leaping more riotously than the Neapolitan street-boys. Some were arrayed like little Japanese, some like Grecian terra-cotta figures, whilst a marble bridge in the neighbourhood was shining in indigo blue. The whole picture gleamed with red, blue, green, and yellow patches of colour: a serpentine dance painted twelve years before the appearance of Loie Fuller. Then he painted the sea again. It is noon, and the sultry heat broods over the azure tide. Naked fishermen are standing in it, and on the shore gaily dressed women are searching for muscles; whilst in the background vessels, with the sun playing on their sails, are mirrored brightly in the water. Or the moon is rising and casts greenish reflections upon the body of Christ, which shines like phosphorus as it is being taken from the cross: or there is a flowery landscape upon a summer evening; birds are making their nest for the night, and little angels are kissing each other and laughing. In all these pictures Michetti showed himself an improviser of astonishing dexterity, solving every difficulty as though it were child's play, and shedding a brilliant colour over everything — a man to whom "painting" was as much a matter of course as orthography is to ourselves. Even the Paris World Exhibition of 1878 made him celebrated as an artist, and from that time his name was to the Italian ear a symbol for something new, unexpected, wild, and extravagant. The word "Michetti" means splendid materials, dazzling flesh-tones, conflicting hues set with intention beside each other, the

luxuriant bodies of women basking in heat and sun, fantastic landscapes created in the mad brain of the artist, strange and curious frames, and village idylls in the glowing blaze of the sun. There are no lifeless spots in his works; every whim of his takes shape, as if by sorcery, in splendid figures.

Another pupil of Morelli, *Edoardo Dalbono*, completed his duty to history by a scene of horror *à la* Laurens, "The Excommunication of King Manfred," and then became the painter of the Bay of Naples. "The Isle of Sirens" was the first production of his able, appetizing, and nervously vibrating brush. There is a steep cliff dropping sheer into the blue sea. Two antique craft are drawing near, the crews taking no heed of the reefs and sandbanks. With phantom-like gesture the naked women stretch out their arms beckoning, embodiments as they are of the deadly beautiful and voluptuously cruel ocean. By degrees the sea betrayed to him all its secrets—its strangest combinations of colour and atmospheric effects, its transparency, and its eternally shifting phases of ebb and flow. He has painted the Bay of Naples under bright, hot noon and the gloom of night, in the purple light of the sinking sun, and in the strange and many-coloured mood of twilight. At one moment it shines and plays variegated and joyous in blue, grass-green, and violet tones; at another it seems to glitter with millions of phosphorescent sparks: and the rosy clouds of the sky are glassed in it, and the lights of the houses irregularly dotted over abrupt mountain-chains, or the dark-red glow of lava luridly shining from Vesuvius. Now and then he painted scenes from Neapolitan street-life—old, weather-beaten seamen, young sailors with features as sharply cut as if cast in bronze, beautiful, fiery, brown women, shooting the hot Southern flame from their eyes, houses painted white or orange-yellow, in the windows of which the sun is glittering. The "Voto alla Madonna der Carmine" was the most comprehensive of these Southern pictures. Everything shines in joyous blue, yellowish-green, and red colours. Warmth, life, light, brilliancy, and laughter are the elements on which his art is based.

Alceste Campriani, Giacomo di Chirico, Rubens Santoro, Federigo

GIACOMO FAVRETTO.

Cortese, Francesco Netti, Edoardo Toffano, Giuseppe de Nigris, have, all of them, this kaleidoscopic sparkle, this method of painting which gives pictures the appearance of being mosaics of precious stones. As in the days of the Renaissance, the Church is usually the scene of action, though not any longer as the house of God, but as the background of a coloured throng. As a rule these pictures contain a crowd of canopies, priests and choristers, and country-folk, bowing or kneeling when the host is carried by, or weddings, horse-races, and country festivals; and everything is vivid and joyous in colour, saturated with the glowing sun of Naples. Alceste Campriani's chief work was entitled "The Return from Montevergine." Carriages and open rack-waggons are dashing along, the horses snorting and the drivers smacking their whips, while the peasants, who have had their fill of sweet wine, are shouting and singing, and the orange-sellers in the street are crying their goods at a cheap price. A coquettish, glancing light plays over the gay costumes, and the white dust sparkles like fluid silver, as it rises beneath the hoofs of the horses wildly plunging forward. The leading work of *Giacomo di Chirico*, who became mad in 1883, was "A Wedding in the Basilicata." It represents a motley crowd. The entire village has set out to see the ceremony. The wedding-guests are descending the church steps to the square, which is decked out with coloured carpets and strewn with flowers. Triumphal arches have been built, and the pictures of the Madonna are hung with garlands. Meanwhile the *sindaco* gives his arm to the bride, beneath whose gay costume a charmingly graceful little foot is peeping out. Then the bridegroom follows with the sindaco's wife. With curiosity all the village girls are looking on, and the musicians are playing. Winter has

FAVRETTO: "ON THE PIAZZETTA." [*Hanfstängl helio.*

covered the square with a white cloak of snow; yet the sunbeams sport over it, making it shine vividly with a thousand reflections.

Of course the derivation of all these pictures is easily recognizable. Almost all the Neapolitan painters studied at Fortuny's in the seventies in Rome, and when they came home again they perceived that the life of the people offered themes which had a coquettish fitness in Fortuny's scale of tones. From the variously coloured magnificence of old churches, the red robes of ecclesiastics, the gaudy splendour of the country-people's clothes, and the gay glory of rags amongst the Neapolitan children, they composed a modern Rococo, rejoicing in colour, whilst the Spaniard had fled to the past to attain his gleaming effects.

A great number of the Italians do the same even now. In numerous costume-pictures from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, flashing with silk and velvet, the Southerner's bright pleasure in colour still loves to celebrate its orgies. Gay trains rustle, rosy Loves laugh down from the walls, Venetian chandeliers shed their radiance; no other epoch in history enables the painter with so much ease to produce juicily blooming, full-toned chords of colour. With his shining glow of hue, the appetizing and spirited *Favretto* (who, like Fortuny, entered the world of art as a victor, and, like him again, was snatched from it when barely

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

FAVRETTO: "SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS."

thirty-seven, after a brief and brilliant career) stands at the head of this group. The child of poor parents, indeed the son of a joiner, he was born in Venice in 1849, and, like the Spaniard, passed a youth which was full of privations. But all the cares of existence, even the loss of an eye, did not hinder him from seeing objects under a laughing brightness of colour. Through his studies and the bent of his fancy he had come to be no less at home in the Venice of the eighteenth century than in that of his own time. This Venice of Francesco Guardi, this city of enchantment surrounded with the gleam of olden splendour, the scene of rich and brilliantly coloured banquets and a graceful and modish society, rose once more under Favretto's hands in fabulous beauty. What *brio* of technique, what harmony of colours, were to be found in the picture "Un Incontro," the charming scene upon the Rialto Bridge, with the bowing cavalier and the lady coquettishly making her acknowledgments! This was the first picture which gave him a name in the world. What fanfares of colour were in the two next pictures, "Banco Lotto" and "Erbajuolo Veneziano"! At the exhibition in Turin in 1883 he was represented by "The Bath" and "Susanna and

[*F. Forberg sc.*

VINEA: "HOTHOUSE FLOWERS."

the Elders;" at that in Venice in 1887 he celebrated his last and greatest triumph. The three pictures "The Friday Market upon the Rialto Bridge," "The Canal Ferry near Santa Margherita," and "On the Piazzetta" were the subject of enthusiastic admiration. All the Venetian society of the age of Goldoni, Gozzi, and Casanova had become vivid in this last picture, and moved over the smooth brick pavement of the Piazzetta at the hour of the promenade, from the Doge's palace to the library, and from the Square of St. Mark to the pillar of the lions and Theodore, to and fro in surging life. Men put up their glasses and chivalrously greeted the queens of beauty. The enchanting magic building of Sansovino, the *loggetta* with their bright marble pillars, bronze statues of blackish grey, and magnificent lattice doors, formed the background of the standing and sauntering groups, whose variegated costumes united with the tones of marble and bronze to make a most beautiful assemblage of colours. Favretto had a manner of his own, and, although a member of the school of Fortuny, he was stronger and healthier than the latter. He drew like a genuine painter, without having too much of the Fortuny fireworks. His soft, rich painting was that of a colourist of distinction, always tasteful, exquisite in tone, and light and appetizing in technique.

Munich Photographic Union.]
CONTI: "THE LUTE-PLAYER."

By the other Italian costume-painters the scale run through by Fortuny was not enriched by new notes. Most of their pictures are nugatory, coquettishly sportive toys, masterly in technique no doubt, but so empty of substance that they vanish from memory like novels read upon a railway journey. Many have no greater import than dresses, cloaks, and hats worn by ladies during a few weeks of the season. Sometimes their significance is not even so great, since there are modistes and dressmakers who have more skill in making ruches and giving the right *nuance* to colours. Some small part of Favretto's refined taste seems to have been communicated to the Venetian *Antonio Lonza*, who delights in mingling the gleaming splendour of Oriental carpets, fans, and screens amid the motley, picturesque costumes of the Rococo period—Japanese who perform as jugglers and knife-throwers in quaint Rococo gardens before the old Venetian nobility. But the centre of this costume-painting is Florence, and the great mart for it the *Società artistica*, where there are yearly exhibitions.

Francesco Vinea, Tito Conti, Federigo Andreotti, and Edoardo Gelli are in Italy the special manufacturers who have devoted themselves, with the assistance of Meissonier, Gérôme, and Fortuny, to scenes from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to plumed hats, Wallenstein boots, and horsemen's capes, to Renaissance lords and laughing Renaissance ladies, and they have thereby won great recognition in Germany. Pretty, lan-

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TITO: "THE SLIPPER-SELLER."

guishing women in richly coloured costumes, tippling soldiers and gallant cavaliers, laughing peasant women and trim serving-girls drawing wine in the cellar-vaults and setting it before a trooper, who in gratitude affectionately puts his arm round their waist, beautiful and still more languishing noble ladies, who laugh with a parrot or a dog instead of the trooper in apartments richly furnished with Gobelins — such for the most part are the subjects treated by *Francesco Vinea* with great virtuosity bordering on the routine of a typewriter. His technique is neither refined nor fascinating; the colours are so crude that they affect the eye as a false note the ear. But the mechanical power of his painting is great. He has much ability, far more indeed than Sichel, and possesses the secret of painting, in an astonishing manner, the famous lace kerchiefs wound round the heads of his fair ones. *Andreotti* and *Tito Conti* work in the same fashion, except that the ballad-singers and rustic idylls of Andreotti are the smoother and more mawkish, whereas the pictures of Conti make a somewhat more refined and artistic effect. His colour is superior and more transparent, and his tapestry backgrounds are warmer.

And, so far as one can judge from their pictures, life runs as merrily for the Italians of the present as it did for those Rococo cavaliers. Hanging here and there beside the serious art of other nations, these little picture-people enjoy their careless tinsel pomp; art is a gay thing for them, as gay as a

Brothers sc.

SEGANTINI: "THE PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY."

Sunday afternoon with a procession and fireworks, walks and sips of sherbet, to an Italian woman. By the side of the blue-plush and red-velvet costume-picture comic *genre* still holds its sway: barbaric in colour and with materials which are merrier than is appropriate in tasteful pictures, *Gœtano Chierici* represents children, both good and naughty, making their appearance upon a tiny theatre. *Antonio Rotta* renders comic episodes from the life of Venetian cobblers and the menders of nets. *Scipione Vannuttelli* paints young girls in white dresses arrayed as nuns or being confirmed in church. *Francesco Monteverde* rejoices in comical *intermezzi* in the style of Grützner—for instance, an ecclesiastical gentleman observing, to his horror, that his pretty young servant-girl is being kissed by a smart lad in the yard. This is more or less his style of subject. *Ettore Tito* paints the pretty Venetian laundresses whom Passini, Cecil van Haanen, Charles Ulrich, Eugene Blaas, and others introduced into art. Some also struck deeper notes. *Luigi Nono*, in Venice, painted his beautiful picture "Refugium Peccatorum;" *Ferragutti*, the Milanese, his "Workers in the Turnip Field," a vivid study of sunlight of serious veracity; and more recently *Giovanni Segantini* has come forward

with some very uncommon pieces, in which he demonstrated that it is possible for a man to be an Italian and yet a serious artist.

Segantini's biography is like a novel. Born the child of poor parents, in Arco, in 1858, he was left, after the death of his parents, to the care of a relative in Milan, with whom he passed a most unhappy time. He then wanted to make his fortune in France, and set out upon foot; but he did not get very far, and, indeed, took a situation as a swine-herd beneath a land-steward. After this he lived for a whole year alone in the wild mountains, worked in the field, the stable, the barn. Then came the well-known discovery, which one could not believe were it not to be read in Gubernati. One day he drew the finest of his pigs with a piece of charcoal upon a mass of rock. The peasants ran in a crowd and took the block of stone, together with the young Giotto, in triumph to the village. He was given assistance, visited the School of Art in Milan, and now paints the things he did in his youth. A thousand metres across the sea, in a secluded village of the Alps, Val d'Albola in Switzerland, amid the grand and lofty mountains, he settled down, surrounded only by the peasants who extort their livelihood from the soil. Out of touch with the world of artists the whole year round, observing great nature at every season and every hour of the day, fresh and straightforward in character, he is one of those natures of the type of Millet, in whom heart and hand, man and artist, are one and the same thing. His shepherd and peasant scenes from the valleys of the high Alps are free from all flavour of *genre*. The life of these poor and humble beings passes without contrasts and passions, being spent altogether in work, which fills the long course of the day in monotonous regularity. The sky sparkles with a sharp brilliancy. The spiky yellow and tender green of the fields forces its way modestly from the rocky ground. In front is something like a hedge where a cow is grazing, or there is a shepherdess giving pasture to her sheep. Something majestic there is in this cold nature, where the sunshine is so sharp, the air so thin. And the primitive, it might almost be said antique, execution of these pictures is in accord with the primitive simplicity of

the subjects. In fact Segantini's pictures, with their cold silvery colours, and their contours so sharp in outlines, standing out hard against the rarified air, make an impression like encaustic paintings in wax, or mosaics. They have nothing alluring or pleasing, and there is, perhaps, even a touch of mannerism in this mosaic painting; but they are nevertheless exceedingly true, rugged, austere, and yet sunny, and as soon as one has seen them one begins to admire an artist who pursues untrodden paths alone. There is something Northern and virginal, something earnest and grandiose, which stands in strange contrast with the joyful, conventional smile which is otherwise spread over the countenance of Italian painting.

With the exception of Segantini, not one of these painters will own that there are poverty-stricken and miserable people in his native land. An everlasting blue sky still laughs over Italy, merely sunshine and the joy of life rule still over Italian pictures. There is no work in sunny Italy, and in spite of that there is no hunger. Even where work is being done, there are assembled only the fairest girls of Lombardy, who kneel laughing and jesting on the strand, while the wind dallies with their clothes. They have a special delight for showing themselves while engaged at their toilette, in a bodice, their little feet in neat little slippers, their naked arms raised to arrange their red-gold hair. As a rule, however, they do nothing whatever but smile at you with their most seductive smile, which shows their pearl-white teeth, and ensnares every poor devil who does not suspect that they have smiled for years in the same way, and most of all with him who pays highest: "*j'aime les hommes parce que j'aime les truffes.*" These pictures are almost throughout works which are well able to give pleasure to their possessor, only they seldom suggest discussion on the course of art. *Trop de marchandise* is the phrase generally used in the Paris Salon when the Italians come under consideration. Few there are amongst them who are real pioneers, spirits pressing seriously forward and having a quickening influence for others. The vital questions of the painting of free light, Impressionism, and Naturalism do not interest them in the

least. A naïve, pleasant, lively, and self-complacent technique is in most cases the solitary charm of their works. One feels scarcely any inclination to search the catalogue for the painter's name, and whether the beauty—for she is not the first of her kind—who was called Ninetta last year has now become Lisa. Most of these modern Italians execute their pictures in the way in which gold pieces are minted, or in the way in which plastic works, which run through so many editions, are produced in Italy. Nowhere are more beautiful laces chiselled, and in the same manner painters render the shining splendour of satin and velvet, the glittering brilliancy of ornaments, and the starry radiance of the beautiful eyes of women. Only as soon as one has once seen them one knows the pictures by heart as one knows the works in marble, and this is so because the painters had them by heart first. Everywhere there are the evidences of talent, industry, ability, and spirit, but there is no soul in the spirit and no life in the colours. So many brilliant tones stand beside each other, and yet there is neither a refined tone nor the impression of truth to nature.

In all this art of theirs there is scarcely a question of any serious landscape. Apart from the works of some of the younger men—for instance, *Belloni*, *Serra*, *Gola*, *Filippini*, and others, who display an intimacy of observation which is worthy of honour—a really close connection with the efforts made across the Alps is not achieved in these days. As a rule the landscapes are mere products of handicraft, which are striking for the moment by their technical routine, but seldom waken any finer feelings, whether the Milanese paint the dazzling effects of the Alps, or the Venetians lagunes steeped in light, with gondolas and gondola-poles glowing in the sunshine, or the Neapolitans set glittering upon the canvas their beautiful bay like a brilliant firework. Most of them continue to pursue with complete self-satisfaction the flagged gondola of Ziem ; the conquests of the Fontainebleau painters and of the Impressionists are unnoticed by them.

And this industrial characteristic of Italian painting is sufficiently explained by the entire character of the country.

The Italian painter is not properly in a position to seek effects of his own and to make experiments. Hardly anything is bought for the galleries, and there are few collectors of superior taste. He labours chiefly for the traveller, and this gives his performances the stamp of attractive mercantile wares. The Italian is too much a man of business to undertake great trials of strength *pour le roi de Prusse*. He paints no great pictures, which would be still-born children in his home, nor does he paint severe studies of *plein-air*, preferring a specious, exuberant, flickering, and glaring revel in colour. In general he produces nothing which will not easily sell, and has a fine instinct for the taste of the rich travelling public, who wish to see nothing which does not excite cheerful and superficial emotions.

But it is possible that this decline of the Latin races is connected with the nature of modern art itself. Of late the words "Germanic" and "Latin" have been much abused. It has been proclaimed that the new art meant the victory of the German depth of feeling over the Latin sense of form, the onset of German cordiality against the empty exaggeration in which the imitation of the Cinquecento resulted. Such assertions are always hard to maintain, because every century shows similar reactions of truth to nature against mannerism. Nevertheless is it true that modern art, with its heartfelt devotion to every-day life and the mysteries of light, has an essentially Germanic character, finding its ancestors not in Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, but in the English of the eighteenth, the Dutch of the seventeenth, and the Germans of the sixteenth century. The Italians and Spaniards, whose entire intellectual culture rests upon a Latin foundation, may therefore find it difficult to follow this change of taste. They either adhere to the old bombastic and theatrical painting of history, or they recast the new painting in an external drawing-room art draped with gaudy tinsel. Even in France the rise of the new art meant, as it were, the victory of the Frankish element over the Gallic. Millet the Norman, Courbet the Frank, Bastien-Lepage of Lorraine, drove back the Latins Ingres and Couture, Cabanel and Bouguereau, just as in the eighteenth century the Netherlander Watteau

broke the yoke of the rigid Latin Classicism. And as in those days Watteau was followed by François Boucher, who was more touched by the Latin spirit, so in these it must be recognized that the youngest generation have clothed the spirit of Germanic efforts in art once more in a Latin formula. In external respects French art is still the most imposing in the world.

What *esprit*, what greatness of movement, what sovereign sureness runs through their works; and how provincial, how painfully embarrassed, and how uncertain seem those of other nations in comparison! The French artist, therefore, moves upon the floor of exhibitions with the self-possession of a man of the world, who has grown up in high-bred circles, in whom all the finesses of social life are part and parcel of his very being, and who is, therefore, always a model in matters of good taste. The greater number of French artists are interesting, exuberant in talent, novel, and piquant. In the improvement of technique—technique absolute and as a thing in itself—lies the historical mission of the French. In a certain sense they are almost all *chercheurs*. They grapple with the problems of colour, of the reflections of light, of the phases of atmosphere; and in putting out all their strength to master these most difficult elements of the phenomenal world and to paint them with the utmost illusion of reality, they have, as a matter of fact, brought painting—and not merely that of the nineteenth century—forward by some degrees as regards the observation of nature. Upon its technical side they have taken up the problem stated by Millet and Bastien-Lepage: they have established a kind of general bass of modern painting, and polished and refined its technical instruments in a manner hardly to be surpassed.

But where is the spirit of the new art to be found? As a spurious historical *genre* came in the wake of Delacroix, the initiators Courbet, Manet, and Degas have been multifariously succeeded by a spurious modern *genre*. Since Dagnan-Bouveret an element has once more forced its way into painting which brings realism and mawkishness into a most unpleasant combination. Even anecdotic painting is emerging again upon all

sides. The very being of Naturalism has in many respects vanished in company with the ruggedness peculiar to it some years ago, while of all that movement of the past decades, with its effort after truth, the brightening of the pallet is the only thing that has been essentially retained. Everywhere one comes across that fascination for the mind which is always given by a surprise, something which creates astonishment at the boldness, be it greater or less, with which difficult tasks connected with the rendering of nature have been solved in painting. But the most recent French painting—like the Spanish and Italian—has few impressions to offer for the inmost spirit.

These threads of the Germanic aim in art were drawn out only by the Germanic nations. Whilst the French are still formalists as they were in the times of David, the Teutons have used the better technical equipment of the present day as the means for expressing the deeper emotions of life. The highest art is once more identical with simple nature. In one case there is the form of art bearing the impress of pictorial point and understanding; in the other it is endowed with substance and a soul. In one case a striking effect is made by brilliant technique, mastery of the manual art of painting, and careless sway over all the enchantments of the craft; in the other one stands in the presence of an art which is so natural and simple that one scarcely thinks of the means by which it was called into being. In one case there is virtuosity, ductility, and grace; in the other health, intrinsic feeling, and temperament.

CHAPTER XXXVII

ENGLAND

General characteristic of English painting.—The offshoots of Classicism: Lord Leighton, Val Prinsep, Poynter, Alma Tadema.—Japanese tendencies: Albert Moore.—The animal picture with antique surroundings: Briton-Rivière.—The old genre *painting remodelled in a naturalistic sense by George Mason and Frederick Walker.—George H. Boughton, Philip H. Calderon, Marcus Stone, G. D. Leslie, P. G. Morris, J. R. Reid, Frank Holl.—The portrait-painters: Ouless, J. J. Shannon, James Sant, Charles W. Furse, Hubert Herkomer.—Landscape-painters.—Zigzag development of English landscape-painting.—The School of Fontainebleau and the French Impressionism rose on the shoulders of Constable and Turner, whereas England, under the guidance of the Preraphaelites, deviated in the opposite direction until prompted by France to return to the old path.—Cecil Lawson, James Clarke Hook, Vicat Cole, Colin Hunter, John Brett, Inchbold, Leader, Corbett, Ernest Parton, Mark Fisher, John White, Alfred East, J. Aumonier.—The sea-painters: Henry Moore, W. L. Wyllie.—The importance of Venice for English painting: Clara Montalba, Luke Fildes, W. Logsdail, Henry Woods.—French influences: Dudley Hardy, Stott of Oldham, Stanhope Forbes.*

TO English painting the acquisitions of the French could now give little that was radically novel, for the epoch-making labours of the Preraphaelites were already in existence. Apart from certain cases of direct borrowing, it has either completely preserved its autonomy, or recast everything assimilated from France in a specifically English fashion. It is in art indeed as it is with men themselves. The English travel more than any other people, for travel is a part of their education. They are to be met in every quarter of the globe, in Africa, Asia, America, or the European Continent, and they scarcely need to open their mouths—even from a distance—to

betray that they are English. In the same way there is no need of a catalogue at exhibitions to recognize all English pictures at the first glance. English painting is too English not to be fond of travel. The painter delights in reconnoitring all other schools and studying all styles; he is as much at home in the past as in the present. But as the English tourist, let him go to the world's end, retains everywhere his own customs, taste, and habits, so English painting, even on its most adventurous journeys, remains unwaveringly true to its national spirit, and returns from all its wanderings more English than before; it adapts what is alien with the same delicious abnegation of all scruple with which the English tongue brings foreign words into harmony with its own sense of convenience. A certain softness of feeling and tenderness of spirit induce the English even in these days to avoid hard contact with reality. Their art rejects everything in nature which is harsh, rude, and brutal; it is an art which polishes and renders the reality poetic at the risk of debilitating its power. It considers matters from the standpoint of what is pretty, touching, or intelligible, and by no means holds that everything true is necessarily beautiful. And just as little does the English eye —so much occupied with detail—see light in its most exquisite subtilties. Indeed it rather sees the isolated fact than the total harmony, and is clearer than it is fine.

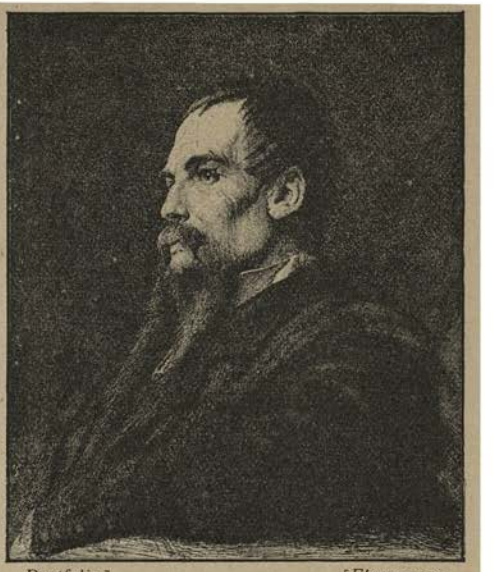
For this reason *plein-air* painting has very few adepts, and the atmospheric influences which blunt the lines of objects, efface colours, and bring them nearer to each other, meet with no consideration. Things are given all the sharpness of their outlines, and the harmony, which in the French follows naturally from the observation of light and air saturating form and colour, is the more artificially attained by everything being brought into concord in a bright and delicate tone, which is almost too fine. The audacities of Impressionism are excluded, because painting which starts from a masterly seizure of total effect would seem too sketchy to English taste, which has been formed by Ruskin. Painting must be highly finished and highly elaborated; that is a *conditio sine qua non* which

Mag. of Art.] [*G. F. Watts pxt.*

LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

English taste refuses to renounce in oil-painting as little as in water-colour, and in England they are more narrowly related than elsewhere, and have mutually influenced each other in the matter of technique. In fact English water-colours seek to rival oil-painting in force and precision, and have therefore forfeited the charm of improvization, the *verve* of the first jet, and the freshness and ease which they should have by their very character. Through a curious change of parts oil-painting has a fancy for borrowing from water-colours their effects and their processes. English pictures have no longer anything heavy or oily, but they likewise show nothing of the manipulation of the brush, rather resembling large water-colours, perhaps even pastels or wax-painting. The colours are chosen with reserve, and everything is subdued and softened like the quiet step of the footman in the mansion of a nobleman. The special quality in all English pictures—putting aside a preference for bright yellow and vivid red in the older period—consists in a bluish or greenish luminous general tone, to which every English painter seems to conform as though it were a binding social convention, and it even recurs in English landscapes. In fact English painting differs from French as England from France.

France is a great city, and the name of this city is Paris. Here, and not in the provinces, lives that fashionable, thinking world which has become the guide of the nation and the censor of beauty, by the refinement of its taste and its pre-eminent intellect. The ideas which fly throughout the land upon



Portfolio.] [*Flameng sc.*

LEIGHTON: SIR RICHARD BURTON.

invisible wires are born in Paris. Painting, likewise, receives them at first hand. It stands amid the seething whirlpool of the age, the heart's-blood of the present streams through all its veins, and there is nothing human that is alien to it, neither the filth nor the splendour of life, its laughter nor its misery. All the nerves of the great city are vibrating in it. Paris has made her people refined and, at the same time, insatiate in enjoyment. Every day they have need of new impressions and new theories to ward off tedium. And thus is explained the universally comprehensive sphere of subject in French painting, and its feverish versatility in technique.

But London has, in no sense, the importance for England which Paris has for France. It is a centre of attraction for business; but the more refined classes of society live in the country. As soon as one is off in the Dover express country-houses fly past on either side of the train. They are all over England—upon the shores of the lakes, upon the strand of the sea, upon the tops of the hills. And how pleasant they are, how well appointed, how delightful to look at, with their gabled roofs and their gleaming brickwork overgrown with ivy! Around them stretches a fresh lawn which is rolled every morning, as soft as velvet. Fat oxen, and sheep as white as if they had just had a washing, lie upon the grass. Thus all rustic England is like a great summer resort, where there is heard no sound of the ringing and throbbing strokes of life. Nor is painting allowed to disturb this idyllic harmony. No one wishes that

LEIGHTON: "THE ARTS OF PEACE."

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anything should remind him of the prose of life when his work is done and the town has vanished. Schiller's assertion, "Life is earnest, blithe is art," is here the first law of æsthetics.

English painting is exclusively an art based on luxury, optimism, and aristocracy; in its neatness, cleanliness, and good-breeding it is exclusively designed to ingratiate itself with English ideas of comfort. Yet the pictures have to satisfy very different tastes—the taste of a wealthy middle-class which wishes to have substantial nourishment, and the æsthetic taste of an *élite* class, the readers of George Eliot and Swinburne, which will only tolerate the quintessence of art, the most subtile art that can be given. But all these works are not created for galleries, but for the drawing-room of a private house, and in subject and treatment they have all to reckon with the ascendant view that a picture ought in the first place to be an attractive article of furniture for the sitting-room. The traveller, the lover of antiquity, is pleased by imitation of the ancient style; the sportsman, the lover of country life, has a delight in little rustic scenes; and the women are enchanted with feminine types. And everything must be kept within the bounds of what is charming, temperate, and prosperous, without in any degree suggesting the struggle for existence. The pictures have themselves the grace of that mundane refinement from the midst of which they are beheld.

LEIGHTON: "CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE."

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, the owners of the copyright.)

Brothers photo.]

POYNTER: "THE IDES OF MARCH."

(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the copyright.*)

L'Art.] ALMA TADEMA: "SAPPHO."

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, the owners of the copyright.)

not have been so fine were these not in existence. His "Music Lesson" of 1877 is charming, and his "Elijah in the Wilderness" is a work of style. And in his frescoes in the South Kensington Museum there is a perfect compendium of beautiful motives of gesture. The eye delights to linger over these feminine forms, half nude, half enveloped with drapery, yet it notes, too, that these creations are composed out of the painter's knowledge and artistic reminiscences; there is a want of life in them, because the master has surrendered himself to feeling with the organs of a dead Greek. Leighton's colour is always carefully considered, scrupulously polished, and endowed with the utmost finish, but it never has the magical charm by which one recognizes the work of a true colourist. It is rather the result of painstaking study and cultivated taste than of personal feeling. The grace of form is always carefully prepared—a thing which has the consciousness of its own existence. Beautiful and spontaneous as the movements undoubtedly are, one has always a sense that the artist is present, anxiously watching lest any of his actors offend against a law of art.

Lord Leighton's pupils, Poynter and Prinsep, followed him with a good deal of determination. *Val Prinsep* shares with

[Lowenstam sc.

ALMA TADEMA: "THE APODYTERIUM."

(By permission of Mr. T. McLean, the owner of the copyright.)

Leighton the smooth forms of a polished painting, whereas *Edward Poynter* by his more earnest severity and metallic precision verges more on that union of aridness and style characteristic of Ingres. His masterpiece, "A Visit to Æsculapius," is in point of technique one of the best products of English Classicism. To the left Æsculapius is sitting beneath a pillared porch overgrown with foliage, while, like Raphael's Jupiter in the Farnesina, he supports his bearded chin thoughtfully with his left hand. A nymph who has hurt her foot appears, accompanied by three companions, before the throne of the god, begging him for a remedy. To say nothing of many other nude or nobly draped female figures, numerous decorative paintings in the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, and St. Stephen's Church in Dulwich owe their existence to this most industrious artist.

Alma Tadema, the famous Dutchman who has called to life amid the London fog the sacrifices of Pompeii and Herculaneum, stands to this grave academical group as Gérôme to Couture.

[*Lowenstam sc.*

ALMA TADEMA: "PLEADING."

(By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre, the owner of the copyright.)

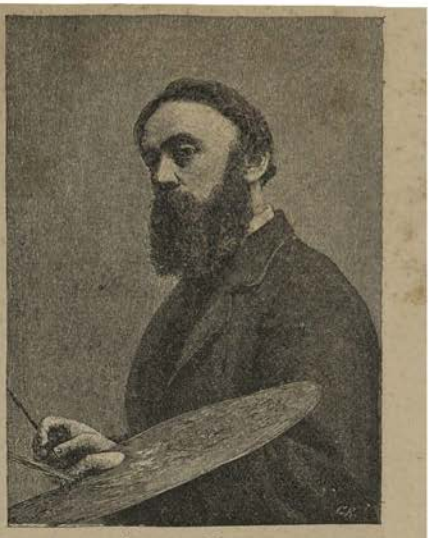
As Bulwer Lytton, in the field of literature, created a picture of ancient civilization so successful that it has not been surpassed by his followers, Alma Tadema has solved the problem of the picture of antique manners in the most authentic fashion in the province of painting. He has peopled the past, rebuilt its towns and refurnished its houses, rekindled the flame upon the sacrificial altars and awakened the echo of the dithyrambs to new life. Poynter tells old fables, while Alma Tadema takes us in his company, and, like the best-informed cicerone, leads us through the streets of old Athens, reconstructing the temples, altars, and dwellings, the shops of the butchers, bakers, and fishmongers, just as they once were.

This power of making himself believed Alma Tadema owes in the first place to his great archæological learning. By Leys in Brussels this side of his talent was first awakened, and in 1863, when he went to Italy for the first time, he discovered his archæological mission. How the old Romans dressed, how their army was equipped and attired, became as well known to him as the appearance of the citizens' houses, the artisans' workshops,

the market and the bath. He explored the ruins of temples, and he grew familiar with the privileges of the priests, the method of worship, of the sacrifices, and of the festal processions. There was no monument of brass or marble, no wall-painting, no pictured vase nor mosaic, no sample of ancient arts, of pottery, stone-cutting, or work in gold, that he did not study. His brain soon became a complete encyclopædia of antiquity. He knew the forms of architecture as well as he knew the old myths, and all the domestic appointments and robes as exactly as the usages of ritual. In Brussels, as early as the sixties, this complete power of living in the period he chose to represent gave Alma Tadema's pictures from antiquity their remarkable *cachet* of striking truthfulness to life. And London, whither he migrated in 1870, offered even a more favourable soil for his art. Whereas the French painters of the antique picture of manners often fell into a diluted idealism and a lifeless traffic with old curiosities, with Alma Tadema one stands in the presence of a veritable fragment of life; he simply paints the people amongst whom he lives and their world. The Pompeian house which he has built in London, with its dreamy vividarium, its great golden hall, its Egyptian decorations, its Ionic pillars, its mosaic floor, and its Oriental carpets, contains everything one needs to conjure up the times of Nero and the Byzantine emperors. It is surrounded by a garden in the old Roman style, and a large conservatory adjoining is planted with plane-trees and cypresses. All the celebrated marble benches and basins, the figures of stone and bronze, the tiger-skins and antique vessels and garments of his pictures, may be found in this notable house in the midst of London. Whether he paints the baths, the amphitheatre, or the atrium, the scenes of his pictures are no other than parts of his own house which he has faithfully painted.

And the figures moving in them are Englishwomen. Among all the beautiful things in the world there are few so beautiful as English girls. Those tall, slender, vigorous figures that one sees upon the beach at Brighton are really like Greek women, and even the garb which they wear in playing tennis is as free and graceful as that of the Grecian people. Alma Tadema was

able to introduce into his works these women of lofty and noble figure with golden hair, these forms made for sculpture — to use the phrase of Winckelmann —without any kind of beautifying idealism. In their still-life his pictures are the fruit of enormous archæological learning which has become intuitive vision, but his figures are the result of a healthy rendering of life. In this way the unrivalled classical local colour of his interiors is to be explained, as well as the lifelike character of his figures. By his works a remarkable problem is solved: an intense feeling for modern reality has called the ancient world into being in a credible fashion, whilst it has remained barricaded against all others who have approached it by the road of idealism.



ALBERT MOORE.

It is only in his method of execution that he still stands upon the same ground as Gérôme, with whom he shares a taste for anecdote, and a pedantic, neat, and correct style of painting. His ancient comedies played by English actors are an excellent archæological lecture; they rise above the older picture of antique manners by a more striking fidelity to nature, very different from the generalization of the Classicists' ideal; yet as a painter he is wanting in every quality. His marble shines, his bronze gleams, and everything is harmonized with the green of the cypresses and delicate rose-colour of the oleander blossoms in a cool marble tone; but there is also something marble in the figures themselves. He draws and stipples, works like a copper engraver, and goes over his work again and again with a fine and feeble brush. His pictures have the effect of porcelain, his colours are hard and lifeless. One remembers the anecdotes, but one cannot speak of any idea of colour.

Albert Moore is to be noted as the solitary "painter" of the

Scribner's Magazine.]

ALBERT MOORE: "YELLOW DAFFODILS."

(By permission of W. Connal, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

group: a very delicate artist, with a style peculiar to himself; one who is not so well known upon the Continent as he deserves to be. His province, also, is ancient Greece, yet he never attempted to reconstruct classical antiquity as a learned archæologist. Merely as a painter did he love to dream amid the imperishable world of beauty known to ancient times. His figures are ethereal visions, and move in dreamland. He was influenced, indeed, by the sculptures of the Parthenon, but the Japanese have also penetrated his spirit. From the Greeks he learnt the combination of noble lines, the charm of dignity and quietude, while the Japanese gave him the feeling for harmonies of colour, for soft, delicate, blended tones. By a capricious union of both these elements he formed his refined and exquisite style. The world which he has called into being is made up of white marble pillars; in its gardens are cool fountains and marble pavements; but it is also full of white birds, soft colours, and rosy blossoms from Kioto. And it is peopled with graceful and mysterious maidens, clothed in ideal draperies, who love rest, enjoy an eternal youth, and are altogether contented with themselves and with one another. It might be said that the old figures of Tanagra had received new life, were it not felt, at the same time, that these beings must have drunk a good deal of tea. Not that they are entirely modern, for their figures are more plastic and symmetrical than those of the actual daughters of Albion; but in

C. Hentschel repr. [*Boussod-Valadon sc.*

ALBERT MOORE: "COMPANIONS."

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Scribner's Magazine.]

ALBERT MOORE: "MIDSUMMER."

(By permission of Messrs. Cadbury, Jones & Co., the owners of the copyright.)

all their movements they have a certain *chic*, and in all their shades of expression a weary modernity, through which they deviate from the conventional woman of Classicism. Otherwise the pictures of Albert Moore are indescribable. Frail, ethereal beings, blond as corn, lounge in æsthetically graduated grey and blue, salmon-coloured, or pale purple draperies upon bright-hued couches decorated by Japanese artists with most æsthetic materials; or they stand in a violet robe with a white mantle embroidered with gold by a grey-blue sea, which has a play of greenish tones at the spot where it breaks upon the shore. They stand out with their rosy garments from the light grey background and the delicate arabesques of a gleaming silvery gobelin, or in a graceful pose occupy themselves with their rich draperies. They do as little as they possibly can, but they are living and seductive, and the stuffs which they wear and have around them are delicately and charmingly painted. It is harmonies of tone and colour that exclusively form the subject of every work. The figures, accessories, and detail first take shape when the scale of colour has been found; and then Albert Moore takes a delight in naming his pictures "Apricots," "Oranges," "Shells," etc., according as the robes are apricot or orange colour or adorned with light ornaments of shell. Everything which comes from his hands is delightful in the charm of delicate simplicity, and for any one who loves painting as painting it has something soothing in the midst of the surrounding art, which still confuses painting with poetry more than is fitting.

Scribner's Magazine.]

ALBERT MOORE: "READING ALOUD."

(By permission of W. Connal, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

Such a painter-poet of the specifically English type is *Briton-Rivière.* He is a painter of animals, and as such one of the greatest of the century. Lions and geese, royal tigers and golden eagles, stags, dogs, foxes, and Highland cattle, he has painted them all, and with a mastery which has nothing like it except in Landseer. Amongst the painters of animals he stands alone through his power of conception and his fine poetic vein, while in all his pictures he unites the greatest simplicity with enormous dramatic force. Accessory work is everywhere kept within the narrowest limits, and everywhere the character of the animals is magnificently grasped. He does not alone paint great tragic scenes as Barye chiselled them, for he knows that beasts of prey are usually quiet and peaceable, and only now and then obey their savage nature. Moreover he never attempts to represent animals performing a masquerade of humanity in their gestures and expression, as Landseer did, nor does he transform them into comic actors. He paints them as what they are, a symbol of what humanity was once itself, with its elementary passions and its natural virtues and failings. Amongst all animal painters he is almost alone in resisting the temptation to give the lion a consciousness of his own dignity, the tiger a consciousness of his own savageness, the dog a consciousness of his own under-

standing. They neither pose nor think about themselves. In addition to this he has a powerful and impressive method, and a deep and earnest scheme of colour. In the beginning of his career he learnt most from James Ward. Later he felt the influence of the refined, chivalrous, and piquant Scotchmen Orchardson and Pettie. But the point in which Briton-Rivière is altogether peculiar is that in which he joins issue with the painters influenced by Greece: he introduces his animals into a scene where there are men of the ancient world.

Scribner's Magazine.]

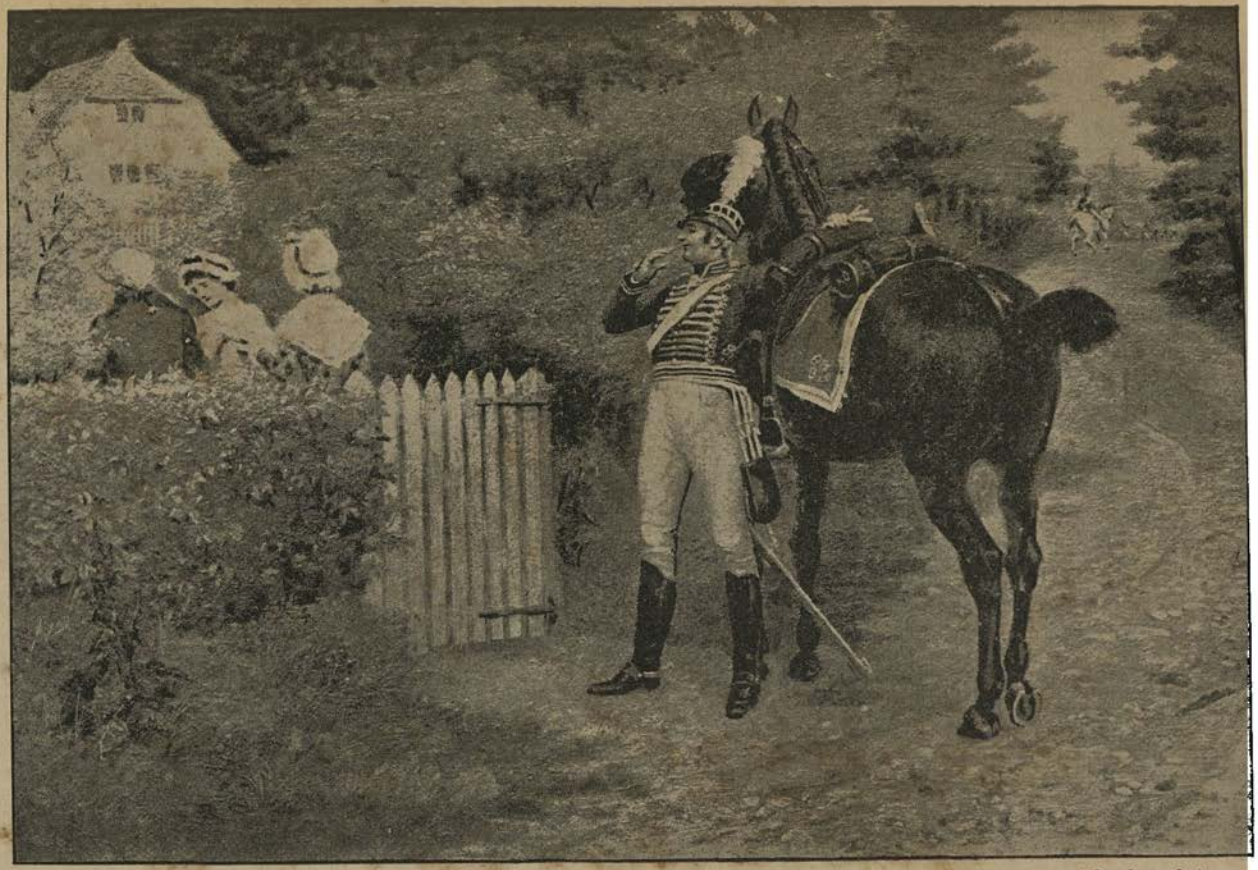
ALBERT MOORE: "WAITING TO CROSS."

(By permission of Lord Davey, the owner of the picture.)

Briton-Rivière is descended from a French family which found its way into England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and he is one of those painters—so frequent in English art—whose nature has developed early: when he was fourteen he left school, exhibited in the Academy when he was eighteen, painted as a Pre-raphaelite between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, and graduated at Oxford at seven-and-twenty. In his youth he divided his time between art and scholarship—painting pictures and studying Greek and Latin literature. Thus he became a painter of animals having also an enthusiasm for the Greek poets, and he has stood for a generation as an uncontested lord and master on his own peculiar ground. In his first important picture, of 1871, the comrades of Ulysses, changed into swine, troop grunting round the enchantress Circe. In the

masterpiece of 1872 the Prophet Daniel stands unmoved and submissive to the will of God amid the lions roaring and showing their teeth, ready to spring upon him in their hunger, yet regarding him with a mysterious fear, spellbound by the power of his eye. While his great picture "Persepolis" makes the appeal of a page from the philosophy of history, with its lions roaming majestically amid the ruins of human grandeur and human civilization, which are flooded with moonlight. The picture "In Manus Tuas, Domine," showed St. George riding solitary through the lonely and silent recesses of a primitive forest upon a pale white horse. He is armed in mail and has a mighty sword; a deep seriousness is imprinted on his features, for he has gone forth to slay the dragon. In yet another picture, "An Old-World Wanderer," a man of the early ages has come ashore upon an untrodden island, and is encompassed by flocks of great white birds, fluttering round him with curiosity and confidence, as yet ignorant of the fear of human beings. The picture of 1891, "A Mighty Hunter before the Lord," is one of his most poetic night-pieces: Nimrod is returning home, and beneath the silvery silence of the moon the dead and dying creatures which he has laid low upon the wide Assyrian plain are tended and bemoaned by their mates.

Between whiles he painted subjects which were not borrowed from ancient history, illustrating the friendship between man and dog, as Landseer had done before him. For instance, in "His Only Friend" there is a poor lad who has broken down at the last milestone before the town and is guarded by his dog. In "Old Playfellows" again one of the playmates is a child, who is sick and leans back quietly in an armchair covered with cushions. His friend the great dog has one paw resting on the child's lap, and looks up with a pensive expression, such as Landseer alone has painted in previous times. But in this style he reached his highest point in "Sympathy." No work of Briton-Rivière's has become more popular than this picture of the little maiden who has forgotten her key and is sitting helpless before the house-door, consoled by the dog who has laid his head upon her shoulder.



CALDECOTT: "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." [*Brothers photo sc.*

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

Since the days of Reynolds English art has shown a most vivid originality in such representations of children. English picture-books for children are in these days the most beautiful in the world, and the marvellous fairy-tales and fireside stories of *Randolph Caldecott* and *Kate Greenaway* have made their way throughout the whole Continent. How well these English draughtsmen know the secret of combining truth with the most exquisite grace! How touching are these pretty babies, how angelically innocent these little maidens! Frank eyes, blue as the flowers of the periwinkle, gaze at you with no thought of their being looked at in return. The naïve astonishment of the little ones, their frightened mien, their earnest look absently fixed upon the sky, the first tottering steps of a tiny child and the mobile grace of a schoolgirl, all are rendered in these prints with the most tender intimacy of feeling. And united with this there is a delicate and entirely modern sentiment for scenery, for the fascination of bare autumn landscapes robbed of their foliage, for sunbeams and the budding fragrance of spring. Everything is idyllic, poetic, and touched by a congenial breath of tender melancholy.

And this aerial quality, this delicacy and innocent grace and tenderness, is not confined alone to such representations of children, but is peculiar to English painting. Even when perfectly ordinary subjects from modern life are in question, the basis of this art is, as in the first half of the century, by no means the sense for what is purely pictorial, by no means that naturalistic pantheism which inspires the modern French, but rather a sense for what is moral or ethical. The painter seldom paints merely for the joy of painting, and the numberless technical questions which play such an important part in French art are here only of secondary importance. It accords with the character and taste of the people that their artists have rather a poetic design than one which is properly pictorial. The conception is sometimes allegorical and subtile to the most exquisite fineness of point, sometimes it is vitiated by sentimentality, but it is never purely naturalistic; and this qualified realism, this realism with a poetic strain to keep it ladylike, set English art, especially in

the years when Bastien-Lepage and Roll were at their zenith, in sharp opposition to the art of France. In those days the life-size artisan picture, the prose of life, and the struggle for existence reigned almost exclusively in the Parisian Salon, whereas in the Royal Academy everything was quiet and cordial; an intimate, inoffensive, and heartfelt cheerfulness was to be found in the pictures upon its walls, as if none of these painters knew of the existence of such a place as Whitechapel. A connection between pictures and poems is still popular, and some touching trait, some tender episode, some expression of softness, is given to subjects drawn from the ordinary life of the people. Painters seek in every direction after pretty rustic scenes, moving incidents, or pure emotions. Instead of being harsh and rugged in their sense of truth and passion, they glide lightly away from anything ugly, bringing together the loveliest and most beautiful things in nature, and creating elegies, pastorals, and idylls from the passing events of life. Their method of expression is fastidious and finished to a nicety; their vision of life is smiling and kindly, though it must not be supposed that their optimism has now anything in common with the *genre* picture of 1850. The *genre* painters from Wilkie to Collins epitomized the actual manners of the present in prosaic compositions. But here the most splendid poetry breaks out, as indeed it actually does in the midst of ordinary life. If in that earlier period English painting was awkward in narration, vulgar, and didactic, it is now tasteful, refined, beautiful, and of distinction. The philistinism of the pictures of those days has been finally stripped away, and the humorously anecdotic *genre* entirely overcome. The generation of tiresome narrative artists has been followed by painter-poets of delicacy and exquisite tenderness of feeling.

Two masters who died young and have a peculiarly captivating individuality, George Mason and Fred Walker, stand at the head of this, the most novel phase of English painting. Alike in the misfortune of premature death, they are also united by a bond of sympathy in their taste and sentiment. If there be truth in what Théophile Gautier once said in a beautiful poem, "*Tout passe, l'art robuste seul a l'éternité*," neither of

[*R. Macbeth sc.*

GEORGE MASON: "THE HARVEST MOON."

(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne, the owner of the copyright.)

[*J. D. Miller sc.*

MASON: "THE MILKMAID."

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them will enter the kingdom of immortality. That might be applied to them which Heine said of Leopold Robert: they have purified the peasant in the purgatory of their art so that nothing but a glorified body remains. As the Preraphaelites wished to give exquisite precision to the world of dream, Walker and Mason have taken this precision from the world of reality, endowing it with a refined subtilty which in truth it has not got. Their pictures breathe only of the bloom and essence of things, and in them nature is deprived of her strength and marrow, and painting of her peculiar qualities, which are changed into coloured breath and tinted dream. They may be reproached with an excess of nervous sensibility, an effort after style by which modern truth is recast, a morbid tendency to suave

[R. Macbeth sc.

MASON: "THE UNWILLING PLAYMATE."

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mysticism. Nevertheless their works are the most original products of English painting during the last twenty years, and by a strange union of realism and poetic feeling they have exercised a deeply penetrative influence upon Continental art.

"*Æquam semper in rebus arduis servare mentem*" might be chosen as a motto for *George Mason's* biography. Brought up in prosperous circumstances, he first became a doctor, but when he was seven-and-twenty he went to Italy to devote himself to painting; here he received the news that he was ruined. His father had lost everything, and he found himself entirely deprived of means, so that his life became a long struggle against hunger. He bound himself to dealers, and provided animal pieces by the dozen for the smallest sums. In a freezing room he sat with his pockets empty, worked until it was dark, and crept into bed when Rome went to feast. After two years, however, he had at last saved the money necessary for taking him back to England, and he settled with his young wife in Wetley Abbey. This little village, where he lived his simple life in the deepest seclusion, became for him what Barbizon had been for Millet. He wandered by himself amongst the fields, and painted the valleys of Wetley with the tenderness of feeling with which Corot painted the outskirts of Fontainebleau. He saw the

MASON: "RETURN FROM PLOUGHING."

(By gracious permission of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the owner of the picture.)

ghostly mists lying upon the moors, saw the peasants returning from the plough and the reapers from the field, noted the children, in their life so closely connected with the change of nature. And yet his peasant pictures more resemble the works of Perugino than those of Bastien-Lepage. The character of their landscape is to some extent responsible for this. For the region he paints, in its lyrical charm, has kinship with the hills in the pictures of Perugino. Here there grow the same slender trees upon a delicate, undulating soil. But the silent, peaceful, and resigned human beings who move across it have also the tender melancholy of Umbrian Madonnas. Mason's realism is merely specious; it consists in the external point of costume. There are really no peasants of such slender growth, no English village maidens with such rosy faces and such coquettish Holland caps. Mason divests them of all the heaviness of earth, takes, as it were, only the flower-dust from reality. The poetic grace of Jules Breton might be recalled, were it not that Mason works with more refinement and subtilty, for his idealism was unconscious, and never resulted in an empty, professional painting of beauty.

When he painted his finest pictures he suffered from very bad health, and his works have themselves the witchery of disease, the fascinating beauty of consumption. He painted with such delicacy and refinement because sickness had made him weak and delicate; he divested his peasant men and women of everything fleshly, so that nothing but a shadow of them remained, a spirit vibrating in fine, dying, and elusive chords. In his "Evening Hymn" girls are singing in the meadow; to judge from their dresses they should be the daughters of the peasantry, but one fancies them religious enthusiasts, brought together upon this mysterious and sequestered corner of the earth by a melancholy world-weariness, by a yearning after the mystical. Fragile as glass, sensitive to the ends of their fingers, and, one might say, morbidly spiritual, they breathe out their souls in song, encompassed by the soft shadows of the evening twilight, and uttering all the exquisite tenderness of their subtile temperament in the hymn they chant. Another of his pastoral

[*K. Macbeth sc.*

WALKER: "MARLOW FERRY."

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symphonies is "The Harvest Moon." Some labourers are stepping homewards after their day's work. The moon is rising, and casts its soft, subdued light upon the dark hills and the slender trees, in the silvery leaves of which the evening wind is playing. "The Gander," "The Young Anglers," and "The Cast Shoe" are captivating through the same delicacy and the same mood of peaceful resignation. George Mason is an astonishing artist, almost always guilty of exaggeration, but always seductive. Life passes in his pictures like a beautiful summer's day, and with the accompaniment of soft music. A peaceful, delicate feeling, something mystical, bitter-sweet, and suffering, lives beneath the light and tender veil of his pictures. They affect the nerves like a harmonica, and lull one with low and softly veiled harmonies. Many of the melancholy works of Israels have a similar effect, only Israels is less refined, has less of distinction and—more of truth.

This suavity of feeling is characteristic in an almost higher degree of *Fred Walker*, an artist sensitive and never satisfied with himself. Every one of his pictures gives the impression

of deep and quiet reverie; everywhere a kind of mood, like that in a fairy tale, colours the ordinary events of life in his works, an effect produced by his refined composition of forms and colours. In his classically simple art Mason was influenced by the Italians, and especially the Umbrians. Walker drew a similar inspiration from the works of Millet. Both the Englishman and the Frenchman died in the same year, the former on January 20th, 1875, in Barbizon, the latter on June 5th, in Scotland; and yet in a certain sense they stand at the very opposite poles of art. Walker is graceful, delicate, and tender; Millet forceful, healthy, and powerful. "To draw sublimity from what is trivial" was the aim of both, and they both reached it by the same path. All their predecessors had held truth as the foe of beauty, and had qualified shepherds and shepherdesses, ploughmen and labourers, for artistic treatment by forcing upon them the smiling grace and the strained humour of *genre* painting. Millet and Fred Walker broke with the frivolity of this elder school of painting, which had seen matter for jesting, and only that, in the life of the rustic; they asserted that in the life of the toiler nothing was more deserving of artistic representation than his toil. They always began by reproducing life as they saw it, and by disdaining, in their effort after truth, all artificial embellishment; they came to recognize, both of them at the same time, a dignity in the human frame, and grandiose forms and classic lines in human movement, which no one had discovered before. With the most pious reverence for the exact facts of life, there was united that greatness of conception which is known as style.

Fred Walker, the Tennyson of painting, was born in London in 1840, and had scarcely left school before the galleries of ancient art in the British Museum became his favourite place of resort. Drawings for wood-engraving were his first works, and with Millet in France he has the chief merit of having put fresh life into the traditional style of English wood-cut engraving, so that he is honoured by the young school of engravers in wood-cut as their lord and master. His first, and as yet unimportant, drawings appeared in 1860 in a periodica

[*R. Macbeth sc.*

WALKER: "A FLOOD IN THE FENS."

(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne, the owner of the copyright.)

called *Once a Week*, for which Leech, Millais, and others also made drawings. Shortly after this *début* he was introduced to Thackeray, then the editor of *Cornhill*, and he undertook the illustrations with Millais. In these plates he is already seen in his charm, grace, and simplicity. His favourite season is the tender spring, when the earth is clothed with young verdure, and the sunlight glances over the naked branches, and the children pluck the first flowers which have shot up beneath their covering of snow.

His pictures give pleasure by virtue of the same qualities—delicacy of drawing, bloom of colouring, and a grace which is not affected in spite of its Grecian rhythm.

Walker was the first to introduce that delicate rosy red which has since been popular in English painting. His method of vision is as widely removed from that of Manet as from Couture's brown sauce. The surface of every one of his pictures resembles a rare jewel in its delicate finish: it is soft, and gives the sense of colour and of refined and soothing harmony. His first important work, "Bathers," was exhibited in 1867 at the Royal Academy, where works of his appeared regularly during the next five years. About a score of young people are standing on the verge of a deep and quiet English river, and are just about to refresh themselves in the tide after a hot August day.

L'Art.] [*Hooper sc.*

WALKER: "THE BATHERS."

(By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, the owners of the copyright.)

Some, indeed, are already in the water, while others are sitting upon the grass and others undressing. The frieze of the Parthenon is recalled, so plastic is the grace of these young frames, and the style and repose of the treatment of lines, which are such as may only be found in Puvis de Chavannes. In his next picture, "The Vagrants," he represented a group of gipsies camping round a fire in the midst of an English landscape. A mother is nursing her child, while to the left a woman is standing plunged in thought, and to the right a lad is throwing wood upon the faintly blazing fire. Here, too, the figures are all drawn severely after nature and yet have the air of Greek statues. There is no modern artist who has united in so unforced a manner actuality and fidelity to nature with "the noble simplicity and quiet grandeur" of the antique. In a succeeding picture of 1870, "The Plough," a labourer is striding over the ground ploughing. The long day is approaching its end, and the moon stands silvery in the sky. Far into the distance the field stretches away, and the heavy tread of the horses mingles in the stillness of evening with the murmur of the stream which flows round the grassy ridge, making its soft complaint. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening" is its thoroughly English motto. The same still mournfulness of sunset he painted in that work of marvellous tenderness "The Old Gate." The peace of dusk is resting upon a soft and gentle

landscape. A lady who is the owner of a country mansion and is dressed like a widow has just stepped out from the garden gate, accompanied by her maid, who is in the act of shutting it; children are playing on the steps, and a couple of labourers are going past in front and look towards the lady of the house. It is nothing except the meeting of certain persons, a scene such as takes place every day, and yet even here there is a subtilty and tenderness which raise the event from the prose of ordinary life into a mysterious world of poetry.

In his later period he deviated more and more towards a fragrant lyricism. In his great picture of 1872, "The Harbour of Refuge," the background is formed by one of those peaceful buildings where the aged poor pass the remainder of their days in meditative rest. The sun is sinking and there is a rising moon. The red-tiled roof stands out clear against the quiet evening sky, while upon the terrace in front, over which the tremulous yellow rays of the setting sun are shed, an old woman with a bowed figure is walking, guided by a graceful girl who steps lightly forward. It is the old contrast between day and night, youth and age, strength and decay. Yet in Walker there is no opposition after all. For as light mingles with the shadows in the twilight, this young and vigorous woman who paces in the evening, holding the arm of the aged in mysterious silence, has at the moment no sense of her youth, but is rather filled with that melancholy thought underlying Goethe's "*Warte nur balde*," "Wait awhile and thou shalt rest too." Her eyes have a strange gaze, as though she were looking into vacancy in mere absence of mind. And upon the other side of the picture this theme of the transient life of humanity is still further developed. Upon a bench in the midst of a verdant lawn covered with daisies a group of old men are sitting meditatively near a hedge of hawthorn luxuriant in blossom. Above the bench there stands an old statue casting a clearly defined shadow upon the golden sand, as if to point to the contrast between imperishable stone and the unstable race of men, fading away like the autumn leaves. Well in the foreground a labourer is mowing down the tender spring grass

WALKER: "THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE." [*R. Macbeth sc.*

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with a scythe—a strange, wild, and rugged figure, a reaper whose name is Death.

It was not long before evening drew on for the painter, and Death, the mighty reaper, laid him low.

Of a nervous and sensitive temperament, Walker had one of those natures which find their way with difficulty through this rude world of fact. Those little things which he had the art of painting so beautifully, and which occupy such an important place in his work, had, in another sense, more influence upon his life than ought to have been the case. While Mason faced all unpleasantnesses with stoical indifference, Walker allowed himself to be disturbed and hindered in his work by every failure and every sharp wind of criticism. In addition to that he was, like Mason, a consumptive subject. A residence in Algiers merely banished the insidious disease for a short time. Amongst the last works, which he exhibited in 1875, a considerable stir was made by a drawing called "The Unknown Land:" a vessel with naked men is drawing near the shores of a wide and peaceful island bathed in a magical light. Soon afterwards Walker had himself departed to that unknown land: he died in Scotland when he was five-and-thirty. His body was brought to the little churchyard at Cookham on the banks of the Thames. In this village Fred Walker is buried amid the fair river landscape which he so loved and so often painted.

After the Preraphaelite revolution, the foundation of the school of Walker indicated the last stage of English art. His influence was far greater than might be supposed from the small number of his works, and fifty per cent. of the English pictures in every exhibition would perhaps never have been painted if he had not been born. A national element long renounced, that old English sentiment which once inspired the landscapes of Gainsborough and the scenes of Morland, and was lost in the hands of Wilkie and the *genre* painters, lives once more in Fred Walker. He adapted it to the age by adding something of Tennyson's passion for nature. There is a touch of symbolism in that old gate which he painted in the beautiful

L'Art.] *[Swain sc.*

BOUGHTON: "SNOW IN SPRING."

(By permission of the Artist.)

picture of 1870. He and Mason opened it so that English art might pass into this new domain, where musical sentiment is everything, where one is buried in sweet reveries at the sight of a flock of geese driven by a young girl, or a labourer stepping behind his plough, or a child playing free from care with pebbles at the water's edge. Their disciples are perhaps healthier, or, should one say, "less refined" — in other words, not quite so sensitive and hyper-æsthetic as those who opened the old gate. They seem physically more robust, and can better face the sharp air of reality. They no longer dissolve painting altogether into music and poetry; they live more in the world at every hour, and not merely when the sun is setting, but also when the prosaic daylight exposes objects in their material heaviness. But the tender ground-tone, the effort to seize nature in soft phases, is the same in all. Like bees, they suck from reality only its sweets. The earnest, tender, and deeply heartfelt art of Walker has influenced them all.

Evening when work is over, the end of summer, twilight, autumn, the pale and golden sky, and the dead leaves are the things which have probably made the most profound impression on the English spirit. The hour when toil is laid aside, and rest begins and people seek their homes, and the season when

fires are first lighted are the hour and the season most beloved by this people, which, with all its rude energy, is yet so tender and full of feeling. Repose to the point of enervation and the stage where it passes into gentle melancholy is the theme of their pictures—this, and not toil.

How many have been painted in the last thirty years in which people are returning from their work of an evening across the country! The people in the big towns look upon the country with the eyes of a lover, especially those parts of it which lie near the town; not the scenes painted by Raffaelli, but the parks and public gardens. Soft, undulating valleys and gently swelling hills are spread around, the flowers are in bloom, and the leaves glance in the sunshine. And over this country, with its trim gravel paths and its green, luxuriant lawns, there comes a well-to-do people. Even the labourers seem in good ease as they go home across the flowery meadows.

L'Art.] [*Swain sc.*

BOUGHTON: "GREEN LEAVES AMONG THE SERE."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

George H. Boughton is one of the most graceful and refined amongst Walker's followers. By birth and descent a countryman of Crome and Cotman, he passed his youth in America, worked several years in Paris from 1853, and in 1863 settled in London, where he is exceedingly active as a draughtsman, a writer, and a painter. His charming illustrations for *Harper's Magazine*, where he also published his delicate story *The Return of the Mayflower*, are well known. As a painter, too,

L'Art.] [*L. Gaucherel sc.*

BOUGHTON: "THE BEARERS OF THE BURDEN."

(By permission of the Artist.)

his brush was only occupied by pleasant things, whether belonging to the past or the present. There is something in him both of the delicacy of Gainsborough and of the poetry of Memlinc. He delights in the murmur of brooks and the rustle of leaves, in fresh children and pretty young women in æsthetically fantastic costume; he loves everything delicate, quiet, and fragrant. And for this reason he also takes delight in old legends entwined with blossoms, and attains a most harmonious effect when he places shepherds and kings' daughters of story and steel-clad knights and squires in his charming and entirely modern landscapes. Almost always it is autumn, winter, or at most the early spring in his pictures. The boughs of the trees are generally bare, though sometimes a tender, pointed yellowish verdure is budding upon them. At times the mist of November hovers over the country like a delicate veil; at times the snowflakes fall softly, or the October sun gleams through the leafless branches.

Moreover a feeling for the articulation of lines, for a balance

L'Art.] [*Artist sc.*

BOUGHTON: "A BREATH OF WIND."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

of composition, unforced, and yet giving a character of distinction, is peculiar to him in a high degree. In 1877 he had in the Royal Academy the charming picture "A Breath of Wind." Amid a soft landscape with slender trees move the thoroughly Grecian figures of the more shapely English peasants, whilst the tender evening light is shed over the gently rising hills. His picture of 1878 he named "Green Leaves among the Sere:" a group of children, in the midst of whom the young mother herself looks like a child, are seated amid an autumn landscape, where the leaves fall, and the sky is shrouded in wintry grey. In the picture "Snow in Spring" may be seen a party of charming girls—little modern Tanagra figures—whom the sun has tempted into the air to search for the earliest woodland snowdrops under the guidance of a damsel still in her 'teens. Having just reached a secret corner of the wood, they are standing with their flowers in their hands surrounded by tremulous boughs, when a sudden snowstorm

overtakes them. Thick white flakes alight upon the slender boughs, and combine with the light green leaves and pale reddish dresses of the children in making a delicate harmony of colour. Among his legendary pictures the poetic "Love Conquers all Things" in particular is known in Germany: a wild shepherd's daughter sits near her flock, and the son of a king gazes into her eyes lost in dream.

Boughton is not the only painter of budding girlhood. All English literature has a tender feminine trait. Tennyson is the poet most widely read, and he has won all hearts chiefly through his portraits of women: Adeline, Eleänore, Lilian, and the May Queen—that delightful gallery of pure and noble figures. In English painting, too, it is seldom men who are represented, but more frequently women and children, especially little maidens in their fresh pure witchery.

Belonging still to the older period there is *Philip H. Calderon*, an exceedingly fertile although lukewarm and academical artist, in whose blood is a good deal of effeminate Classicism. When his name appears in a catalogue it means that the spectator will be led into an artificial region peopled with pretty girls—beings who are neither sad nor gay, and who belong neither to the present nor to ancient times, to no age in particular and to no clime. Whenever such ethereal girlish figures wear the costume of the Directoire period, *Marcus Stone* is their father. He is likewise one of the older men whose first appearance was made before the time of Walker. His young ladies part with broken hearts from a beloved suitor, turned away by their father, and save the honour of their family by giving their hand to a wealthy but unloved aspirant, or else they are solitary and lost in tender reveries. In his earliest period Marcus Stone had a preference for interiors; rich Directoire furniture and objects of art indicate the year in which the narrative takes place with exactness. Later, he took a delight in placing his Rococo ladies and gentlemen in the open air, upon the terraces of old gardens or in sheltered alleys. All his pictures are pretty, the faces, the figures, and the accessories; in relation to them one may use the adjective "pretty" in its positive, comparative, or

C. Hentschel repr.] [*Boussod-Valadon sc.*

MARCUS STONE: "THE GAMBLER'S WIFE."

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.)

superlative degree. In England Marcus Stone is the favourite painter of "sweethearts," and it cannot be easy to go so near the boundaries of candied *genre* painting and yet always to preserve a certain *noblesse*.

Amongst the younger men *G. D. Leslie*, the son of Charles Leslie, has specially the secret of interpreting innocent feminine beauty, that somewhat predetermined but charming grace derived from Gainsborough and the eighteenth century. A young lady who has lately been married is paying a visit to her earlier school friends, and is gazed upon as though she were an angel by these charming girls. Or his pretty maidens have ensconced themselves beneath the trees, or stand on the shore watching a boat at sunset, or amuse themselves from a bridge in a park by throwing flowers into the water and looking dreamily after them as they float away. Leslie's pictures, too, are very pretty and poetic, and have much silk in them and much sun, while the soft, pale method of painting, so highly æsthetic in its delicate attenuation of colour, corresponds with the delicacy of their purport.

P. G. Morris, not less delicate in feeling and execution, became specially known by a "Communion in Dieppe." Directly facing the spectator a train of pretty communicants move upon the seashore, assuming an air of dignified superiority, like young ladies from Brighton or Folkestone. A bluish light plays over the white dresses of the girls and over the blue jackets of the sailors lounging about the quay; it fills the pale blue sky with a misty vibration and glances sportively upon the green waves of the sea. "The Reaper and the Flowers" was a thoroughly English picture, a graceful allegory after the fashion of Fred Walker. On their way from school a party of children meet at the verge of a meadow an old peasant going home from his day's work with a scythe upon his shoulder. In the dancing step of the little ones may be seen the influence of Greek statues; they float along as if borne by the zephyr, with a rhythmical motion which real school-children do not usually have. But the old peasant coming towards them is intended to recall the contrast between youth and age, as

in Fred Walker's "Harbour of Refuge;" while the scythe glittering in the last rays of the setting sun signifies the scythe of Fate, the scythe of death which does not even spare the child.

And thus the limits of English painting are defined. It always reveals a certain conflict between fact and poetry, reverie and life. For whenever the scene does not admit of a directly ethical interpretation, refuge is invariably taken in lyricism. The wide field which lies between, where powerful works are nourished, works which have their roots in reality, and derive their life from it alone, has not been definitely conquered by English art. England is the greatest producer and consumer of the earth, and her people press the marrow out of things as no other have ever done: and yet this land of industry knows nothing of pictures in which work is being accomplished; this country, which is a network of railway lines, has never seen a railway painted. Even horses are less and less frequently represented in English art, and sport finds no expression there whatever. Much as the Englishman loves it from a sense of its wholesomeness, he does not consider it sufficiently æsthetic to be painted, a matter upon which Wilkie Collins enlarges in an amusing way in his book *Man and Wife*.

And in English pictures there are no poor, or, at any rate, none who are wretched in the extreme. For although the Chelsea Pensioners were a favoured theme in painting, there were none of them miserable and heavy-laden; they were rather types of the happy poor who were carefully tended. If English painters are otherwise induced to represent the poor, they depict a room kept in exemplary order, and endeavour to display some touching or admirable trait in honest and admirable people. In fact people seem to be good and honourable wherever they are found. Everywhere there is content and humility, even in misfortune. Even where actual need is represented, it is only done in the effort to give expression to what is moving in certain dispensations of fate, and to create a lofty and conciliating effect by the contrast between misfortune and man's noble trust in God.

Robinson photo.]

HOLL: "THE LORD GAVE, THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY; BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD."

(By permission of F. C. Pawle, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

John R. Reid, a Scotchman by birth, but residing in London, has treated scenes from life upon the seacoast in this manner. How different his works are from the tragedies of Joseph Israels, or the grim naturalism of Michael Ancher! He occupies himself only with the bright side of life, with its colour and sunshine, not with the dark side, with its toils. He paints the inhabitants of the country in their Sunday best, as they sit telling stories, or as they go a-hunting, or regale themselves in the garden of an inn. The old rustics who sit happy with their pipes and beer in his "Cricket Match" are typical of everything that he has painted.

And even when, once in a way, a more gloomy trait appears in his pictures, it is there only that the light may shine the more brightly. The poor old flute-player who sits homeless upon a bench near the house is placed there merely to show how well off are the children who are hurrying merrily home after school. His picture of 1890, indeed, treated a scene of shipwreck, but a passage from a poet stood beneath; there was not a lost sailor to be seen, and all the tenderness of the artist is devoted to the pretty children and the young women gazing with anxiety and compassion across the sea.

Frank Holl was in the habit of giving his pictures a more lachrymose touch, together with a more sombre and ascetic harmony of colour. He borrowed his subjects from the life of the humble classes, always searching moreover for melancholy features; he took delight in representing human virtue in misfortune, and for the sake of greater effect he frequently chose a verse from the Bible as the title. Thus the work with which he first won the English public was a picture exhibited in 1869: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." A family of five brothers and sisters, who have just lost their mother, are assembled round the breakfast-table in a poorly furnished room. One sister is crying, another is sadly looking straight before her, whilst a third is praying with folded hands. The younger brother, a sailor, has just reached home from a voyage, to close his dying mother's eyes, and the eldest of all, a young and earnest curate, is endeavouring

Leipzig: Seemann.]

REID: "THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS."

(By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool, the owners of the picture.)

to console his brother and sisters with the words of Job.

The next picture, exhibited in 1871, he called "No Tidings from the Sea," and represented in it a fisherman's family—grandmother, mother, and child—who in a cheerless room are anxiously expecting the return of a sailor. "Leaving Home" showed four people sitting on a bench outside a waiting-room at a railway station. To awaken the spectator's pity "Third Class" is written in large letters upon the window just above their heads. The principal figure is a lady dressed in black, who is counting, in a somewhat obtrusive manner, the little money which she still has left.

In the picture "Necessity knows no Law" a poor woman with a child in her arms has entered a pawnshop to borrow money on her wedding-ring; in another, women of the poorer class are to be seen walking along with their soldier sons and husbands who have been called out on active service. One of them clasps tightly to her breast her little child, the only one still remaining to her in life, whilst an aged widow presses the hand of her son with the sad presentiment that, even if he comes back to her, she will probably not have long to live after his return. Not only did Frank Holl paint stories for his countrymen, but he also painted them big in

HOLL: "NO TIDINGS FROM THE SEA."

(By gracious permission of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the owner of the picture.)

L'Art.] [*Ramus sc.*

HOLL: "LEAVING HOME."

majuscule characters which were legible without spectacles, and he partially owed his splendid successes to this cheap sentimentality.

Almost everywhere the interest of subject still plays the first part, and this slightly lachrymose trait bordering on *genre*, this lyrically tender or allegorically subtile element, which runs through English figure pictures, would easily degenerate into vaporous enervation in another country. In England portrait-painting, which now, as in the days of Reynolds, is the greatest title of honour possessed by English art, invariably maintains its union with direct reality. By acknowledgment portrait-painting in the present day is exceedingly earnest: it admits of no decorative luxuriousness, no sport with hangings and draperies, no pose; and English likenesses have this severe actuality in the highest degree. Stiff-necked obstinacy, sanguine resolution, and muscular force of will are often spoken of as an Englishman's national characteristics, and a trace of these qualities is also betrayed in English portrait-painting. The self-reliance of the English is far too great to suffer or demand

any servile habit of flattery: everything is free from pose, plain, and simple. Let the subject be the weather-beaten figure of an old sailor or the dazzling freshness of English youth, there is a remarkable energy and force of life in all their works, even in the pictures of children with their broad open brow, finely chiselled nose, and assured and penetrative glance. And as portrait-painting in England, to its own advantage and the benefit of all art, has never been considered as an isolated province, such pictures may be specified among the works of the most frigid academician as well as amongst those of the most vigorous naturalist. Frank Holl, who had such a Düsseldorfian tinge in his more elaborate pictures, showed at the close of his life, in his likenesses of the engraver Samuel Cousins, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Cleveland, Sir George Trevelyan, and Lord Spencer, a simple virility altogether wanting in his earlier works. They had a trenchant characterization and an unforced pose which were striking even in England. It is scarcely possible to exhibit people more naturally, or more completely to banish from their expression that concentrated air of attentiveness which suggests photography and so easily intrudes into a portrait. Even Leighton, so devoid of temperament, so entirely devoted to the measured art of the ancients, became at once nervous and almost brutal in his power when he painted a likeness in place of ideal Grecian figures. His vivid and forcible portrait of Sir Richard Burton, the celebrated African traveller, would do honour to the greatest portrait-painter of the Continent.

Amongst portrait-painters by profession *Walter Ouless* will probably merit the place of honour immediately after Watts as an impressive exponent of character. He has assimilated much from his master Millais—not merely the heaviness of colour, which often has a disturbing effect in the latter, but also Millais' powerful flight of style, always so free from false rhetoric. The chemical expert Pochin, as Ouless painted him in 1865, does not pose in the picture nor allow himself to be disturbed in his researches. It is a thoroughly contemporary portrait, one of those brilliant successes which later arose in France also. The

[*C. Hentschel sc.*

SANT: "A FLORAL OFFERING."

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Recorder of London, Mr. Russell Gurney, he likewise painted in his professional character and in his robes of office. In its inflexible graveness and earnest dignity the likeness is almost more than the portrait of an individual; it seems the embodiment of the proud English Bench resting upon the most ancient traditions. His portrait of Cardinal Manning had the same convincing power of observation, the same large and sure technique. The soft light plays upon the ermine and the red stole, and falls full upon the fine, austere, and noble face.

Besides Ouless mention may be made from among the great number of portrait-painters of *J. J. Shannon* with his powerful and firmly-painted likenesses, of *James Sant* with his sincere and energetic portraits of women, of *Mouat Loudan* with his pretty pictures of children, and of the many-sided *Charles W. Furse*. Hubert Herkomer was the most celebrated in Germany, and is probably the most skilful of the young men whom *The Graphic* brought into eminence in the seventies.

The career of *Hubert Herkomer* is amongst those adventurous ones which become less and less frequent in the nineteenth century; there are not many who have risen so rapidly to fame and fortune from such modest circumstances. His father was a carver of sacred images in the little Bavarian village of Waal, where Hubert was born in 1849. In 1851 the enterprising Bavarian tried his fortune in the New World. But there he did not succeed in making progress, and in 1857 the family appeared in England, at Southampton. Here he fought his way honestly at the bench where he carved and as a journeyman worker, whilst his wife gave lessons in music. A commission to carve Peter Vischer's four evangelists in wood brought him with his son to Munich, where they occupied a room in the back buildings of a master-carpenter's house, in which they slept, cooked, and worked. In the preparatory class of the Munich Academy the younger Herkomer received his first teaching, and began to draw from the nude, the antique serving as model. At a frame-maker's in Southampton he gave his first exhibition, and drew illustrations for a comic paper. With the few pence which he saved from these earnings he went to London, where

he lived from hand to mouth with a companion as poor as himself. He cooked, and his friend scoured the pans; meanwhile he worked as a mason on the frieze of the South Kensington Museum, and hired himself out for the evenings as a zither-player. Then *The Graphic* became his salvation, and after his drawings had made him known he soon had success with his paintings. "After the Toil of the Day," a picture which he exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1873—a thoughtful scene from the village life of Bavaria, carried out after the manner of Fred Walker—found a purchaser immediately. He was then able to make a home for his parents in the village of Bushey, which he afterwards glorified in the picture "Our Village," and he began his masterpiece "The Last Muster," which obtained in 1878 the great medal at the World Exhibition in Paris. Since then he found the eyes of the English public fixed upon him. There followed at first a series of pictures in which he proceeded upon the lines of Fred Walker's poetic realism: "Eventide," a scene in the Westminster Union; "The Gloom of Idwal," a romantic mountain picture from North Wales; "God's Shrine," a lonely Bavarian hill-side path, with a shrine and peasants praying; "Der Bittgang," a group of country people praying for harvest; "Contrasts," a picture of English ladies surrounded by school-children in the Bavarian mountains. At the same time he became celebrated as a portrait-painter, his first successes in this field being the likenesses of Wagner and Tennyson, Archibald Forbes, his own father, John Ruskin, Stanley, and the conductor Hans Richter. And he reached the summit of his international fame when his portrait of Miss Grant, "The Lady in White," appeared in 1886; all Europe spoke of it at the time, and it called forth entire bundles of poems, anecdotes, biographies, and romances. From that time he advanced in his career with rapid strides.

The University of Oxford appointed him Professor of the Fine Arts. He opened a School of Art and had etchings, copper engravings, and engravings in mezzotint produced by his pupils under his guidance. He wrote articles in the London papers upon the social question, and political economy, and

FURSE FRONTISPIECE TO "STORIES AND INTERLUDES."

Magazine of Art.]
HERKOMER: JOHN RUSKIN.
(By permission of the Artist.)

all manner of subjects, an article signed with Herkomer's name being always capable of creating interest. He has his own theatre, and produces in it operas of which he writes the text and the music, and manages the rehearsals and the scenery, beside playing the leading parts.

Yet it is just his likenesses of women, the foundations of his fame, which do not seem in general entirely to justify the painter's great reputation. Miss Grant was certainly a captivating woman, and she broke men's hearts wherever she made her appearance. People looked again and again into the brilliant brown eyes with which she looked so composedly before her; they were overwhelmed by her austere and lofty virginal beauty. "The Lady in Black (An American Lady)" made a yet more piquant and spiritualized effect. Here was the unopened bud, and there the woman who has had experience of the delights and disappointments of life. Here was unapproachable pride, and there a trait of distinction and of suffering, an almost weary carriage of the body. There will certainly be an interesting gallery of beauty if Herkomer unites these "types of women" in a series. But even in the first picture how much of all the admiration excited was due to the painter and how much to the model? At bottom, Miss Grant made a success because she was such a pretty girl. The arrangement of white against white was nothing new: Whistler, a far greater artist, had already painted a "White Girl" in 1863, and it was a much greater work of art, though on account of the attractiveness of the model being less powerful it triumphed only in the narrower circles of artists. Bastien-Lepage, who set himself the same problem in his

"Sara Bernhardt," had also run through the scale of white with greater sureness. And Herkomer's later pictures of women—"The Lady in Yellow," Lady Helen Fergusson, and others—are even less alluring considered as works of art. The reserve and evenness of the execution give his portraits a somewhat clotted and stiff appearance. Good modelling and exceedingly vigorous drawing may perhaps ensure great correctness in the counterfeit of the originals, but the life of the picture vanishes beneath the greasy technique, the soapy painting through which materials of drapery and flesh-tints assume quite the same values. There is nothing in it of the transparency, the rosy delicacy, freshness, and flower-like bloom of Gainsborough's women and girls. Herkomer appears in these pictures as a *salon* painter in whom a tame but tastefully cultivated temperament is expressed with charm. Even his landscapes with their trim peasants' cottages and their soft moods of sunset have not enriched with new notes the scale executed by Walker.

All the more astonishing is the earnest certainty of touch and the robust energy which are visible in his other works. His portraits of men, especially the one of his father, that kingly old man with the long, white beard and the furrowed brow, take their place beside the best productions of English portraiture, which are chiselled, as it were, in stone. In "The Last Muster" he showed that it is possible to be simple and yet strike a profound note and even attain greatness. For there is something great in these old warriors, who at the end of their days are praying, having never troubled themselves over prayer during all their lives, who have travelled so far and staked their lives dozens of times, and are now drawing their last breath softly upon the seats of a church. Even his more recent groups—"The Assemblage of the Curators of the Charterhouse" and "The Session of the Magistrates of Landsberg"—are magnificent examples of realistic art, full of imposing strength and soundness. In the representation of these citizens the genius of the master who in his "Chelsea Pensioners" created one of the "Doelen pieces" of the nineteenth century revealed itself afresh in all its greatness.

HANS HERKOMER.
Carver.

ANTON HERKOMER.
Weaver.

LORENZ HERKOMER ("MY FATHER").
Carver.

HERKOMER: "THE MAKERS OF MY HOUSE."
(By permission of the Artist.)

Beside portrait-painting the painting of landscape stands now as ever in full blossom amongst the English; not that the artists of to-day are more consistently faithful to truth than their predecessors, or that they seem more modern in the study of light. In the province of landscape as in that of figure-painting far more weight is laid upon subject than on the moods of atmosphere. If one compares the modern English painters with Crome and Constable, one finds them wanting in boldness and creative force; and placed beside Monet they seem to be diffident altogether. But a touching reverence for nature gives almost all their pictures a singularly chaste and fragrant charm.

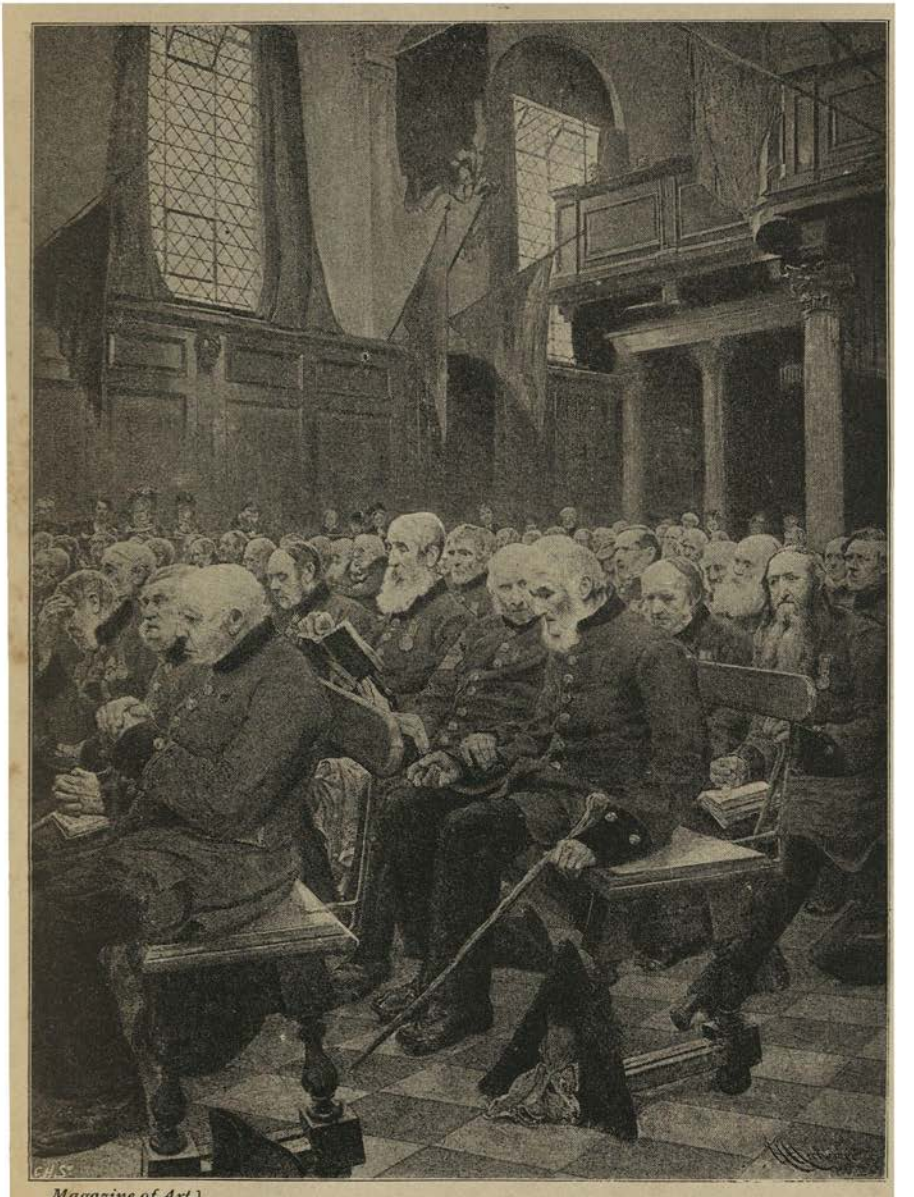
Of course all the influences which have affected English art in other respects are likewise reflected in landscape-painting. The epoch-making activity of the Preraphaelites, the passionate earnestness of Ruskin's love for nature, as well as the influence of foreign art, have all left their traces. In his own manner Constable had spoken the last word. The principal thing in him as in Cox was the study of atmospheric effects and of the dramatic life of air. They neither of them troubled themselves about local colour, but sought to render the tones which are formed under atmospheric and meteorological influences; they altogether sacrificed the completion of the details of subject to seizing the momentary impression. In Turner, generally speaking, it was only the air that lived. Trees and buildings, rocks and water, are merely *repoussoirs* for the atmosphere; they are exclusively ordained to lead the eye through the mysterious depths of light and shadow. The intangible absorbed what could be touched and handled. As a natural reaction there came this Preraphaelite landscape, and by a curious irony of chance the writer who had done most for Turner's fame was also he who first welcomed this Preraphaelite landscape school. Everything which the old school had neglected now became the essential object of painting. The landscape-painters fell in love with the earth, with the woods and the fields; and the more autumn resolved the wide green harmony of nature into a sport of colours multiplied a thousand times, the more did they love it. Thousands of

Brothers photo.]

HERKOMER: "HARD TIMES."

(By permission of the Manchester Art Gallery, the owners of the picture.)

things were there to be seen. First, how the foliage turned yellow and red and brown, and then how it fell away: how it was scattered upon a windy day, whirling in a yellow drift of leaves; how in still weather leaf after leaf lightly rustled to the ground from between the wavering brown boughs. And then when the foliage fell from the leaves and bushes the most inviolate secrets of summer came to light; there lay around quantities of bright seeds and berries rich in colour, brown nuts, smooth acorns, black and glossy sloes, and scarlet haws. In the leafless beeches there clustered pointed beechmast, the mugwort bent beneath its heavy red bunches, late blackberries lay black and brown amid the damp foliage upon the road, bilberries grew amid the heather, and wild raspberries bore their dull red fruit once again. The dying ferns took a hundred colours; the moss shot up like the ears of a miniature cornfield.



Magazine of Art.]

HERKOMER: "THE LAST MUSTER."

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[Artist sc.

HERKOMER: MISS GRANT.

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Eager as children the landscape-painters roamed here and there across the woodland, to discover its treasures and its curiosities. They understood how to paint a bundle of hay with such exactness that a botanist could decide upon the species of every blade. One of them lived for three months under canvas, so as thoroughly to know a landscape of heath. Confused through detail, they lost their view of the whole, and only made a return to modernity when they came to study the Parisian landscape-painters. Thus English art in this matter made a curious circuit, giving and taking. First, the English fertilized French art; but at the time when French artists stood under the influence of the English, the latter swerved in the opposite direction, until they ultimately received from France the impulse which led them back into the old way.

In accordance with these different influences, several currents which cross each other and mingle are to be found flowing side by side in English landscape-painting: upon one side a spirit of prosaic reasonableness, a striving after clearness and precision, which does not know how to sacrifice detail, and is therefore in want of pictorial totality of effect; on the other side an artistic pantheism which rises at times to high lyrical

[*Artist sc.*

HERKOMER: "AN AMERICAN LADY."

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poetry in spite of many dissonances.

The pictures of *Cecil Lawson* lead to the point where the Preraphaelites begin. The elder painters, with their powerful treatment and the freedom and boldness of their execution, still keep altogether on the lines of Constable, whereas in later painters, with their minute elaboration of all particularities, the influence of the Preraphaelites becomes more and more apparent.

Here, where Cecil Lawson ended, *James Clarke Hook* began, the great patriarch who has even now lost nothing of the strength with which he opened the eyes of the world forty years ago to the depth of colouring and the enchanting life of nature, even in its individual details. His pictures, especially those sunsets which he paints with such delight, have something devout and religious in them; they have the effect of a prayer or a hymn, and often possess a solemnity which is entirely biblical, in spite of their brusque, pungent colours. In his later period he principally devoted himself to sea-pieces, and in doing so receded from the Preraphaelite painting of detail characteristic of his youthful period. His pictures give one the breath of the sea, and his sailors are old sea-wolves. All that remains from his Preraphaelite period is that, as a rule, they carry a certain burden of ideas.

[*Brothers photo sc.*

LAWSON: "THE MINISTER'S GARDEN."

(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.*)

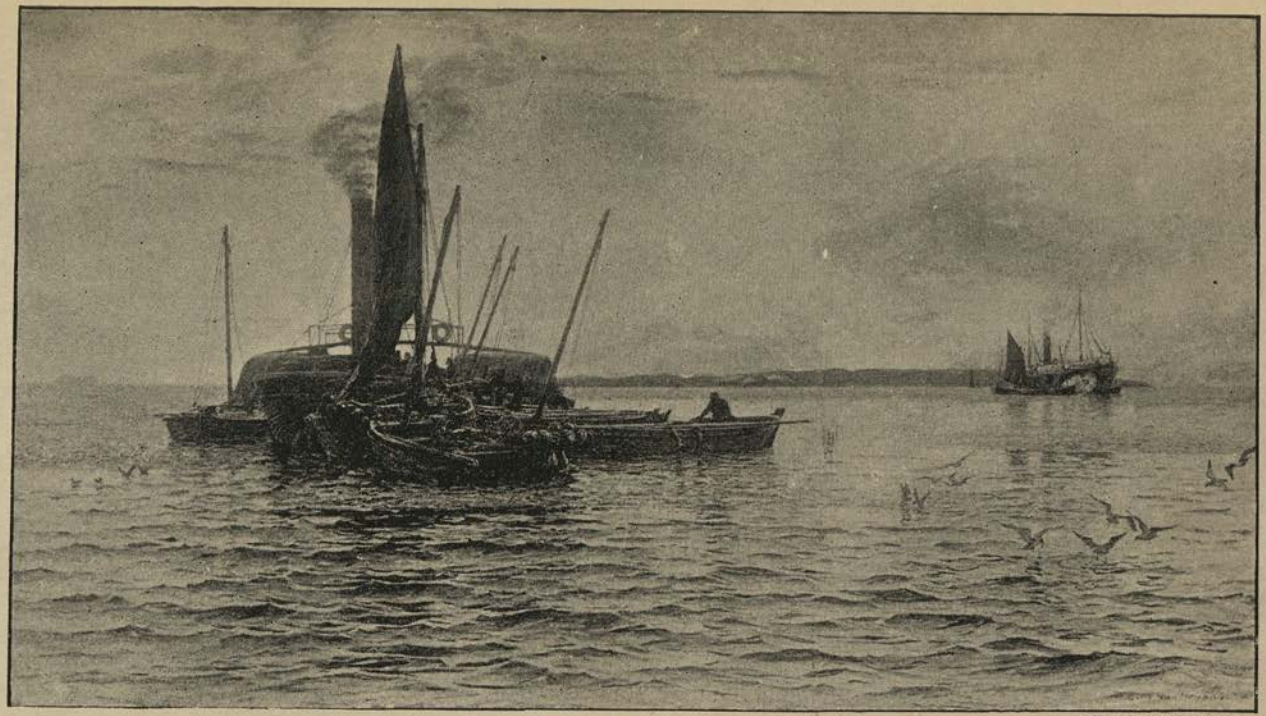
Vicat Cole, likewise one of the older school, is unequal and less important. From many of his pictures one receives the impression that he has directly copied Constable, and others are bathed in dull yellow tones; nevertheless he has sometimes painted autumn pictures, felicitous and noble landscapes, in which there is really a reflection of the sun of Claude Lorrain.

With much greater freedom does *Colin Hunter* approach nature, and he has the secret of seizing her boldly in her most impressive moments. The twilight, with its mysterious, interpenetrating tremor of colours of a thousand shades, its shine and glimmer of water, with the sky brooding heavily above, is what fascinates him most of all. Sometimes he represents the dawn, as in "The Herring Market at Sea;" sometimes the pale tawny sunset, as in "The Gatherers of Seaweed," in the South Kensington Museum. His men are always in a state of restless activity, whether they are making the most of the last moments of light or facing the daybreak with renewed energies.

Although resident in London, he and Hook are the true standard-bearers of the forcible Scotch school of landscape. *MacCallum*, *MacWhirter*, and *James Macbeth*, with whom *John Brett*, the landscape-painter of Cornwall, may be associated, are all gnarled, Northern personalities. Their strong, dark tones stand often beside each other with a little hardness, but they sum up the great glimpses of nature admirably. Their brush has no tenderness, their spirit does not lightly yield to dreaminess, but they stand with both feet firmly planted on the earth, and they clasp reality in a sound and manly fashion with both arms. Their deeply toned pictures, with red wooden houses, darkly painted vessels, veiled skies, and rude fishermen with all their heart in their work, waken strong and intimate emotions. The difference between these Scots and the tentative spirits of the younger generation of the following of Walker and Mason is like that between Rousseau and Dupré as opposed to Chintreuil and Daubigny. The Scotch painters are sombre and virile; they have an accent of depth and truth, and a dark, ascetic harmony of colour. Even as landscape-painters the English love what is delicate in nature, what is refined and

tender, familiar and modest: the blooming apple-trees and the budding birches, the odour of the cowshed and the scent of hay, the chime of sheep-bells and the hum of gnats. They seek no great emotions, but are merely amiable and kindly, and their pictures give one the feeling of standing at the window upon a country excursion, and looking out at the laughing and budding spring. In her novel *North and South* Mrs. Gaskell has given charming expression to the glow of this feeling of having fled from the smoke and dirt of industrial towns to breathe the fresh air and see the sun go down in the prosperous country, where the meadows are fresh and well-kept, and where the flowers are fragrant and the leaves glance in the sunshine. In the pictures of the Scotch artists toiling men are moving busily; for the English, nature merely exists that man may have his pleasure in her. Not only is everything which renders her the prosaic handmaiden of mankind scrupulously avoided, but all abruptnesses of landscape, all the chance incidents of mountain scenery; and, indeed, they are not of frequent occurrence in nature as she is in England. A familiar corner of the country is preferred to wide prospects, and some quiet phase to nature in agitation. Soft; undulating valleys, gently spreading hills conforming to the Hogarthian line of beauty, are especially favoured. And should the rainbow, the biblical symbol of atonement, stand in the sky, the landscape is for English eyes in the zenith of its beauty.

There is *Birket Forster*, one of the first and most energetic followers of Walker—Birket Forster, whose charming woodcuts became known in Germany likewise; *Inchbold*, who with a light hand combines the tender green of the grasses upon the dunes and the bright blue of the sea into a whole pervaded with light and of great refinement; *Leader*, whose bright evening landscapes, and *Corbet*, whose delicate moods of morning, are so beautiful. *Mark Fisher*, who in the matter of tones closely follows the French landscape school, though he remains entirely English in sentiment, has painted with great artistic power the dreamy peace of solitary regions as well as the noisy and busy life of the purlieus of the town. *John White*, in 1882, signalized



[*Brothers photo sc.*

COLIN HUNTER: "THE HERRING MARKET AT SEA."

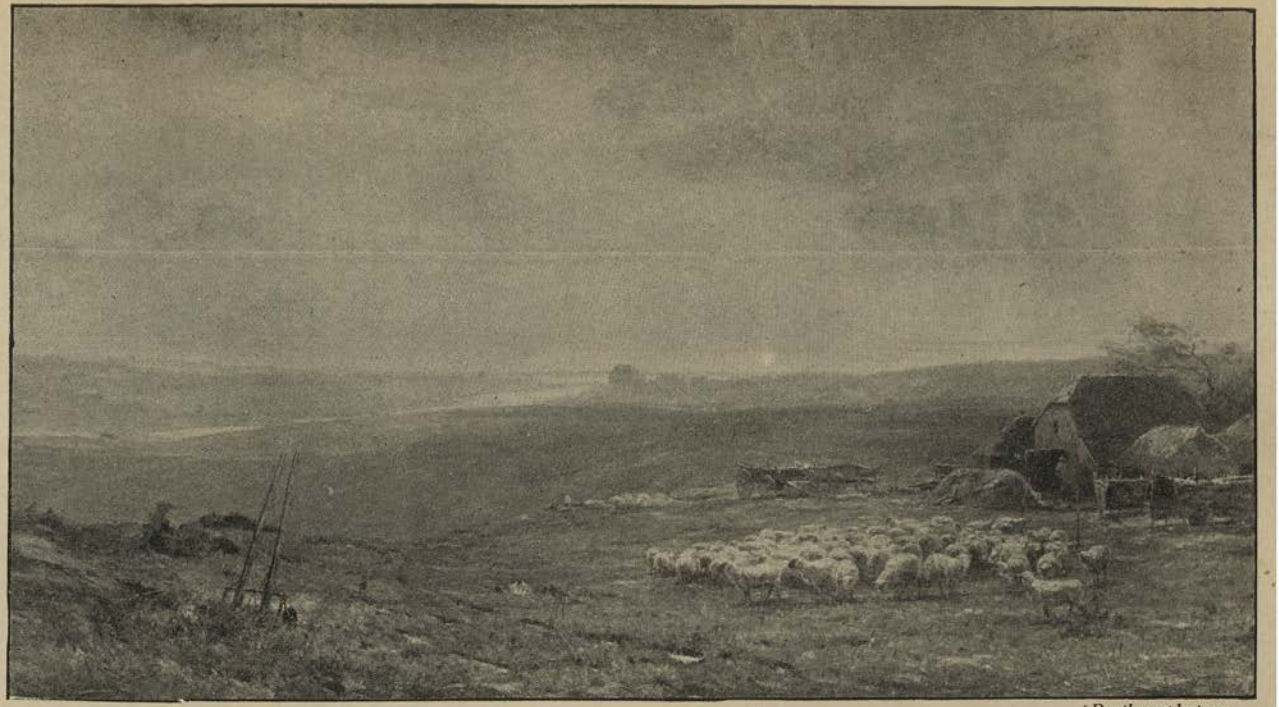
(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.*)

himself with a landscape, "Gold and Silver," which was bathed in light and air. The gold was a waving cornfield threaded by a sandy little yellow path; the silver was the sea glittering and sparkling in the background. Moved by Birket Foster, *Ernest Parton* seeks to combine refinement of tone with incisiveness in the painting of detail. His motives are usually quite simple—a stream and a birch wood in the dusk, a range of poplars stretching dreamily along the side of a ditch. *Marshall* painted gloomy London streets enveloped in mist; *Docharty* blossoming hawthorn bushes and autumn evening with russet-leaved oaks; while *Alfred East* became the painter of spring in all its fragrance, when the meadows are resplendent in their earliest verdure, and the leaves of the trees which have just unfolded stand out against the firmament in light green patches of colour, when the limes are blossoming and the crops begin to sprout. *M. J. Aumonier* appears in the harmony of colouring, and in the softness of his fine, light-hued tones, as the true heir of Walker and Mason. A discreet and intimate sense of poetry pervades his valleys with their veiled and golden light, a fertile odour of the earth streams from his rich meadows, and from all the luxuriant, cultivated, and peacefully idyllic tracts which he has painted so lovingly and so well. *Gregory*, *Knight*, *Alfred Parsons*, *David Fulton*, *A. R. Brown*, and *St. Clair Simmons* have all something personal in their work, a bashful tenderness beneath what is seemingly arid. The study of water-colour would alone claim a chapter for itself. Since water-colour allows of more breadth and unity than oil-painting, it is precisely here that there may be found exceedingly charming and discreet concords, softly chiming tones of delicate blue, greenish, and rosy light, giving the most refined sensations produced by English colouring.

Of course England has a great part to play in the painting of the sea. It is not for nothing that a nation occupies an insular and maritime position, above all with such a sea and upon such coasts, and the English painter knows well how to give an heroic and poetic cast to the weather-beaten features of the sailor. For thirty years *Henry Moore*, the elder brother of Albert Moore, has been the undisputed monarch of this

province of art. Moore began as a landscape-painter. From 1853 to 1857 he painted the glistening cliffs and secluded nooks of Cumberland, and then the green valleys of Switzerland flooded with the summer air and the clear morning light—quiet scenes of rustic life, the toil of the wood-cutter and the haymaker, somewhat as Julien Dupré handles such matters at the present time in Paris. From 1858 he began his conquest of the sea, and in the succeeding interval he has painted it in all the phases of its changing life,—at times in grey and sombre morning, at other times when the sun stands high; at times in quietude, at other times when the wind sweeps heavily across the waves, when the storm rises or subsides, when the sky is clouded or when it brightens. It is a joy to follow him in all quarters of the world, to see how he constantly studies the waves of every zone on fair or stormy days, amid the clearness and brilliancy of the mirror of the sea, as amid the strife of the elements; as a painter he is, at the same time, always a student of nature, and treats the sea as though he had to paint its portrait. In the presence of his sea-pieces one has the impression of a window opening suddenly upon the ocean. Henry Moore measures the boundless expanse quite calmly, like a captain calculating the chances of being able to make a crossing. Nowhere else does there live any painter who regards the sea so much with the eyes of a sailor, and who combines such eminent qualities with this objective and cool, attentive observation, which seems to behold in the sea merely its navigable capacity.

The painter of the river-port of London and the arm of the Thames is *William L. Wyllie*, whose pictures unite so much bizarre grandeur with so much precision. One knows the port life of the Thames, with its accumulation of work, which has not its like upon the whole planet. Everything is colossal. From Greenwich up to London both sides of the river are a continuous quay: everywhere there are goods being piled, sacks being raised on pulleys, ships being laid at anchor; everywhere are fresh storehouses for copper, beer, sails, tar, and chemicals. The river is a mile broad and is like a street populated with ships,



[*Brothers photo sc.*

AUMONIER : "THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

[*Brothers photo sc.*

HENRY MOORE: "MOUNTS BAY."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

a workshop winding again and again. The steamers and sailing vessels move up and down stream, or lie in masses, close beside one another, at anchor. Upon the bank the docks lie athwart like so many streets of water, sending out ships or taking them in. The ranks of masts and the slender rigging form a spider's web spreading across the whole horizon; and a vaporous haze, penetrated by the sun, envelops it with a reddish veil. Every dock is like a town, filled with huge vats and populated with a swarm of human beings, that moves hither and thither amid fluttering shadows. This vast panorama, veiled with smoke and mist, only now and then broken by a ray of sunlight, is the theme of Wyllie's pictures. Even as a child he ran about in the port of London, clambered on to the ships, noted the play of the waves, and wandered about the docks, and so he painted his pictures afterwards with all the technical knowledge of a sailor. There is no one who knows so well how ships stand in the water; no one has such an understanding of their details: the heavy sailing-vessels and the great steamers, which lie in the brown water of the port like mighty monsters, the sailors and the movements of the dock labourers, the dizzy tide of men, the confusion of cabs and drays upon the bridges spanning the

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LUKE FILDES: "VENETIAN WOMEN."
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arm of the Thames; only Vollon in Paris is to be compared with him as painter of a river-port.

Apart from him, *Clara Montalba* specially has painted the London port in delicate water-colours. Yet she is almost more at home in Venice, the Venice of Francesco Guardi, with its magic gleam, its canals, regattas, and palaces, the Oriental and dazzling splendour of San Marco, the austere grace of San Giorgio Maggiore, the spirited and fantastic *décadence* of Santa Maria della Salute. Elsewhere English water-colour often enters into a fruitless rivalry with oil-painting, but Clara Montalba cleaves to the old form which in other days under Bonington, David Cox, and Turner was the chief glory of the English school. She throws lightly upon paper notes and effects which have struck her, and the memory of which she wishes to retain.

For the English painters of the day, so far as they do not remain in the country, Venice has become what the East was for the earlier generations. They no longer study the romantic Venice which Turner painted and Byron sang in *Childe Harold*, they do not paint the noble beauty of Venetian architecture or its canals glowing in the sun, but the Venice of the day, with its narrow alleys and pretty girls, Venice with its marvellous effects of light and the picturesque figures of its streets. Nor are they at pains to discover "ideal" traits in the character of the Italian people. They paint true, everyday scenes from popular

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STANHOPE FORBES: "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.*)

life, but these are glorified by the magic of light. After Zezzos, Ludwig Passini, Cecil van Haanen, Tito, and Eugene Blaas, the Englishmen Luke Fildes, W. Logsdail, and Henry Woods are the most skilful painters of Venetian street scenes. In the pictures of *Luke Fildes* and *W. Logsdail* there are usually to be seen in the foreground beautiful women, painted full-size, washing linen in the canal or seated knitting at the house door; the heads are bright and animated, the colours almost glaringly vivid. *Henry Woods*, the brother-in-law of Luke Fildes, rather followed the paths prescribed by Favretto in such pictures as "Venetian Trade in the Streets," "The Sale of an Old Master," "Preparation for the First Communion," "Back from the Rialto," and the like; of all the English he has carried out the study of bright daylight most consistently. The little glass house which he built in 1879 at the back of the Palazzo Vendramin became the model of all the glass studios now disseminated over the city of the lagunes.

And these labours in Venice contributed in no unessential manner to lead English painting, in general, away from its one-sided æsthetics and rather more into the mud of the streets, causing it to break with its finely accorded tones, and bringing it to a more earnest study of light. Beside his idealized

Venetian women, Luke Fildes also painted large pictures from the life of the English people, such as "The Return of the Lost One," "The Widower," and the like, which struck tones more earnest than English painting does elsewhere; and in his picture of 1878, "The Poor of London," he even recalled certain sketches which Gavarni drew during his rambles through the poverty-stricken quarter of London. The poor starving figures in this work were rendered quite realistically and without embellishment; the general tone was a greenish grey, making a forcible change from the customary light blue of English pictures. *Dudley Hardy's* huge picture "Homeless," where a crowd of human beings are sleeping at night in the open air at the foot of a monument in London, and *Jacomb Hood's* plain scenes from London street life, are other works which in recent years were striking from having a character rather French than English. *Stott of Oldham* listens in rapture to the symphonic harmonies of the great magician Whistler, and by his pretty pictures of the dunes with children playing, powerful portraits, and delicate, vaporous moonlight landscapes he has won many admirers on the Continent also. *Stanhope Forbes* painted "A Philharmonic Society in the Country," a representation of an auction, and scenes from the career of the Salvation Army, in which he restrained himself from all subordinate ideas of a poetic turn, and approached the Danes by the *bonhomie* of his method of observation. In English art these are the few painters *par excellence*, the solitary artists who aim more in the French sense at the naturalistic transcript of a fragment of reality, and combine with it a more direct study of light than is elsewhere usual in the English school.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BELGIUM

As David swayed over Belgian painting from 1800 *to* 1830, *and Delaroche from* 1830 *to* 1850, *Courbet swayed over it from* 1850 *to* 1870.—*Charles de Groux, Henri de Braekeleer, Constantin Meunier, Charles Verlat, Louis Dubois, Jan Stobbaerts, Leopold Speekaert, Alfred Stevens, De Jonghe, Baugniet, the brothers Verhas, Charles Hermans.—The landscape-painters first go upon the lines of the Fontainebleau artists and the Impressionists.—Sketch of the history of Belgian landscape-painting.—Van Assche, Verstappen, Marneffe, Lauters, Jacob-Jacobs, Kindermans, Fourmois, Schampheleer, Roelofs, Lamorinière, De Knyff.—Hippolyte Boulenger and the Société Libre des Beaux-Arts.—Théodore Baron, Jacques Rosseels, Joseph Heymans, Coosemans, Asselbergs, Verstraete, Frans Courtens.—The painters of animals: Verboeckhoven, Alfred Verwee, Parmentier, De Greef, Leemputten, Léon Massaux, Marie Collaert.—The painters of the sea: Clays, A. Bouvier, Leemans, A. Baertsoen, Louis Artan.—The portrait-painters: Émile Wauters, Liévin de Winne, Agneesens, Lambrichs.—General characteristic of Belgian painting.*

BELGIAN painting differs from English as a fat Flemish matron from an ethereal young lady. In England refuge is taken in grace and poetry, objects are divested of their earthy heaviness, everything is subtile and mysterious and of a melancholy tenderness; even the painting of peasants is a bucolical art, which only breathes the spirit of rustic life without having any of its rude materiality. Painters wander through nature like sensitive poets, finding flowers everywhere, and it is pleasant to breathe the perfume of the charming bouquets into which they have the secret of binding them with so much skill. But the Belgians are true Flemish masters, exceedingly material, not in the least refined, and sacrificing nothing to grace. They go their way like animals at the plough, without growing weary,

but without any traces of poetry; they are exclusively interested in reality—in poor folks and in rich and prosperous interiors, in scenes from peasant life and from the streets, in fat, heavy women, land and sea, in everything that has life, colour, and character. A somewhat material weight and a prosaic sincerity, an unctuous Flemish health, is expressed in everything. It is as if Jacob Jordaens were again upon his walks in Flanders.

This revolution of Belgian painting dates from 1850. As David was at the head of Belgian painting from 1800, and Delaroche from 1830, Courbet swayed over it from 1850 to 1870. The historical picture, along with everything mythological and religious, allegorical and fantastic, was forsaken. The rosy insipidity, the conventional, blooming pallet-tone of Wappers and Gallait made way for a ruthless truth of colouring. Courbet, who himself descended from Jacob Jordaens, helped the Belgians to become conscious of their old Flemish stock once more. When his "Stonebreakers" was exhibited in Brussels in 1852, it was at first greeted with the same cry of indignation by which it had been received in France. But this howl of indignation did not hinder Courbet's realism from triumphing a few years afterwards with De Groux, who reflected it in a species of brutal sentimentalism.

Charles de Groux is a remarkable artist. Hendrik Leys had already painted poverty. Yet he did not see it in the reality, but only in old pictures. The wealthy and refined painter had a long way to go from his own princely mansion to the narrow alleys of old Antwerp where these modern dramas were played. Charles de Groux himself passed an indigent life in an out-of-the-way quarter, always surrounded by the pallid and famished faces of the poor. A deep compassion led him to the world of the miserable and heavy-laden. He transferred to them the melancholy from which he suffered himself, lived their life with them, and his heart bled when he saw them suffer. Artist and man were identical with each other in him. He became the painter of the unfortunate because he was himself a poor, unfortunate, and hard-featured man; it was

through the same necessity of nature by which handsome and fortunate artists have been the poets of laughter and grace in every age. He mingles with his painting neither sarcasm nor complaints, but simply paints the reality as he feels it, with his whole heart, though without dogmatizing or preaching as a social democrat. The strife between labour and capital does not affect him; he does not trouble himself about the relation between workmen and employers; he never utters the war-cry of the popular tribune, like Eugène de Block. In a real and earnest spirit he introduced the democracy into art, and gave it that baptismal certificate which it received in France through Courbet. In other respects he does not resemble the Frenchman. Courbet was a robust painter with a broad *bravura*, an artist who harmonized everything in the brown tones of the Bolognese. De Groux seems meagre and tortured beside him; shrill tones break through the sooty harmony of his pictures. Courbet regarded humanity with a broad and healthy Rabelaisian laugh, whereas poor De Groux, who suffered himself and was weak and sickly, has always introduced into his dramas the profound sentiment of death. In Courbet there are healthy human beings standing out in all their rusticity, while in De Groux there are spare figures with hollow cheeks and weak lungs, consumptive beings who in their very birth have already fallen the victims of mortality. This preference for disease, unsightliness, and human decay gives a terrible uniformity to the works of De Groux. His pictures are disconsolate and cheerless. The leaden gloom of rainy weather, the melancholy of low houses with their roofs buried under dirty snow, and the heavy atmosphere of sad autumnal days are what he most loves. In his pictures one does not see the spring, nor song-birds, nor sportive butterflies; scarcely does a strip of green enliven the sooty uniformity of his colouring, which is as gloomy as the life of the poor. Mournful reality sways over everything in his work. It is like a hospital filled with sick people, pre-ordained in their cradles to a famished and shivering existence. As mercilessly as a surgeon operating upon a diseased limb has De Groux drawn

DE GROUX: "THE DEATHBED."

his art from the hospital, and it is often brutal where he touches the deepest sores of modern civilization. His ideal never goes beyond the threshold of cellars and attics. There are in his pictures nothing but poor, broken furniture, stitched rags, and pale faces, where famine and toil have early left their traces. He paints the sorrows and the wretchedness of the artisan, the utter degeneration of men in need of light and air, with a terrible sincerity known to none before him. Even Tassaert, the Béranger of the garret, only depicted little grisettes destroying themselves by the fumes of charcoal with a pallid smile upon their lips. He never displayed the barren nudity of the attic where old men die of starvation beneath their filthy bedclothes. A thoroughly French grace softened the mournfulness of his works. De Groux went to the bitter end; he painted *l'assommoir* before it was made a subject for fiction: the drunkard reeling heavily to his house, ruined men lingering

DE GROUX: "GRACE BEFORE MEAT."

over the brandy-glass in grimy taverns, and, as a lugubrious reverse to the picture, shivering children crouching cold and hungry in a fireless room, pale women who have cried their eyes out sewing in the dingy light penetrating through dirty windows, and broken old cradles where little children are lying dead. Even where he touches a softer note he recognizes only the regularity of toil or the bitter distress of life: poor women darning upon a gloomy afternoon the torn clothes of their husbands or their children, beggars who stand shivering at the street corner, the half-frozen poor passing with a faint heart by the brasier of a man selling coffee, vagabonds drawing a brandy-flask from their pockets at the street corner, little children slinking pale and bare-footed over the rough stones, mothers praying for a dying baby. De Groux knew what a close bond unites the outcasts of society with religion, and therefore he sometimes represented—and it is the only variation in his work—the priest at the altar amid the smoke of the candles, or upon the high-road bearing the last consolation to the dying. He painted the poor as if he had lived amongst them himself, and shared their want, their renunciation, and their superstition; and the priest and religious worship he painted like a man of the humble class who himself believed in them.

Charles de Groux left no school behind him, but the

principle of his art survived. A heightened feeling for reality came into the Belgian school with him, and determined its further development. Painters looked no longer backwards but around them, as did their great predecessors in the seventeenth century. And by painting the men who lived about them, as these older masters had done, they revelled once more in the warm juicy colour which was characteristic of Flemish painting in the days of Jordaens.

Henri de Braekeleer, nephew of Leys and son of Ferdinand de Braekeleer, whose *genre* pictures had such a great reputation sixty years ago, became the Belgian Pieter de Hoogh of the nineteenth century. To some extent he closed the tradition of Leys, and clothed his efforts with a rational and definite formula. Leys, who did not stand independent of the old masters, painted the people of Antwerp who lived in their time; Henri de Braekeleer painted those whom he saw himself. Like all towns which have a past, Antwerp falls into two sharply divided districts. One of these is formed by the new town, with its straight and broad streets and stone mansions, through the high windows of which a clear grey light falls upon fine and comfortable apartments; the other is formed by the old quarter of the town, with its dingy little houses, its picturesque courts, its tortuous alleys illuminated only by a scanty strip of grey sky, and its old Flemish population, who live now exactly as their forefathers two hundred years ago. A painter, brought up in the school of Leys, and, like him, paying honour to the old Dutch colourists, would necessarily feel himself drawn towards these old nooks, with beams of light stealing into sequestered chambers through little windows and playing upon brightly polished pewter and copper vessels. Here it was still possible to revel in the Dutch clare-obscure, and that was what De Braekeleer did. He did not paint the noisy life of the streets of Antwerp, the heavy tread of the horses dragging wains laden high over the rough pavement, nor the smoke and steam of flues and manufactories. But he painted the quiet and loneliness of a sleeping town, the red roofs of little houses bathed dreamily in the dull light of the sky, little courts where

old people sat and sunned themselves upon a bench. He painted men who were vegetating—men whose life flowed by with a somnolent monotony, or men in the regular business of their calling: cordwainers, tailors, and shoemakers, old men reading or geographers bending over their maps, meagre gardens with sooty flowers and dim interiors with little leaded windows. He is himself described as a quiet, dreamy man, and he felt himself as much at home amid these quiet people and quiet houses as Groux did amongst the poor. In the matter of technique he soon deserted the old German lines of Leys, approaching all the nearer to Van der Meer of Delft and Pieter de Hoogh. De Hoogh gave him the warm red general tone; in that painter he saw the sunbeams glancing sportively over table-covers, boards, chests, and copper vessels, the light which from a brighter opening at the side penetrates a dark ante-chamber like a golden column of dust. From De Hoogh he learnt to seize boldly many charming problems of light, solving them with the refinement of an old Dutch master. Claus Meyer is, more or less, his parallel in Germany.

After Charles de Groux had painted the poor and Henri de Braekeleer the people of Antwerp, *Constantin Meunier* went into the forges and represented great virile bodies, naked to the waist, in heroic attitudes. Meunier lives in the little town of Louvain, the capital of the Belgian colliery district. From his studio he looks over a wide, black country, like a huge, solitary block of coal—a terrible battle-field for industry. All the air is darkened with smoke; the plain is covered with chimneys, high as obelisks, and long rows of lofty buildings of red, monotonous brick stand there like busy beehives. Glowing blast furnaces flare through the fog—those iron-foundries where the machines of the kingdom are formed, rollers and fly-wheels, the pillars of bridges and the axles of steam-engines. Workmen—a species of peaceable giants—bestir themselves at the iron hammer with red glowing shafts. Meunier himself joined in this battle at the side of the artisan. At first a sculptor, he applied the gloomy naturalism of Zola's *Germinal* to plastic art. As a painter he is convincing and austere, a little brutal indeed, but sincere and

MEUNIER: "THE PEASANTS' REBELLION."

simple. His landscapes reek of coal and iron, and his pit-men are terrible, sooty figures, bearing the stamp of great truthfulness, whether they stare into the fire of the blast furnace with a dull gaze, or rest brooding gloomily, tired out with their work. At times, too, he exhibits scenes of martyrdom which are Belgian counterparts to those painted in France by Ribot under the influence of the Spanish naturalists. In place of the boudoir saints of the earlier generation one sees nude figures which have been marvellously painted, half-mouldered corpses with sanguinary wounds. A smack of the butcher's shop was introduced into Flemish art by Meunier's pictures.

On account of this attempt to place religious painting upon a realistic basis, *Charles Verlat* ought not to be passed over. During a residence in Palestine he had prepared numerous figure and landscape studies, which he put together in religious pictures after his return. The result was a trivial though massive realism, as it is in most of the biblical Eastern painters, but in Verlat it has the more crude effect as he had no eye

for landscape whatever. Everything is petrified, the persons, the air, and the light. He did nothing for the progress of religious painting, but his primitive realism was so far stimulating that it enabled him to put an end to conventional sacred painting in Belgium; and by a fresher study of nature he attached himself to the general movement. By his Eastern pictures, as well as his landscapes and animals, many a younger artist had his eyes opened for the life of nature.

Louis Dubois is, perhaps, the most exuberant in power of all this group influenced by Courbet. His first broad and juicily painted likenesses recall old Pourbus. Later he turned, with the large *bravura* and oily red-brown method of painting characteristic of Courbet, to the figure-picture, still-life, and landscape. When he painted nude women they were exuberant in health and strength. He delighted in fat shoulders and sinewy necks, the gleam of the skin under lamplight, the coats of roes and hares, the iridescent glitter of carp and cod; in fact he was a robust workman like Gustave Courbet, and clasped matter in all its unctuous and luxuriant health with a voluptuous satisfaction.

Equally full-blooded, *Jan Stobbaerts* painted artisan pictures, landscapes, and still-life in dark-brown studio tones, and with brutal force. He peculiarly sought out subjects of a repellent triviality: cowhouses in warm yellow-greenish light alternate with dark and dirty interiors, kitchens where decaying vegetables are strewn about with barbers' rooms where old men are being shaved. Jan Stobbaerts, in fact, is an unwieldy Flemish bear, robust, of a healthy human understanding and colossal hideousness.

At the time when he began to paint in Antwerp, an artist made his appearance in Brussels who was not quite so exuberant in power, but also had a virile and energetic talent—*Leopola Speekaert.* His first picture, in 1860, was a nymph taken by surprise, a healthy piece of naked flesh, painted with that broad and robust technique by which Courbet's nude women impressed the Belgians. After that he also turned to the painting of the poor, depicting beggars, drunkards, women of the people—pictures

from which later generations will receive a terrifying representation of Brussels in the sixties.

Alfred Stevens, who also began with beggarwomen and vagabonds, introduced a certain nervous restlessness—even if it was not profound—into Flemish healthiness. Women, seas and flowers, silk and satin, everything rich in *nuances* and rendering delicate reflections possible, busied his dexterous brush. His pictures are at once refined and solid, graceful and strong, healthy and yet full of nervous vibration, Flemish and Parisian. It almost seems, indeed, as though they were too Flemish to count as true representations of the *Parisienne*. Stevens is now nearly sixty-eight years of age, and looks like the retired colonel of a cavalry regiment. Even the rude blows of fate have failed to bow his broad-shouldered and gigantic frame with its massive back and great muscular hands. And these muscular hands have given something of their own strength to the tender lines of *Parisiennes*, and made such beings healthier and more full-blooded than they really are. The heaviness of Jordaens lies in his blood. Like all these Flemish artists, he is a painter of still-life. His pretty women, who are bathing or regarding bouquets, Japanese masques and statuettes, in an attitude which permits the spectator to study their rich toilettes and their tasteful household surroundings, seem themselves like puppets set amid these knickknacks. The capacity for grasping the atmosphere of life in its quivering movement, the poetry of what is psychical, evaporated from this art.

The successes of Stevens led De Jonghe, Baugniet, and the brothers Verhas into the same course. Beneath the hands of *De Jonghe* the *Parisienne* becomes a tender, languishing being, stretching at full length upon a soft velvet sofa. He, too, knows nothing of passion and spiritual life. All the interest lies in the coquetry of the toilette, which, however, is always confined within the limits of conventional decency. All De Jonghe's women look as innocent as if they had just left a boarding-school. They sit over their work-basket or have a novel resting upon their knees. A slight fit of sulks or an impatient expectancy is the only thing that, now and then, disturbs the sunny clearness

VERHAS: "THE SCHOOLGIRLS' REVIEW."

of their foreheads. *Baugniet* and the brothers *Jan* and *Frans Verhas* opened the gate upon the world of childhood in painting their women, and thus the part played by women became different. The modern Eve of Stevens and the beautiful, indifferent being of De Jonghe were transformed into quiet and happy mothers, blissfully watching the little one playing upon their lap. Frans and Jan Verhas have painted a whole series of such family scenes, in which the fresh ring of children's voices may be heard. They are the first Belgians who have seized the grace of well-bred children with a fine comprehension. A mixture of English graciousness and Parisian refinement underlies their pictures.

Charles Hermans brought art into the streets. His great picture of 1875, "In the Dawn," was certainly by no means a delicate work, and it has an old-fashioned look in the Musée Moderne of Brussels. A profligate is reeling from a fashionable restaurant with his hat set far back on his head and a smart-looking girl upon each arm, whilst workpeople, who are just setting forth to their day's toil, are passing down the street. There was a trace of Hogarth in this forced opposition between vice and virtue, pleasure and duty, luxury and poverty. There was a far-fetched, vulgar antithesis, suggestive of *genre*, in this

division of the picture into two groups: on the one side creatures of pleasure, a *frou-frou* of silken clothes and a loud tipsy cry; upon the other artisans, earnest and melancholy, with the resigned mien of martyrs. And for the painter himself the above work was the only lucky hit. Even his "Conscripts" of 1878 and the "Masked Ball" of 1880 did not achieve anything like the same success, and later he only painted smaller pictures of women in the style of Alfred Stevens, which are not far removed from what is now produced in Paris of the same description. Nevertheless Hermans' "In the Dawn" gives a date in the history of Belgian painting. It was in Belgium the first modern picture with life-size figures, the first representing a street scene upon the scale of an historical picture, and it communicated to the Belgians the principles of Manet's view of colour.

All those elder painters who gathered round Dubois and Braekeleer were rich, oily, and Flemish, or else quiet, phlegmatic, and Dutch. They all loved sauce, the dark-brown backgrounds, the brown flesh-tint and red shadows. In the history of Belgian painting they occupy a position similar to that of Courbet and Ribot in French. When Hermans exhibited his picture in the middle of the seventies, Belgian art issued from this Courbet phase, and, like the French, sacrificed warm, bituminous tones to a painting which set the exact study of tone values in the first place. And here also the revolution was begun by the landscape-painters. By their unbroken intercourse with nature they first remarked how little this unctuous fashion of painting after the manner of Courbet was really adapted for grasping the bloom and tenderness of the physical world.

The gradual development of this landscape-painting, in which Belgian art so far shows its chief power, dates from 1830. At that time Ruysdael had been first discovered. Artists were in a melancholy frame of mind, and produced a mass of waterfalls and rocks, and Alpine views and cascades, the elegiac mournfulness of which belonged to the past as much as did their bad colouring. *Van Assche*, *Verstappen*, and *Marneffe* had a preference for the "sublime"—that is to say, for the exact opposite

of the simple districts which they saw around them. Frequent journeys to Italy had created in them a sickly enthusiasm for large, imposing lines. It was only after the forties that painters made a gradual return to Belgium, and no longer toiled to seek at a distance after materials for the preparation of artificially composed stage-scenes. Landscape then became as accurate a rendering as was possible of the woods and waters of their native land, though it needed yet another generation to reach the simplicity and refinement of modern feeling for nature. The panoramic prospects from the Ardennes of *De Jonghe*, the ruins of *Lauters*, and the lakes and fjords of *Jacob-Jacobs* are a parallel to that arid painting of views from mountain districts which was carried on in Germany by Kameke, old Count Kalkreuth, and others.

Kindermans, who made his first appearance in the Salon of 1854, indicated an advance beyond this prosaic or falsely tempered sobriety. He painted wide green meadows with an elevated horizon, isolated groups of trees, windmills, and the little huts of peasants. As yet he did not love nature in all her revelations, but only when the season was beautiful and gave an opportunity for artistic compositions. Nevertheless he forgot the town and the studio, lived amid the Walloon hills, heard the leaves rustle and the wind sigh, and was filled with the consciousness of nature. A moist air began to blow through landscapes, and announced, although diffidently, the progress which was made by the next generation.

Fourmois, who laboured at the same time, painted, like Hobbema, large and fine groups of trees, behind which a windmill or a peasant's cottage may be seen emerging, and little footpaths leading to the skirts of a forest. He stood upon the shoulders of the old Dutchman, had no delicate eye for the subtilties of atmosphere, never yielded to dreaminess, and yet he was a good worker and a forcible painter.

For his representations of Belgian flat landscape *Edmond de Schampheleer* became well known. Having lived a long time in Munich during the fifties, he enjoyed a special fame in Germany also. From 1856 the chief elements of his pictures, which have

been felt in a fresh and healthy if also in an uninteresting manner, are meadows covered with luxuriant grass or fields overgrown with waving grain, straight canals, where the water is smooth and quiet like a mirror, or still streams bounded by low banks and ruffled by the wind that brings the rain; alleys of willow, isolated strips of wood, windmills, church spires, or the chimneys of manufactories here and there rise above these plains, the broad pastures are animated by majestic cattle grazing over them, and a dull sky, covered by grey rain-clouds, rests over all. *Roelofs*, a Dutchman living in Brussels, made an attentive study of the play of light upon the lush Flemish meadows. *Lamorinière* made an appearance with his tall tree-stems, carefully and smoothly painted. He had a pious veneration for nature, and believed that he could compass her most readily by a petty stippling, through which he painted every strip of bark with exactness—a process which certainly would not fail in its effect, if the forest really made the impression that it was the first and most necessary duty of the beholder to verify the number of trees which it possessed at the given moment, counting one there, and there another, and there a third. Artists were still diffident and timid in the presence of mighty nature; painting had a leaning towards what was petty, pretty, and pleasing, a strained poetry made up of artificially harmonized tones. *Alfred de Knyff*, trained in the school of Rousseau, Dupré, Paul Huet, and Cabat, seems to have first brought the genuine programme of the masters of Fontainebleau into Belgium, and the Belgian critics shook their heads over him in disapprobation because he painted "green," as the French critics had done over Rousseau. In the succeeding years, however, the conscientious landscape of the studio gave way, more and more, to the fresh picture from nature. The miracles of light and atmosphere became in Belgium likewise the object of principal study to the landscape-painters.

In the history of art *Hippolyte Boulenger* is to be honoured as the Belgian Corot. He also had served in the ranks, and been a painter of household decoration before he devoted himself to landscape. He lived in those days in an attic immediately

below the roof; every morning when he rose, and every evening when he returned home, he looked straight into the sky. He noted with curiosity the earliest rays of the sun which streamed into his room, and observed the last quivering of the evening light. In this way there were born in him thoughts and emotions to which he felt the need of giving pictorial expression. Being too poor, he was unable to go to the Academy, and was forced to content himself with selling, when he could, one of the copies of the old masters which he made in the Brussels Museum. But one Sunday morning the sunbeams glanced in his attic in a manner which was too enticing. He seized his canvas and his brush and went into the town, took the old coach-road fringed with great limes, and passed by the meadows, cultivated fields, and woodlands until he came to the field of Waterloo. In an old village inn behind the Bois de la Cambre he took lodgings, and from that moment he found his true calling. He began to study light, different as it is at every hour of the day, and shedding different *nuances* of colour upon the green of the leaves, the grey of the earth, and the blue of the sky—apparently capricious in its workings, yet obedient to a logical regularity of action. He sought to fathom the mystery of the eternal changes of light, to trace, as it were, the hourly course of the sunbeams. Millet, the mighty herald of the great Pan, was at that time his ideal. He, too, wished to paint man and the soil, and to devote himself, like Millet, to the worship of old Cybele. So he soon left the Bois de la Cambre, which was already becoming something too much of a park, and beginning to resemble the Bois de Boulogne; first he went to Ruysbroeck, the Dachau of Brussels, and then to Anderghem, on the road to Tervueren. Tervueren was his last halting-place, and through him it has become the cradle of Belgian landscape-painting. All the day long he roamed about in the wood, and sat of an evening with the peasants in the smoky tavern.

The Brussels Salon of 1863 contained his first picture, that of 1866 was the birthplace of his celebrity, and from 1866 to 1873 one masterpiece followed the other. Tervueren became his Barbizon. Here he busied himself, and was never weary

of painting the silence of the wood, the clear light resting upon the rich meadows of Brabant, and the fine rain falling upon the thirsty cornfields. No one before him had shown so much power in painting the monotony of the heath, with the dull grey wintry clouds lowering above it; no one had hearkened with more attention to the wind moaning its complaint amid the melancholy thickets of the forest. These pictures directly recall Millet with their broad surfaces and the great and boldly simplified outline of the Flemish peasant standing out so gravely against the evening sky. But after no long time Boulenger's manner underwent a transformation, and when "The View of Bastière" appeared in the Brussels Salon of 1870, this Millet reeking of the earth had acquired the sentiment of Elysium like a Corot. A rainbow softly spans the sky; a thin, drizzling rain comes dripping down, changed into fluid gold by the rays of the sun. Rosy as mystical flowers stand the clouds in the sky, and below they are reflected in the azure of the ocean. What was at first heavy, hard, and material became more and more delicate and refined. A golden bloom lies glittering in the latest pictures of Boulenger. Now he sought only the most judicious harmonies, only a veiled clarity of tones. He fluttered more boldly around the light, as if with a presentiment that he would soon see it no more. And he was but seven-and-thirty when he died in Brussels in the July of 1874. His death was the greatest blow to Belgian painting. But, short as his life was, he left behind him traces not to be forgotten. Not "the school of Tervueren" alone, that forcible *École en plein vent*, but all the newest art in Belgium may be traced to him who was so suddenly smitten by death. The Flemish heaviness, the intelligent practice of the studio, made way for a delicate system of observation, calculated to meet particular cases, a system which endeavoured to note with fine exactness the impressions made by the season and the hour.

At the suggestion of Boulenger, a circle of artists was formed in 1868, the Société Libre des Beaux-Arts, which gradually came to include all the young Belgians of talent. The most notable French and Dutch artists—Corot, Millet, Daumier,

Courbet, Daubigny, Alfred Stevens, Bonvin, Willem Maris, and others—accepted honorary membership. In 1870 the first exhibition of the society was arranged; in 1871 was founded the journal *Art Libre*, where the young painters themselves defended their ideas with the pen: they wanted to paint nature as they saw it, with all possible renunciation of arrangement and forced system. They wanted to study the relations of tone values, and to look rather to the rightness than to the brilliancy of colour. Manet and the Fontainebleau masters had shown the way which Belgian painting had to follow. And before long the doors of museums and private galleries were thrown open to admit their works, as a short time before they had been opened to the Parisian *Indépendants*.

Of them all *Théodore Baron* had most the stuff in him to replace Boulenger, who had died so young. He introduced a grave and sombre note into Belgian landscape. His woodlands dream beneath a heavy and rainy sky, withered autumn leaves whirl around, frost and rime cover the ground. The localities themselves are usually very simple: a strip of heath, a patch of field, a straight road, a boulder of cliff beneath a sad sky; no more than these are needed to create an impression of great loneliness, an earnest and austere phase of thought. For Baron there was no mild lisping breeze, no fresh budding spring and brooding summer. Cold winter, the melancholy of gloomy November days, and the earth in widow's weeds were what most attracted him. He discovered such moods of nature in the Ardennes. The heath of Coudroy, the steep banks of the Meuse, little mountain villages upon parched moorland, he likewise took delight in painting. But most of all he loved the Walloon soil—not its wide plains and far horizons, but its deep valleys and the gnarled lines of isolated trees, rising ghostlike from a lonely heath. As Boulenger might be compared with Corot, Baron might be compared with Rousseau. His method is broad, solid, robust, and sound. He has none of the fragrant grace of Boulenger; he does not seek after tender moods of light, but, like Rousseau, loves cold day, builds up his landscape in a geological fashion, and would give a sense of the structure and

stratification of the earth; and finally he went aground upon the same reef on which Rousseau foundered. He went into particularities more and more. He wished to render everything plastically in its full bodily shape, the levels of the earth as well as the clouds and the leaves. And thus his pictures received an appearance of something laboured and built up. In his effort to catch the common tone of day with all possible fidelity he fell into a hard and cold grey. Like Rousseau, Baron was, in truth, a spirit ever searching and never contented. His art is the very opposite to what is facile, spirited, and ready in improvization. It has something heavy, severe, and tough, a Flemish honesty and a rich odour of the earth.

Jacques Rosseels, who had great influence as a teacher, worked upon the same principles, although a brighter and paler light is diffused over the sky of his landscapes. His art is freer and more cheerful, his colouring softer and more flattering. The red roofs, green meadows, and rich yellow Flemish cornfields have a blither note. Great plains, with little villages and clattering windmills, he had also a joy in painting; and his works would have a yet more cordial effect had he not, like his predecessors of the seventeenth century, had such a love for the great scale of size.

To Boulenger, the Belgian Corot, and Baron, the Belgian Rousseau, *Joseph Heymans* must be added as the Belgian Millet, and his first appearance was likewise made in the year 1860. His field of observation is the whole Flemish land. Besides the sandy dunes and broad cultivated fields, he painted the forests, meadows, and slumbering pools, the heath, the long straight avenues, horizons stretching into boundless space, and tiny footpaths leading through idyllic woodlands. He loves light though he also paints dark thunderclouds, dusk shed over the fields, and night wrapping everything in its mystical veil. And with him nature is ever the seat of human toil. Like Millet, he places in his landscapes the rustic moving behind his plough, weeding, mowing, or striding across the field scattering seed with a grandeur of movement; the day-labourer going to his work in the early morning with a heavy tread; the shepherd in his blue

cloak standing motionless beside his grazing flocks. Like Millet, too, he has a fine feeling for quiet, rhythmical movement. The ploughman, the shepherd, the sower, have in his pictures also something gravely sacerdotal in their large gestures. The silence of the heath in the heart of the night, with the great figure of the shepherd leaning on his staff and the white sheep melting into the darkness, he has rendered entirely in Millet's spirit. It is only the softness and the aerial appearance of Millet's pastels that he has not reached. His solid, pasty handling deprived objects of lightness. His water has a congealed look, and his leaves hang motionless upon the boughs. In the presence of his pictures one receives the notion of a region where no wind can ever blow and no bird dwell. His sincere and serious art was unable to arrest the tremor of life, the heart-beat of nature.

Contemporaneously with Boulenger, *Coosemans* and *Asselbergs* settled in the forest of Tervueren, whence they often turned their gaze towards Fontainebleau. *Jules Goethals*, who appeared somewhat later, in 1866, with his phases of rainy weather, inclines rather to the minute painting of De la Berge; he regarded landscape with the eyes of a primitive artist, seeking to render trees, fields, and blades of grass in all their details.

As in Fontainebleau, animal painting came to flourish hand-in-hand with landscape, though, until 1860, it, too, had stood upon a very modest level. The respectable and inexhaustible *Verboeckhoven* at that time enjoyed especial celebrity, although his animals had only a distant resemblance to those of real life. They were always in an elegiac frame of mind, and seemed, in their melancholy, like fallen angels, to have remembrance of a better and more human condition, and still to preserve, even as animals, a decent behaviour and cleanliness. His little lambs were always as pretty as the Lamb of God, and beneath their broad foreheads his oxen revolved profound philosophical ideas. Thin little trees and white little clouds he loved like his predecessor *Ommeganck*, and like him, too, he was long the favourite of all collectors who value mathematical conscientiousness of drawing and smoothness of execution. His pupils *Louis*

Robbe and *Charles Tschaggeny* devoted themselves also to painting sheep, and in Belgian painting occupy the place held by Brascassat in France. Landscapes were filled up with animals, or else animal pictures were provided with an arbitrary background of landscape. But animals and landscapes were never united in any complete representation of natural life. It was only after a new kind of study of nature had been rendered possible by the landscape-painters of the Tervueren school that animal painters entered on a novel course. *Alfred Verwee*, who first distinguished himself with his "Oxen Grazing" of 1863, stands to the followers of Ommeganck as Troyon to those of Brascassat. He is the specialist of rich Flemish meadows, upon which sound and powerful animals are grazing, and over which there arches a soft and misty sky. All his pictures are treated with a heavy and pasty handling, and the air and clouds are usually of a dull and mournful grey. His works are wanting in lightness and transparency, but they have an inborn strength. His oxen seem quite at home in the luxuriant meadows where they sink deep in the high ripe grass; and in their dull, brooding ponderousness they aim at being no more than animals, whether they lie chewing the cud upon the meadows or clumsily tread the ground beneath the yoke. Amongst his pupils *Parmentier*, *Lambrichs*, *De Greef*, *Frans van Leemputten*, and *Léon Massaux* became known. *Marie Collaert*, the Flemish Rosa Bonheur, and from 1866 the muse of Belgian landscape, has a position to herself with her intimate pictures of country life, works in which a masculine and powerful handling is united with discreet and tender feminine sentiment. In Verwee there may be found yokes of oxen at their labour, the odour of fertile earth steaming from the broken soil, and grey clouds heavily shifting across the firmament; in Marie Collaert quiet nooks beneath a clear sky, green stretches of grass, where the cows are at pasture in idyllic peace. In the one there is the battle with the soil, and in the other the cheery freshness of country life.

The painting of the sea began with *Paul Jean Clays*—in external matters, at least—to enter upon the stage of intimate art. He broke with the tradition of depicting great storms (the

golden age of which coincided with the raptures of the historical picture), and painted quiet expanses of water, the regular movement of the tide, the normal condition of the sea. Whereas the earlier generation loved what was exaggerated and tempestuous, Clays sought—though in later years he may have done so very artificially and by routine—to grasp the simple, mysterious poetry of the peaceful sea, and to render with faithfulness the tones of the waves, just as the landscape-painters, when they had once overcome the temptation to rhetorical exaggeration, searched out still and quiet corners, which receive their "mood" from the atmosphere alone. The magical charm of morning, the golden brilliancy of the evening twilight, the infinite variety of tones which light produces upon the waves, became the ideal of sea-painters after Clays.

A. Bouvier, over whose pictures there hovers, as a rule, a monotonous grey, took more delight in the splashing of the waves and rainy sky than in the glittering and sparkling repose of the sea. In *Leemans* there is still a certain echo of Romanticism and a weak reminiscence of the moonlight nights of Van der Neer. And in recent exhibitions *A. Baertsoen* has attracted notice by seas of impressive breadth and a grave and sombre character. *Louis Artan*, who made his appearance in 1866 with "Dunes upon the Shores of the North Sea," was probably the most refined and subtile colourist amongst the Belgian sea-painters. Like Clays, he scarcely leaves the shore, or, at any rate, does not forget, when he goes upon the high sea, to render the faint line of the dunes fringing the far horizon. His colouring is very delicate: he seeks pale, blended tones, light blue, soft green, pallid rose-colour. His pictures have something tender and caressing. Like Boulenger, as a landscape-painter he is more sensitive to the fleeting tender play of light than is commonly the case with Belgian painters. Both had in their veins a mixture of Flemish and French blood, and it gives their paintings a peculiar physiognomy, an attractive mingling of strength and grace, of Flemish heaviness and French ease.

For even now, when Belgian painting has got beyond the Courbet phase, there is no doubt that a certain earthy

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WAUTERS: "THE MADNESS OF HUGO VAN DER GOES."

ponderousness, and an unctuous compactness, the very opposite of Impressionism, still remain, despite the acceptance of bright tone. There are in Belgium at present many, indeed very many, good painters; and Belgian art is a conscientious and honest art. Wherever it appears it makes a striking effect by its soundness, its robust strength, and its animal warmth. But its essential importance lies in a rather external and workmanlike *bravura*. To use colour as the expression of a subtile emotion, to pursue the study of light to its most refined results, is not the business of the Belgian artists. Their painting is rich and broad, and they work without effort, but they have few surprises. Blamelessly good as are their productions, their scenes from popular life, portraits, landscapes, and still-life, they seldom give occasion for discussion in reference to their position in the history of art.

J. de la Hoese, *Meerts*, and *Ravet* represented the street-life of Brussels. *Josse Impens*, faithful to old Flemish habits, entered the workshops of tailors and shoemakers. In Paris *Jan van Beers* paints matters which verge on the indecorous. At

first his pungent and adroitly painted pictures are seductive and piquant, and then one sees their intention and is put out of humour. *Alfred Hubert* handles military scenes and scenes from society, and *Hoeteriks* the picturesque thronging of great masses of people. *Xavier Mellery* discovered much that is pretty in interiors upon the island of Marken. At first a pupil of Gérôme and Bouguereau, *Carl Nys*, in such pictures as "The Orphans," "The Lady with the Parasol," "The Lady with the Monkey," followed the path prescribed by Alfred Stevens. In his triptych "A Day from the Life of Chalk-Sellers," *Léon Frédéric* appeared as a representative of the painting of the poor, which amongst Belgians at that time frequently assumed the character of art with a revolutionary purpose. And *Felix Ter Linden* was probably the most a pupil of the French, and rose above the heavy grey painting of the others, as a genuine Impressionist and refined *charmeur*, by a rapid and animated treatment, and a touch of improvization and subtilty.

Mag. of Art.] [*Carter sc.*

WAUTERS: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GOFFINET.

Émile Wauters, also a thoroughly Flemish painter, is to be highly respected on all points, although it is impossible to feel enthusiasm for him. He was barely thirty when he received the medal of honour at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878 for a couple of historical pictures from the life of Mary of Burgundy and of Hugo van der Goes. The admirers of historical painting at that time believed that they could welcome

in him the Messiah of a grand art resuscitated, one who would continue the old traditions of Wappers and Gallait. His works were, as a matter of fact, good historical pictures, very judiciously composed, and containing characters developed in a convincing fashion. Moreover Wauters was entirely free from the washed-out and hollow exaggeration of the ideal of beauty favoured by the older school, and he rendered with simplicity the portraits of living men who seemed to him to have a resemblance to heroes of the episodes he would represent. The monk endeavouring to soothe poor Hugo van der Goes by music is an exceedingly vivid likeness, while the children, choristers, and singers are painted very naturally and well, and altogether to the purpose. Even the mad painter is not posing. Wauters has thoroughly studied the symptoms of madness in an insane person, and at the same time he has tactfully observed the distinction between painting and medical analysis. Even now the picture makes the effect of a forcible work in the Brussels Museum, and after the lapse of twenty years there are not many historical works which will bear scrutiny.

His Eastern pictures are equally good and judicious. Having set out in 1870 to witness the opening of the Suez Canal, he visited Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, and Cairo; and he repeated this Egyptian journey in 1880, accompanying the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, while in connection with it he executed various North African scenes, in which he noted the kaleidoscopic motleyness of Oriental towns, the vibrating life of the streets of Cairo and Boulac, with the conscientiousness of an ethnographical student. One takes him at his word when he puts upon canvas a strip of African ground in large dimensions in his panorama "Cairo and the Banks of the Nile." Nor does one doubt that his portraits, which in recent years achieved for him his greatest successes, are uncommonly like their originals: Madame Somzée in a dark-blue silk dress, standing in a fashionable room with dark decorations; young M. Cosmé Somzée, also dressed in blue, and riding on his pony through the dunes; and Lieutenant-General Goffinet, a portrait which won the gold medal at the Munich Exhibition

of 1890. Émile Wauters rises above the vigorous group of Belgian portrait-painters, *Liévin de Winne*, *Agneesens*, *Lambrichs*, *De Gonckel*, *Nisen*, and others, as the most natural and energetic. All his likenesses are powerful in characterization, colour, and exposition; they have been seen in an unusually impressive manner, and placed before the spectator in a broad, manly, and full-blooded style of painting. Wauters knew all that was to be known, and in his judicious loyalty he is one of the soundest painters of the present time. Only temperament and warmth of feeling are not to be sought for in his works. That is what distinguishes him from Lenbach, for instance, though in other respects he shares with the latter the oiliness of his pictures and their want of atmosphere. Lenbach allows the eyes alone to shine from a dark scale of tone artistically imitated from the old masters, and out of this he elaborates intellectual character. Wauters places his figures in all their massive corporeality against a light grey background. In the one there is a spiritual individuality, a momentary impression of quivering psychical life; in the other a robust counterpart of nature, colour and canvas, phlegmatic constitution, and Flemish heaviness.

Verstraete may probably be reckoned the most refined of the Belgian landscape-painters who have made an impression in the exhibitions of recent years. There were to be seen by him summer-pieces with bright green, luminous, and luxuriant stretches of grass, girlish figures dressed in bluish-white, and gaily blooming fruit-trees touched by the sunbeams. Also he paints night-pieces: peasant couples, who stand of an evening by a hedge in the village. The sky sparkles with stars, and the magic of silent night reposes over this poetic idyll which has been felt in such a homely way. There is expressed in his works a creative faculty, joyous and spontaneous, sympathetic and replete with the freshness of youth. Potato harvests, with buxom girls, are painted by *Claus* in a fine and delicate grey which recalls Émile Barau. And *Frans Courtens* is specially at his ease in the autumnal woods, when the leaves fall from the tree-tops, yellow, red, and grey, and a thin rain drips through

[*Hanfstängl photo sc.*

COURTENS: "GOLDEN LABURNUM."

the open network of foliage. Or else he seats himself before the sombre and majestic sea in the evening, when the moon rises and touches the waves with glittering lines of silver. Both in the autumn pictures and in the seascapes the confusion of yellow and green colours is dazzling, and is only felt to be a little theatrical when one thinks how much more profoundly Jacob Maris would have penetrated into the same scenes. Like the Flemish landscapists of the seventeenth century, Courtens loves great spaces of canvas and great gold frames, but he likewise shares with them the qualities of a *bravura* painter, somewhat addicted to outward show. His pictures are more the result of technical refinement than of intimate emotion. He renders the materiality of forms, as also the phenomena of light, with astonishing sureness, and he has a large and strong-handed method of treatment, much local truth, brilliant colour and great sincerity, but he never rids himself of a certain prosaic manner of conception, which is wanting in the deeper kind of intimate sympathy. His painting is solid, but not suggestive prose, the very opposite of that lyric painting, so rich in feeling, which was peculiar to the French painter-poets. And here, too, he proclaims himself a true son of his country.

Belgian naturalism is like a vigorous body fed upon solid

nourishment; but in this physical contentment the capacity for enthusiasm and tenderness of feeling have been lost in some degree. The pictures look as though they had been painted throughout, painted in oil, and painted in a peculiarly Belgian way. The painters rejoice in their fertile tracts of land, their fat herds, and the healthy smell of the cowhouse, yet about finer feelings they trouble themselves but little. Everywhere there predominates a firm and even technique, and but little peculiar intimacy and freshness. They have not yet come to paint the fine perfume of things, nor to render the softness of their tone values; they have no feeling for the light tremor of the atmosphere and the tender poetic dallying of light. Material heaviness and prosaic sobriety are expressed in everything—the racial characteristics by which Flemish painting, even in the seventeenth century, so far as it was autochthonous, was distinguished from the contemporary painting of the Dutch.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOLLAND

The difference between Dutch and Belgian painting.—The previous history of artistic efforts in Holland.—Koekkoek, Van Schendel, David Bles, Hermann ten Kate, Pienemann, Charles Rochupen, Weissenbruch, Bosboom, Schelfhout, Taurel, Waldorp, Kuytenbrouwer. — Figure-painters: Josef Israels, Christoffel Bisschop, Gerk Henkes, Albert Neuhuys, Adolf Artz, Pieter Oyens.—The landscape-painters: Jongkind, Jacob and Willem Maris, Anton Mauve, H. W. Mesdag. —Realism and Sensitivism: Klinkenberg, Gabriel.—The younger generation. — Neo-Impressionism: Isaac Israels and Breitner.— Matthew Maris and Mysticism.— W. Bauer and Jan Toorop.—Thorn Prikker.—"Expressionism:" Jan Veth and Haverman, Karpen and Tholen.

IF Belgium is the land of technique, the intimacy of the modern sentiment for nature has perhaps found the most delicate interpreters in the painters of Holland. What is external predominates in the one country—oils and brush; in the other heart and hand are united, sentiment and technique. The ancestor of modern Belgian painting is Courbet; the birth of modern Dutch painting is contemporaneous with that great historical moment when the French landscape-painters took up their abode in the forest of Fontainebleau, after they had acquired an understanding for the old Dutch masters in the Louvre. What had been a revolution in other countries was here no more than a process of evolution. For the influence of the French upon the Dutch merely consisted in giving them once more the comprehension for the beautiful works of their own compatriots in the past. A succession of great and delicate spirits merely took again the old, unbroken tradition, and continued it in the present without effort.

Until the middle of the century the Dutch had made but little profit out of this heritage. The spirit had fled, even that of Dow and Mieris, and only the phlegm remained. As a matter of fact the Dutch painters of the eighteenth century sought to outbid the minute little painting of Netscher by paltry imitation, and had as a motto inscribed upon their banner purity of line as it is understood by the *bourgeoisie* and technique as it is understood by the drawing-master. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, so far as anything was produced at all, they had fallen into heavy and laboured imitation of French Classicism, and in addition to this they were slightly touched with a trace of Romanticism, which entered into a really comical *mésalliance* with the Dutch phlegm. And the representatives of the Dutch school of 1830, arid, inartistic, and tinged with false idealism, turned out in landscape nothing but scenical pieces, void of atmosphere, and in the figure-picture historical or burlesque anecdotes, romantic melodramas, or peasant pieces from the comic opera—cold, inanimate, and conventional paintings, such as all Europe produced at that time.

The next generation endeavoured with great labour to raise itself somewhat, being specially incited by contact with the Belgians. Yet even these good intentions and most praiseworthy efforts were crowned with but little success. Certain landscapes and intimate studies from life show that the spirit which had lived in the great men of the seventeenth century was not entirely extinct, although it had become exceedingly debilitated. *Koekkoek* and *Van Schendel* painted their landscapes, which are exceedingly judicious in manner and in a petty way correct. *David Bles* remembered Teniers, and mingled with the technique of that master something of the *genre* humour of Wilkie. "An Audience easily Pleased," "Family Friends," and the like, are the characteristic titles of his pictures. But if Bles was the Madou of Holland, *Hermann ten Kate* aimed at being the Dutch Meissonier. He was one of those who cannot imagine painting without theatrical costumes, broad-brimmed grey felt hats, large collars, and

graceful cloaks. The historical painter *Pienemann* painted in the style of Gros, and some of his portraits are not without merit.

The only man of superior merit whom the "historical school" has produced in Holland is *Charles Rochupen*. To take him as a painter is to take him from his weakest side, for his colour scheme is "conventional"—a convention of his own, no doubt; but in any case absolutely without regard to truth and nature, or even to the requirements of his subject. But his drawing has a charm and character of its own; his groupings are lively and fanciful, his use of old costume shows a regard for picturesqueness, and his touch is both easy and aristocratic. He is the chosen illustrator of the Dutch historical novel, and at a time when book-illustration was at its lowest in Holland and everywhere, Charles Rochupen knew how to render a scene in black-and-white with impressiveness and artistic decency. Vulgarity had never a greater enemy than he. This same quality of innate aristocracy characterizes the work of *Johannes Bosboom*, the painter of architecture. Under the guidance of Rembrandt and Pieter de Hoogh, he rendered very delicately in oils and water-colours the play of sunbeams in the interior of picturesque churches, and warm effects of light in large halls and dusky corners. As a rule the light streams in broken yellow tones over the masonry from a great window in the background, and rests broadly upon the walling of the vault; the dark mass of the great Renaissance screen is thrown out sharply, while choristers move with candles in the depths of the nave.

Bosboom, like *J. W. Weissenbruch*, was one of the painters of the old school who not only helped to prepare the ground to be maintained by a new generation, but who allowed themselves to be influenced by the new conception of art. Whilst *Schelfhout*, *Taurel*, *Waldorp*, and *Kuytenbrouwer*, though Knights of the Dutch Order of the Lion and of the Oaken Crown, only lived to be forgotten for all their painstaking work, both Bosboom and Weissenbruch have won fame in the later period, when they had taught themselves to express a great deal with very little means. There are drawings and water-colours by

Vinkenbos photo.]

BOSBOOM: "A CHURCH INTERIOR."

Bosboom which, with a few lines and just a bit of colour, open up wide visions to the imagination.

And thus, when the younger artists came upon the scene, they were not obliged to drive back any hostile and opposing tendencies. The battle which had to be fought elsewhere before truth and sincerity could be placed upon the throne usurped by theatrical rhetoric was certainly spared to Israëls and his comrades. It was merely a question of sowing with greater energy and vigour than these older artists the ground which had lain fallow since the seventeenth century. The argument was put, more or less, in the following way: "Our ancestors had an enthusiasm for their own country and their own period. If we have not their genius, let us, at any rate, attempt to pursue their path. Instead of seeking inspiration in their times and their country let us seek it in our own. As regards the country there is no difficulty, for we are their

compatriots, and apart from a few hectares won from the ocean Holland has little altered in appearance during the last two hundred years. It is only in the matter of period that every idea of outward imitation must be given up. Let us, then, imitate our great masters with no intention of doing over again what they did in their own time, but with the aim of doing what they would have done had they lived in our century."

After the end of the fifties the influence of French exhibitions confirmed the Dutch in these efforts. Through the pictures of Millet and Daubigny the young Dutch artists learnt that they had no need of bringing historical pictures into the world, but that it was their business to win the secrets of the seashore, the strand, the dunes, and the canals of the old towns, if they would become modern painters. And admitting they had made a great mistake in imitating from the old masters antiquated dress and the manners of bygone times, their task was now to follow them in what was essential. For the old pictures had shown the men of their day neither far-fetched nor long-forgotten curiosities, but appealed to them simply and cordially as Millet's paintings had done to his own countrymen. It was quite peacefully therefore, and without any battle, that modern art came into life in Holland. In fact it seemed as if Pieter de Hoogh, Van Goyen, and Ruysdael had merely awaited the time when they would be understood once more to set themselves before the easel. This direct derivation from classic masters gives a classic stamp to the modern artists of Holland.

As soon as the Dutch are seen in any exhibition, its rooms are impregnated with a sense of peaceful clarity and of a quiet sureness of effect recalling the old masters. The spectator is conscious of the soft, even, and continuous warmth of the great faïence stoves which stand in prosperous Dutch houses. There is no noise, no unrest, no struggling. Softer than ever, yielding and almost melancholy, though not so universally comprehensive as the old art which compassed the whole life of reality and dreamland, from the magnificent conceptions of Rembrandt to the most burlesque scenes of Ostade, the new art of Holland

handles the scenes of life and the life of nature with a dignified simplicity, the charm of profound intimacy and cordial tenderness. Holland is the most harmonious country in the world, the country of dim rooms and pleasant inner chambers, wide plains and melancholy dunes, magnificent forms of cloud and skies subdued in colour. There is nowhere broad light, nowhere broad shadow, no crystal clearness and but seldom heavy mist. A softly hovering light of diminished strength envelops everything. Vaporous grey clouds cover the sky. The air is impregnated with moisture. Few colours are to be seen, and yet everything is colour. And to this spot of the earth the Dutch painters are united by a tender sentiment of home. Their art is marked by a touching and cordial provincialism, the patriotism of the church spire. They remain quietly in the country, and confine themselves to the representation of their birthplace—the stately ports of its sea-board towns, the beach of its watering-places, the peaceful dignity of its life, the heaviness of its cattle, and the rich soil of its fields. The harsh sincerity of the French naturalists becomes softer and more tender in the hands of the Dutch; the audacity of the French "luminists," ever seeking the light, has become more dusky and sombre under the influence of the Dutch atmosphere. Drawing from the soil of home its entire strength, they have made for themselves, in art as in politics, a peaceful little land where the noises of the day find no disturbing echo.

The decisive year which led the stream of Dutch painting back into its old course once more was 1857, the very year when a new movement in Dutch literature was begun with Multatuli. In 1855 one *Josef Israels* was represented at the World Exhibition in Paris by an historical picture: "The Prince of Orange for the first time opposing the Execution of the Orders of the King of Spain." And in the catalogue of the Paris Salon of 1857 the same name appeared opposite the titles "Children by the Sea" and an "Evening on the Beach," a couple of simple pictures representing the neighbourhood of Katwijk. Thus Israels' life embodies a period in modern art, that which led from the academical hierarchy, from conventionality, inflexibility of

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JOSEF ISRAELS AND HIS SON ISAAC.

line, and poverty of colour, to the intimate, sensitive, subtile, and entirely personal emotion which characterizes the great works of art belonging to the end of this century.

Josef Israels, the Dutch Millet, was born on January 27th, 1824, in Groningen, a little commercial town in the north of Holland. He wanted to be a rabbi, studied Hebrew in his youth, and buried himself in the Talmud. When he left school he entered the small banking business of his father, and often went with a money-bag under his arm to the neighbouring banking house of Mr. Mesdag, whose son, H. W. Mesdag, the painter of seascapes, had little idea at the time that ever a sea-piece of his would hang in the studio of this poor Jewish lad. But in 1844 Israels went to Amsterdam to the studio of Jan Kruseman, who was then a fashionable painter. His parents had sent him to lodge with a pious Jewish family, who lived in the "Joden-breêstraat," the Ghetto of Amsterdam. He was enchanted with the narrow little streets where the inhabitants could shake hands from one window to another, and with the old market-places where there gathered a swarm of Oriental-looking men. Like Rembrandt, he roamed about the out-of-the-way alleys, noted the general dealers, the fish-wives, the fruit-shops with apples and oranges, the pretty and picturesque Jewesses, and all this mass of life condensed into such a little space, without at first contemplating the possibility of drawing the figures which he saw around him. On the contrary, like a diligent pupil, he followed the academical instructions of Kruseman, under whose guidance he produced a series of grand historical pictures and Italian scenes of peasant life.

A journey to Paris which he undertook in 1845, moved by

Vinkenbos photo.]

ISRAELS: "A SON OF GOD'S PEOPLE."

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Desboutin sc.*

ISRAELS: "THE TOILERS OF THE SEA."

the exhibition of certain Gretchen pictures of the Frenchified Dutchman and elegiac Romanticist Ary Scheffer, did not in any way cause him to alter his ideas. He betook himself, as a matter of fact, to the studio of Picot, an old pupil of David, where in those days over a hundred and fifty young students were at work, and there the first rules of the French historical painting were communicated to him. Then he presented himself for entrance into the École des Beaux-Arts, showing "Achilles and Patroclus" as his probationary drawing, and he came to Paul Delaroche just after Millet had left Delaroche's studio. Pils and Lenepveu are said to have been the only fellow-students with whom he made much acquaintance, for he was diffident and awkward in society. And when he returned home in 1848, the year of the revolution, the result of his residence in Paris was exactly the same as that of Millet's: he had starved himself, studied in the Louvre, and seen in the Salon how "grand painting" was carried on in France. Now

Magazine of Art.] [*M. Haider sc.*

ISRAELS: "WEARY."

he took a room in Amsterdam and tried to paint as Delaroche had taught him. "Aaron discovers in his Tent the Corpses of his Two Sons," "Hamlet and his Mother," "William the Silent and Margaret of Parma," "Prince Maurice of Nassau beside the Body of his Father"—these were the first works which he sent to Dutch exhibitions; knights in moonlight and Calabrian brigands were the first which he sold—for from fifteen to twenty guilders—to patrons of art in Amsterdam. Such names as Pienemann, Kruseman, Scheffer, Picot, and Delaroche cannot explain what Israels became afterwards for Dutch art. As with Millet, it was an accident, a severe trial in life, which decided the future of Israels.

Some time after he had settled in Amsterdam he became exceedingly ill, and went to Zandvoort, a small fishing village near Haarlem, for his health. In this spot, hidden amongst the dunes, he lived solitary and alone, far from the bustle of exhibitions, artistic influences, and the discussions of the studio.

ISRAELS: "A MOTHER'S CARE." [*Hanfstängl photo.*

He lodged with a ship's carpenter, took part in all the usages of his house-mates, and began to perceive amid these new surroundings, as Millet had done in Barbizon, that the events of the present are capable of being painted, that the sorrows of the poor are as deep as the tragical fate of ancient heroes, that everyday life is as poetic as any historical subject, and that nothing suggests richer moods of feeling than the interior of a fishing-hut, bathed in tender light and harmonious in colour. This residence of several months in a distant little village led him to discover his calling, and determined his further career. Incessantly did he make studies of nature, and of full-toned interiors, simple costumes, and the dunes with their pale grass and yellow sand. For the first time he was carried away by the intimate beauty of these simple things steeped in everlasting poetry. Like Millet, he conceived an enthusiasm for

Amsterdam: Schalekamp.]

ISRAELS: "ALONE IN THE WORLD."

the life of peasants, for the rudeness of their outline, for their large forms which have become typical from going through ever the same movements and repeating ever the same work. Zandvoort was a revelation for him. Entirely saturated as he was with academical traditions, he became here the artist who represented dramas in the life of seafaring folk, the painter of peaceful, poetic deathbeds, and dim, familiar interiors, the painter of lonely meadows in the misty dawn. Here he came to understand the mysteries of light as it is in Holland, and here he witnessed the sad dramas of the suffering life and death of the poor, and lived all those pictures, the full harmonies of which, never seen before, soon outshone in Dutch exhibitions the loud, motley exaggeration of the historical pieces of Kruseman.

At the time when De Groux in Brussels revelled in harsh representations of misery, Israels appeared in Holland with his lyrical, sympathetic art, which was entirely free from didactic intention. Back once more in Amsterdam, he settled in the Rozengracht, and passed seven years in the city of Rembrandt,

Paris : Boussod-Valadon.]
ISRAELS : "RETURNING FROM WORK."

in close friendship with Burger-Thoré and Mouilleron, the engraver of Rembrandt's "Night-Watch." The first works which he painted here, compared with his later works, have still a slight touch of *genre* in them, betraying too openly a design to set the spectator smiling or weeping. "First Love" was the picture of a girl at a window with a young man placing an engagement ring upon her finger. His first celebrated picture, "By the Mother's Grave," which was bought by the Amsterdam Academy of Arts and now hangs in the National Museum, represents a weather-beaten fisherman visiting the graveyard where his wife reposes after a toilsome life, and carrying as he goes his youngest child on his arm, whilst he leads an elder one by the hand.

In 1862 he exhibited in London "The Cradle" and "The Shipwrecked Man," that great dramatic, and perhaps somewhat theatrical, picture which made his fame abroad. The storm has passed, the waves have subsided, the greyish-black thunderclouds have vanished, and greenish, pallid sky smiles upon the earth once more. But upon the waves a shattered boat still rocks. Men, women, and children have come down to see who the unfortunate wretch may be, lying dead upon the strand, cast up by the tide. A couple of fishermen are carrying him off,

whilst the rest follow upon the strand in a melancholy train. In this picture there was still something violent and melodramatic, nor were the means of pictorial expression as yet so simple as they became in the later works of the master. Nevertheless it made a great sensation in London, and *The Athenæum* wrote of it as the most moving picture in the exhibition. English collectors began to value Israels and to buy his pictures. Mr. Forbes alone possesses forty of his works, amongst them the great painting "Through Darkness to Light," and that beautiful smaller picture in which may be found for the first time all the quiet and sad simplicity of Israels' later works, "The Evening before Parting." There is a little peasant's chamber, half in shadow, and illuminated only by dull, meagre light. After a life of struggles and privations, lit up by few beams of light, the great peace has come for the poor fisherman who lies upon his deathbed. He suffers no more, and is no more conscious. His eyes are closed, his lips motionless, his features rigid. Underlying the whole there is a profound personal feeling, a great human poetry, and the sombre tones of the picture correspond to it, for despising all finesses they are content to be the expression of a mood. In this picture Israels had found his true self. Appreciated and recognized, he married in 1863 the daughter of an advocate in Groningen, and settled down, first in Scheveningen and then in the Hague. And here he became in the course of the last generation the artist whom the world has delighted to honour. Here he has painted one masterpiece after the other, with that indefatigable power of work still peculiar to the veteran of seventy years and upwards.

Josef Israels lives entirely according to rule. Every morning at nine he may be seen walking, and by ten o'clock punctually he is at his easel. In the Koninginnengracht, that quiet, thoroughly Dutch canal leading to the Park, his house is situated. Little red-roofed houses are passed, houses standing out with some piquancy against the misty sky, and the canal is fringed by trees, which cast a bright reflection on the water. Close by may be heard the whistle of a steam tram which goes its rounds between

the Hague and Scheveningen. In Israels' house quietude prevails without a sound. Noble Gobelins subdue the voice, and thick carpets the footsteps. Here and there upon the walls, in a finely outlined black frame, there hangs an etching by Rembrandt. Everything has an air of intimacy, and is kept in delicate and quiet tones; the very thoughts of a man cannot fail to grow subtile in the fine silence of this home made for an artist. Behind the dwelling there lies a garden with a large glass house. The man who works here is very small in stature, and has a high treble voice, a puckered face, a white beard, and two sparkling black eyes which flash out upon you from behind a large pair of spectacles. Everything about him has a nervous mobility like quicksilver. Always talking and gesticulating, he fetches out old pictures when a visitor comes, and looks at them inclining his head to the right and then to the left; then he puts himself into the attitude of his net-menders or his potato-gatherers for the sake of verification, draws great landscapes in the air with his arms, sits down so that he may get up again immediately, searches for something or other, and at the same time recalls a remark which he has read in the newspaper. Even when engaged in painting, he paces thoughtfully between whiles up and down the studio with great, hasty strides, bending forward with his hands clasped behind his back.

One part of this studio is separated from the rest by a great screen, and behind this screen one catches sight of a very striking picture. Suddenly one stands in the room of a Dutch fisherman's family. Through a window composed of dull panes there falls, subdued by a muslin curtain, a grey, dreamy light, which tones the whole room with mysterious atmospheric harmonies. In it there stands an ordinary table of brown wood, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a bed, a cradle, and one of those wheel-chairs with the help of which little children attempt their first toddling steps. Everything melts in dim shadows, everything white passes into grey and black. Familiar peace and lyrical melancholy rest over all. Here it is possible to paint the air as Israels paints it. Here the phantoms of the dusk take shape and misty forms grow solid. Here are created those simple scenes from the daily life

of the poor. Here sit those old women with their hard folded hands, their serviceable eyes, and wrinkled, weather-stained faces; here the poor peasant's child learns to run in his rolling-chair, and here the fisher's family assemble round a dish of smoking potatoes. Few have made such a study of the *milieu* in which their figures move as Israels has done; few have felt in the same degree that every object in nature, as in life, has its peculiar atmosphere out of which it cannot exist. In his pictures the subject and the atmosphere are in perfect harmony. For in reality the existence of these poor folks is passed in dim twilight, only now and then irradiated by a fleeting sunbeam, until it gradually becomes entirely dark, and death throws its mysterious shadow across their life.

Yet here one makes the acquaintance of only one Israels. This same melancholy lyric poet is an innately forcible artist in his pictures of fishermen. With what a grand simplicity did he paint in his "Toilers of the Sea" this grey, boundless element beneath a leaden sky, and these huge, weather-beaten seamen with a heavy anchor upon their shoulders, wading through the water and spattered by the waves! And what simple joyousness there is in his pictures of children! Duranty has said finely of one picture from the master's hand that it was painted with "pain and shadow;" but these others has he painted with "sun and joy." As he tells of death with its dark grey shadows, he celebrates young life in all the laughing liberty of nature. His fishermen's children are sound and fair, and have rosy cheeks. They move beside the blithe fresh sea, where the tremulous waves heave with delight beneath the caressing sunbeams and beneath the blue sky, where the little white clouds are passing, as it looks down in its clearness upon the green luxuriant fields.

Amongst the moderns Israels is one of the greatest and most powerful of painters, whilst he is, at the same time, a profound and tender poet. Surrounded by all the deft painters of technique and virtuosity, he stands out as an artist whose sentiment is deep enough to make a great impression without conjuring tricks. No one understands so well how to subordinate the work of the brush to the general mood of the picture. He is a simple poet,

great in rendering humble people and little things—an artist who moves in a narrow circle, but one who has penetrated his material until it has yielded to him its most intimate emotion—a man who has not passed through life unmoved, and has therefore an entirely personal utterance as a painter also. Certain of his etchings almost touch Rembrandt in depth of sentiment for nature, classical simplicity, and suggestive power. They reveal a painter who observes the least things—a strip of washed linen, the grass in the sun, the pale yellow sand of the sea—with a kindling eye and a well-nigh religious fervour. How charming are these little ones at play with a paper boat by the sea! What a mild and peaceful element the dangerous ocean has become upon this morning! And by what simple means has the impression of a limitless expanse been reached! With a few strokes he has the secret of rendering the moist atmosphere and the tender tones of the sky. Parts of the beach with the sun shining over them alternate with shadowy chambers, the powerful outlines of raw-boned seamen with delicately sketched fisher-children. A peasant woman sits on the seashore before the smooth waves, another works in her hut, where the dusk is drawing on; a child lies in the cradle, a quiet, wrinkled old woman, enveloped in the soft twilight, warms her wearied hands at the stove. All these plates are exceedingly spirited, sometimes lightly improvized, capricious, and wayward, sometimes polished, rounded, and fully worked out, but always free, pictorial, and having a personal accent, and rendering gesture and expression with absolute sureness. Josef Israels has never made a retrograde step, has never been ensnared by the commercial instinct, but has grown greater continuously; and it is due to his power of self-criticism and force of character that he now stands as the recognized head of Dutch painting.

In him is embodied the strength of modern Holland. He has been a pioneer not merely in subject, technique, and colour; for in many-sidedness also there is not one of the younger generation who can touch him. Each one of them has his own small field which he indefatigably cultivates. One paints only girls by the seashore; another merely dim interiors; this man town-scenes

with a misty sky; another greyish-brown landscapes beneath a melancholy and rainy firmament; another the rich, luxuriant, green, and heavy soil of Holland; another level banks with windmills and red-roofed houses, detaching themselves from the dull, glimmering hues of monotonous grey clouds,—but every one paints a fragment of Israels.

That painter who has such a joy in colour, *Christoffel Bisschop*, in these days also lives at the Hague; he is only four years younger than Israels, and he, too, laboured with power to effect the revolution of Dutch painting. His teachers in Paris were Gleyre and Comte, the latter of whom has exerted a peculiarly strong influence upon him, little as Bisschop has followed him in subject. The sole historical picture of his, contributed to the exhibition of 1855, was "Rembrandt going to the Anatomical Lecture." Born in Leuwarden, in Friesland, as a painter he settled in later years in his birthplace, where so many old costumes with gold chains, lace caps, and gay gowns falling in heavy folds are still preserved in use; and here he became the painter of Friesland as the Belgian Adolf Dillens was that of Zealand. Those great old painters of interiors, De Hoogh and Van der Meer, were his guides in the matter of technique. Sunlight falling into an enclosed space could scarcely be painted more luminously warm. Like a great column of dust tinged with dim colours of the rainbow, it pours in through the ground window, falls full upon the opened leaf of the folding door, upon the boards, and the deep red cover spread over the table and embellished with a large-patterned border upon a white ground, while in this golden sunshine which floods the whole room there are usually seen to move a couple of quiet and peaceful figures. A little old woman, perhaps, steps into the room to beg the young wife for a crust of bread, or a husband and wife sit of an evening by the cradle of their youngest child, or a girl in a white cap stands at the window absorbed in a letter which she has just received from her lover.

Gerk Henkes loved to paint the mist upon canals, where the *trekschuiten* (general passenger boats drawn by horses) glide quietly along crowded with busy people. Homely

[Hanfstangl photo.

BISSCHOP: "SUNSHINE IN HOME AND HEART."

Dutch family scenes, young mothers with children in dim chambers—deep and genial works of the finest tone — were painted by *Albert Neuhuys*. A pupil of Israels, *Adolf Artz*, delights in the delicate bloom of autumn: pale grey meadows with thin grass, over which there arches a grey, pallid sky, tremulous with light; noon-day stillness and paths losing themselves in the wide grey-green plains through which they wind lazily with a long-drawn curve; loamy ditches, where silvery spotted thistles and faint yellow autumn flowers raise up their heads arid and athirst. Potato-gatherers, shepherd girls, and children at play enliven these wide, sad levels. *Café* and studio scenes are usually the work of *Pieter Oyens*, who, before his migration to Amsterdam, was a pupil of Portaels in Brussels, where he acquired a richer, more energetic and incisive style of painting than is usually to be met with in Dutch art.

Performances as fine and charming as these figure-pictures are the Dutch landscapes. Here, likewise, the flower of Dutch painting is not so luxuriant and does not catch the eye so much as that of other nations, though it is well-nigh more tender and fragrant. The Dutch have been the cause of no novel sensations,

NEUHUYS: "A RUSTIC INTERIOR." [*Hanfstängl photo.*

and troubled themselves little about those technical problems which have busied the more searching spirits amongst the French Impressionists, yet in discreet and delicate feeling for nature no artists amongst the classic and contemporary painters of modern landscape have so nearly approached the fine masters of Fontainebleau. The atmosphere, almost always charged with moisture, which broods over the flat and watery land in Holland, subdues and veils the sunlight softly, and gives succulent freshness to the vegetation; and Dutch painters have the secret of rendering in most refreshing pictures all this native landscape, which has no charm for a dull eye, though it is so rich in the finest magic. There a windmill is whirring on the hill, there the cows are pasturing in the meadow, and there the labourers go down of an evening to the shore of the sea; and the soft air impregnated with damp, and the delicate bloom of silvery grey tones enveloping everything, produce of themselves "the great harmony" which is so difficult of attainment in clear and sunny lands.

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

ARTZ: "THE GOATHERD."

In the first place let mention be made of *Jongkind*, that fresh and healthy Dutch Parisian, who only became known in wider circles after his death in 1891. Born in Latrop in 1819, Jongkind left his native land early, and was for some time in Düsseldorf, and then went for good to France, where his importance was at once recognized by some of the fine spirits in that country. In 1864 a critic of the *Figaro* wrote: "In the matter of colour there is nothing more delicate to be seen than the landscapes of Jongkind, or if there is it must be the delicious works of Corot. One finds the same naïveté in both, the same bright, pearly grey sky, the same fluid, silvery light. Only Jongkind is somewhat more energetic and corporeal, making fewer concessions for the sake of charm. A few energetic accentuations, thrown in as if by chance and always in the right place, give his pictures an extraordinary effect of vibration." Jongkind, indeed, by his whole nature, belongs to the group of Fontainebleau artists, and it would be impossible to write a history of French landscape-painting without remembering the exquisite and charming pictures of this Dutchman. Diaz interested himself in him from the first, and, without exercising any

positive influence, Daubigny was very closely connected with him.

Jongkind is a personality in himself, and followed the general movement in his own fashion. He delighted in water and dewy morning, moist verdure, and the night sky, with a moon shining with pallid rays and shadowed by silvery clouds. What he has to give is always a direct rendering of personal impressions. Although broader and more impressionistic, he sometimes recalls old Van der Neer, who also felt the witchery of the moon, and loved so much to roam of a night in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam and Utrecht. Like the old Netherlandish painters, Jongkind is most at ease in regions connected with humanity. Houses, ships, windmills, streets, and village market-places, and all spots that have any trace of human labour, are dear to him. In Paris he painted life on the Pont Neuf, the houses on the banks of the Seine, lit up by the pale light of the moon and a thousand gas-lamps, the old churches and out-of-the-way alleys of the Quartier Latin, the barren ground of suburbs just rising into existence, the activity of crossing-sweepers in the early morning. He knew, as no other man, the buried corners of grey old Paris, and their population, which still has a tinge of something like provinciality. In Normandy he was charmed by the primitive character of life on the seaboard. And from Holland, whither he is often led by the force of early reminiscences, he brings back momentary sketches of the canals, where the murky water splashes against dark barges ; of villages in mist, where the sun plays coyly upon the red roofs ; of windmills upon green meadows ; of moist pastures, dim moonrise, and fresh phases of morning such as Goyen loved. In Nivernois, about 1860, he painted the faint grey paths of sand, white cottages in the glare of dazzling light, and the quiver of sunbeams in the dry leaves of the autumn trees ; and in Brussels and Toulon the narrow tortuous lanes, swarming vividly with street-life. His technique is at once broad and delicate, piquant and powerful. Everything has the throbbing life of a sketch.

Jongkind was a pupil of Isabey, and as early as 1852 received

Vinkenbos photo.] JACOB MARIS: "VIEW OF A TOWN," [*Hentschel sc.*

MAUVE: "A FLOCK OF SHEEP." [*Lathuï sc.*

a third medal in the Salon. But after that his pictures were rejected by the committees, and it was only at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 that he came out in his full importance. As a rule, he still laid weight on the construction of his landscapes; from the old Dutch masters he derived his pleasure from an architectonic building up, and he took pains to "compose" his pictures, placing trees, ships, houses, and people in such a way as to ensure, as far as possible, a rounded whole. Nevertheless he was a modern through his feeling for transparent air; he was one of the first to give a serious study to atmosphere, to the play of reflections, and to the fleeting alteration of tones. This makes him an important link between the landscape of 1830 and contemporary Impressionism.

Both *Jacob* and *Willem Maris* worked in Holland upon parallel lines—Jacob being a very delicate artist, striking the most notable chords, whilst Willem is warmer, a thorough easy-going and phlegmatic Dutchman. The earth in the latter's pictures is a plump nurse caressed and wooed by the sunbeams. Best of all he loves the hour when the sky becomes blue once more after a storm, and the first rays of the sun glance upon the rich turf and the rushes of the pond. Leaves, boughs, and

[*Albert photo.*

MESDAG: "EVENING."

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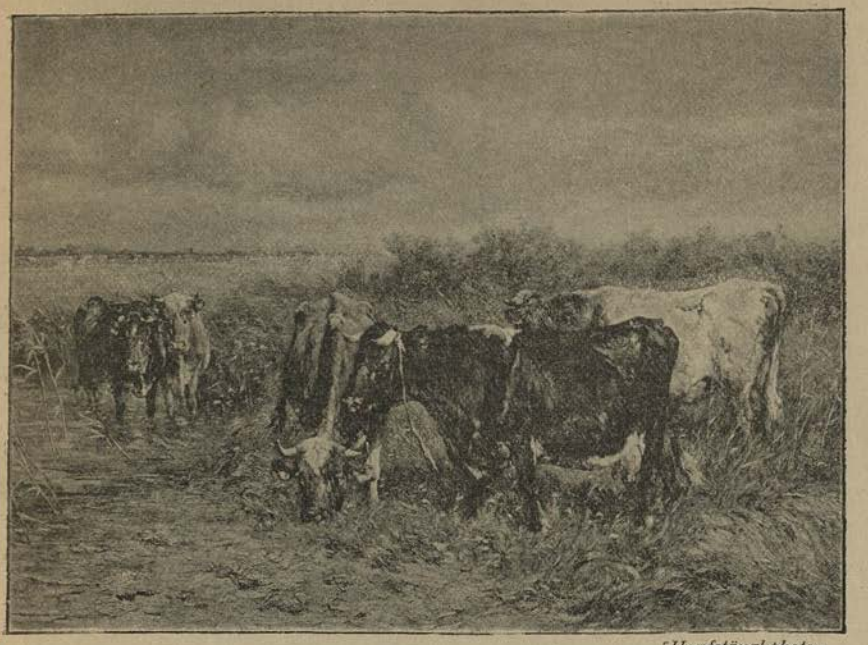
trunks all glisten with moisture. The wind shakes the last raindrops from the branches, and they fall, scattering the earth with a thousand little pearls. The grey moss spreads itself out luxuriantly, and is once more soft, rich, and verdant. The large black snails move upon the ground rejoicing in the damp, and the cows which are resting breathe with satisfaction the damp air of the lush meadows drenched with rain. *Jacob Maris*, whose eye has been educated by Daubigny, is softer in feeling, and more graceful, poetic, and dreamy. By preference he paints pictures of Dutch canals in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, pictures which show great refinement in their brownish-grey, their breadth and clearness of vision, and quiet harmony, or else he paints parts of the beach in the Scheveningen district, or windmills soaring like great towers in the foreground high above the flat land, or little low houses rising into the dull, grey, rainy air. The delicacy of modern *plein-air* painting is united in his pictures with the tender softness of the traditional clare-obscure. And often a spot of vivid red or dark violet has a piquant effect in the ashen-grey harmony, a thing which is at once dim and luminous, soft and precise, simple and subtile.



[*Hanfstängl photo.*

DE HAAS: "COWS IN A MEADOW."

Mauve, that admirable master of harmony who is so vivid and spontaneous in his water-colours, has also this tender, melancholy poetry of nature, this underlying mood of depth and sadness, which renders him so sympathetic in the present age. Daubigny's simple, idyllic, rustic joy in nature has in him become tinged with a sense of suffering which allies him with Cazin. A dreamy mist, a thoughtful silence, rests over his Dutch landscapes, and the wind seems to utter its complaint among the leaves. The dusk, and damp, rainy days, and all the minor keys of nature has he especially loved.

In *H. W. Mesdag*, who paints the sea in all moods, Holland possesses one of the first marine painters of the world. Since Courbet, few representations of the life of the sea have been rendered with such fidelity and strength of impression. Whereas the Belgians, Clays and Artan, never leave the shore, in Mesdag one beholds the sea from the sea itself and not from the land; one is really on the water alone with the ship, the sky, and the

Oelrichs photo.]
BREITNER: "HORSE ARTILLERY IN THE DOWNS."

waves. And whilst the Belgians take special joy in the smiling ocean, the prismatic iridescence of sunbeams upon the quiet mirror of the waters, Mesdag chiefly renders the moment of uneasy suspense before the storm. As a rule in his pictures the sea lies heavy as lead in a threatening lull; only a few lightly quivering waves seem to be preparing for the battle that they will fight amongst themselves. Overhead stretches a grey, monotonous, and gloomy sky, where sometimes, although rarely, the sun, glowing like the crater of a volcano, may be seen to stand. Yet it may be admitted that a certain want of flexibility in his nature is the cause of his repeating his most forcible note with too much obstinacy, and at certain points he is outmatched by others. For example, the seascapes of Israels surpass Mesdag's in freshness of vision and lightness of touch, those of Mauve have the advantage in dreamy tenderness of conception, and Jacob Maris commands the expression of lonely grandeur in a fashion which is peculiarly his own. Compare Mesdag's seascapes with those of his fellow Dutch artists, and we find the best clue to the characterization of his art. His power, like Bisschop's, is essentially a

C. Hentschel repr.] [*Hole sc.*

MATTHEW MARIS: "HE IS COMING."

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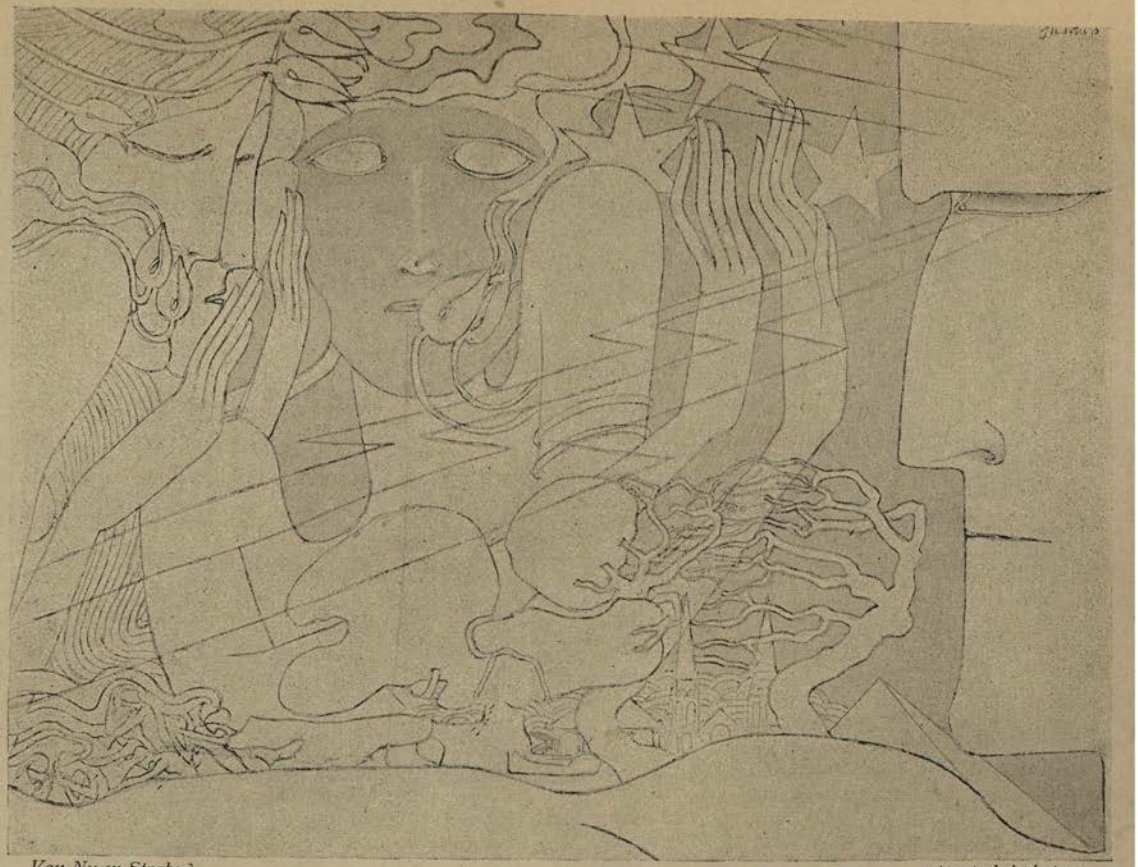
material one—*i.e.* he is a real realist. Israels, Maris, Mauve paint things as vehicles interpreting personal and emotional moods. They try to express sadness, grandeur, tenderness; nature's reality is to them only a means, not an end in itself, as it is to Mesdag, the broad, steady-going Dutchman of the North.

Speaking of him it has been necessary to emphasize the distinction between his realism and the more spiritual endowment of others. Let this distinction be borne in mind; for though Dutch pictures would seem to have a remarkable family resemblance it is a firm and sharp line of classification. True it is that all Dutch art of the seventies is characterized by a dignity resulting from good traditions, a quiet mood of contemplation occasionally verging on narrowness, a dark, warm, and almost sombre tone, singular taste and purity, and a certain repose and kindliness of feeling. But for those who enter deeply into this intimate art it is easy to draw a line dividing the Realists from the sensitive Impressionists. Amongst the former with Mesdag and Bisschop we find Bisschop's pupil *Klinkenberg*, who from his master learnt how to paint sunshine. The light of clear March days generally rests upon his pictures, brightening the fronts of neat brick houses, which are reflected in the still water of canals. *De Haas* paints the Dutch and Belgian lowland landscape, its cloudy, dull-blue, Northern summer skies, and the cattle or donkeys grazing amongst the grass of the dunes. Then there is *Lodewijk Apol*, who delights in wintry woodlands, where the leafless boughs are covered with a sparkling mantle of snow, frozen waters, and whitish-grey clumps of trees vanishing softly in the misty air. A more subtile hand and eye are revealed in the work of *Paul Josef Gabriel*, the painter of the *polders*, the flat landscape of which assists the impression of air and light and boundless distance. All these names belong to the older generation. But within the last ten years a number of younger artists have sprung up, and, as might have been anticipated, more novel tendencies have been displayed. Some of these men indeed have merely advanced upon the old lines. There are *Breitner* and *Isaac Israels*, who have created, under Manet's influence, wha

might be called the New Impressionism, an art more passionate, agitated, energetic, and daring than the old art of intimate emotion. They abandon themselves to the full tide of life, endeavouring to arrest the fleeting revelation of a single moment. Their technique also is broader than that of the elder men: form is not sacrificed to intimacy of feeling; it seems almost swept away in nervous energy of movement and the massing of colour. Such artists as these could not but break the subtile quietude that had rested so long over Dutch art. They longed to come to the free use of their senses and their limbs, like the young husband in Björnson's comedy *Nygifte*, who was mastered by an irresistible impulse to uplift his voice and dash himself about lest he should lose the use of both voice and limbs in the silent, antiquated mansion of his father-in-law.

Still the younger school of Dutch painting had no need to struggle against academic art, and hardly the need to fight for their own hand against the great masters who had preceded them. Where both the older and the younger generation are of genuine metal all that the latter need is the liberty to follow their own way when their turn has come. And so in Holland there was no cry raised against established reputations. On the contrary, the younger artists of Holland have never ceased to do honour to such men as Israels, Maris, Mauve, and Bosboom; and it might almost be urged that these masters have never been so well or so highly appreciated as they are now by their juniors. Yet these juniors were no followers. Theirs was an entirely different turn of mind and genius. Next to the above-named Neo-Impressionists we find, on the one hand, those who were influenced by the wave of mysticism sweeping over the world of literature and art at the end of this century. And on the other we find the men of brain-power rather than of sentiment, the analysts and psychologists, the acute observers and distinct expressionists. In mysticism it was *Matthew Maris*, a brother of the two landscape-painters already mentioned, who had first of all shown the way.

Both Jacob and Willem Maris bore witness to the invincible power of Dutch art which made two essentially Dutch masters



Van Nu en Straks.] [*Hentschel photo. sc.*

TOOROP: "TIME" (A FRAGMENT).

Amsterdammer.] [*Hentschel photo sc.*

VETH: JOSEF ISRAELS.

of men who were the sons of an Austrian father, but in Matthew the hereditary Teutonic passion for mediæval mysticism broke out again. Yet the influence of Holland, his father's adopted country, was not wasted upon him : his mystical tendencies were controlled by the faculty of observation. His early pictures have an exceeding great charm of their own, a direct simplicity of motive and a poetic purity of expression both in line and colour. His Gretchen, for example, is a mediæval maiden under the spell of a mystical love that gives her a look of fairy unreality. Indeed she more nearly resembles the devoted Kätchen von Heilbronn of Heinrich von Kleist than the more robust heroine of Goethe. By degrees reality lost its grip on the painter, and his visions grew mistier, gaining at the same time in lonely grandeur. Yet the more he tries to evade reality the stronger a certain sensuousness seems to hold him in its grasp. The forms hidden under the veil of his dreamy visions assert themselves, rise and grow, as if they were to burst forth after all. This wrestle

between the animal and the mystical life in the painter's spirit to some extent mars the unity of his art, yet makes it appeal to us with a deeper emotional force and a grander imaginative power. The hermit-painter, living near London in utter solitude, is, after all, a human being with latent passion.

Travels in the East and the love of mediæval legend have quickened the same tendency to mystical contemplation in *W. Bauer.* His water-colours, his lithographs, and his etchings are all of them filled with the vibration of very subtile emotions, expressed in the lithographs and etchings with a curious nervousness of intercrossing fibrous lines. In some of his etchings again there is an amplitude of vision, a grandeur of mass, and a halo of light which recall the work of Rembrandt in this field of art. *Jan Toorop* was the first to bring a tribute from the Dutch Indies to the art of the mother-country. He worked his way through impressionism and "pointellism" to a mystical symbolism which, however, emanates from Villiers-de-l'Isle-Adam and Odilon Redon rather than from the Indies. This symbolist art of Toorop's is as remarkable for its high power of expression and its delicacy of handling as for versatility and facility of imagination. But, after all, symbolism, which by sheer force of reaction against the national tendency to realism had at one moment become the cry of the new art-movement in Holland and had won another true and subtile adept in young *Thorn Prikker,* could not long hold its own among a people which, although sometimes approaching in its art to the symbolical through simplicity and grandeur, had always derived it instinctively from reality, without seeking it in abstract forms—the domain of philosophy, not of art.

Of the other tendency in modern Dutch art—to return to more directness of expression, and to arrive at a greater intensity of psychological power than the great Impressionists had aimed at—we find examples in the portraits by *Jan Veth* and *Haverman.* They are entirely different from such powerful creations as Josef Israels has lately shown in this line. Those by Israels are freely subjective; the painter will treat the features and expression of his sitter with considerable freedom, making the portrait speak

of his own moods, and giving it the character with which it looms in his imagination. But these younger men take great pains to penetrate into the actual mind and spirit of the person, rendering them with the utmost directness. Neither their imagination nor their sentiment is allowed to run away with them, and they aim at the subjection of all their powers to the guiding and analyzing brain. As a matter of course, this attitude influences their technique and makes it rigid and strict, until they feel so sure of their handling that they can allow themselves enough freedom to devote some attention to charm of line and unrestrained simplicity. Somewhat the same difference from the older school, although hardly so pronounced, we find in the landscapes of *Tholen* and *Karpen*, whose attitude towards nature is indeed more reserved, and who aim at a pure and direct expression of forms and atmosphere rather than at the free impressionism of Jacob Maris. And although too much may be made of these distinctions, yet they are real enough to show that Dutch art has more variety than a superficial observer might suppose. At the first glance the pictures of modern Holland seem to have one great family resemblance, as has already been noted, yet a constant current of evolution, often influenced by movements abroad, of which Dutch artists have been keen students, has been flowing forwards; and so far from stagnating, Dutch art is now as fresh and varied as in the old days of its glory.

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CHAPTER XL

DENMARK

The kinship between Danish and Dutch painting.—Previous history of artistic efforts in Denmark.—Christoph Vilhelm Eckersberg and his importance.—The Eckersberg school: Rörbye, Bendz, Sonne, Christen Köbke, Roed, Küchler, Vilhelm Marstrand.—Italy and the East: J. A. Krafft, Constantin Hansen, Ernst Meyer, Petzholdt, Niels Simonsen.—The national movement of the forties brings painting back to native soil: influence of Höyen, Julius Exner, Frederik Vermehren, Christen Dalsgaard.—Their intimacy of feeling in opposition to the traditional genre *painting.—The landscape-painters: Johan Thomas Lundbye, Carlo Dalgas, Peter Christian Skovgaard, Vilhelm Kyhn, Gotfred Rump.—The marine-painters: Emanuel Larsen, Frederik Sörensen, Anton Melbye.—Their importance and technical defects.—Carl Bloch sets in the place of this awkward painting which had national independence one which was outwardly brilliant but less characteristic.—Gertner, Elisabeth Jerichau-Baumann, Otto Bache, Vilhelm Rosenstand, Axel Helsted, Christian Zahrtmann.—After the Paris Exhibition of* 1878 *there came into being the young school equipped with rich technical means of expression and, at the same time, taking up the Eckersberg tradition of intimate and delicate observation: Peter S. Kröyer, Laurits Regner Tuxen, August Jerndorff, Viggo Johansen, Carl Thomsen, H. N. Hansen, Otto Haslund, Irminger, Engelsted, Lauritz Ring, Erik Henningsen, Fritz Syberg.—Painters of the sea and fishing: Michael and Anna Ancher, Locher, Thorolf Pedersen.—The landscape-painters: Viggo Pedersen, Philipsen, Thorwald Niss, Zacho, Gotfred Christensen, Julius Paulsen.—The "free exhibitors:" Joachim and Niels Skovgaard, Theodor Bindesböll, Agnes Slott-Möller, Harald Slott-Möller, J. F. Willumsen, V. Hammershöy, Johan Rohde, G. Seligmann, Karl Jensen.*

DENMARK is a new Holland, should any one be pleased to call it so, only it is Holland with a purer atmosphere and a clearer sky, Holland less rich in soil and less luxuriant; it is a country more thinly populated and one where the

inhabitants are more dreamy. In accordance with this likeness in the character of nature, the transition from the one school to the other is almost imperceptible in art. As painters of interiors and landscape, the Danes join issue with the Dutch by the touching delicacy of feeling with which they paint the likeness of their beautiful country, its domestic life, its woodlands and its lakes. And, successful as they have been in acquiring technique in Paris, they, too, avoid making experiments in *plein air* and in the last results of Impressionism. They are almost fonder than the Dutch of swathing themselves in soft dusk and floating haze. Indeed what distinguishes them from the latter is that they have less phlegm and more nervous vibration, a softer taste for elegiac sadness, that tender breath of dreamy melancholy which is in the old Danish ballads. What they have to express seems almost Dutch, but it is whispered less distinctly and with more of mystery, with that dim, approximative, hazarded utterance which betrays that it is Danish.

Do you know the park near Copenhagen, that lovely pleasure-ground where the old Danish beeches bend their heads together rustling and fill the air with drowsy fragrance? From the Sound there comes a faint, subdued murmur which echoes low and tremulous through the forest. Across the earth flit the soft shadows of the beeches, and the warm sunlight plays between them. Everything is gathered into a large, peacefully dreamy uniformity, which has a hidden melancholy. A nation which grows up amid such surroundings will become more sensitive in its feelings and more delicate in organization than one which lives amongst mountains and rough crags. The fragrance and ringing echo of this strange, soft nature render the nerves finer and quicker in vibration. Have you read Jacobsen? Can you recall the figures of Niels Lyhne and Mogens and Marie Grubbe, filled as they are with gentle and dreamy devotion, so unsubstantial that they live half in reality and half dissolve in misty visions, possessing so much tender sentiment—sentiment which is indeed tender to excess—and crumbling away the moment a rude hand draws them from the world in which they live? Do you recollect the verses which

Mogens hums softly to himself, "*In Sehnen leb ich, in Sehnen*"—"I live in my longing, in my longing"?

The same mysterious fragrance which breathes from the works of Jacobsen, the dreamy disposition to lose consciousness of self, that melting away and vanishing in mist, suggesting the soft outlines of the coasts of Zealand, is likewise peculiar to Danish art. It, too, has something abashed in spirit, an infinite need for what is delicate and refined, introspective, diffident, irresolute, fainting and despondent, youthful and innocent, and yet glimmering with tears, a yearning that is like sadness, a renunciation that finds vent in elegies that are still and keenly sweet. It also avoids the cold, clear day, and the sun, so indiscreet in its revelations. Everything is covered with soft, subdued light; everything is silent, mysterious, luxuriating in pleasant and yet mournful reveries. Melting landscapes are represented in lines that vanish in mist, and with indecisive depths and low tones. Or there are dark rooms, where tea is upon the table and quiet people are leaning back in their chairs. The fire is burning in the stove with a subdued and pleasant noise. On the table stands the petroleum lamp, shedding a mild dim light through the room. And the blue smoke of cigars mingles with the reddish glow from the fireplace, which casts a reflection upon the carpet, whilst the soft rain outside is drumming on the window-panes. And what an old-fashioned grace the furniture has, the great mahogany tables and little *secrétaires* resting upon slender voluted legs! It is not mere blockish, indifferent furniture, for it has been inherited and cared for, and it is narrowly allied with the lives of men. With what a genial, confiding air does it seem to regard the proceedings when the family are assembled at table, when the water boils and there is a clatter of tea-things! And when there is society, how bashfully it presses against the wall, as though it were shy before company! On the boards upon the window-sill old-fashioned flowers bloom in pots spotted with green, and old-fashioned family portraits hang upon the walls with a slightly *bourgeois* air of complacency.

Amongst ourselves, where there is a general inclination to

regard distant regions as half-barbaric—merely because nothing is known about them—people for a long time looked down upon this modest, but essentially healthy Danish painting. It was only at the last great exhibitions that the epoch-making appearance of the young Danish school showed what a fresh artistic life was stirring within the limits of this little Northern kingdom. Through the works of the young painters attention was directed to their elders, for it was not to be assumed that such blossom of art had grown up in the night.

As is well known, Denmark is not a site of ancient civilization. Before the period of Thorwaldsen every artistic tradition was wanting, and the country was never the stage of a continuous and historically important development of art. From the Middle Ages it can only point to traces of feeble artistic activity in a few Gothic buildings which are massively monotonous. It was not till late, in fact in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that the cultivation of artistic interests was pursued with greater animation under the government of Christian IV. Christian V. (1670—1699) endeavoured to catch a few beams from the sun of Louis XIV., and sent for numbers of French artists who enriched the country with manifold imitations of Lebrun and Coustou. Under Frederik V. (1746—1766) an Academy of Art was founded at the Castle of Charlottenborg and organized according to the French model by the sculptor Saly, from Valenciennes. The new quarter of the town which rose about this time in Copenhagen—Frederiktown, as it is called—gives in its palaces, and in the equestrian statue of Frederik V. executed by Saly, a tolerably complete picture of the Danish Rococo period, and it was not particularly rich. A generation later, Danish artists, indeed, headed the school, but its tradition remained predominantly French or German, and of the Classical type. *Jens Juel* distinguished himself as a graceful portrait-painter, and the animal-painter *Gebauer* executed little pictures in the style of Esaias van der Velde. Through the sculptor Wiedewelt, Winckelmann's theories were made known in Copenhagen. The painter *Abildgaard*, an academician of sound learning and many-sided culture, found

his ideals in the Italian masters of the Renaissance, especially Michael Angelo. Amongst such men Asmus Carstens and Bertel Thorwaldsen, who made such an important contribution to the artistic development of Europe, were destined to receive their schooling.

If this first period of Danish art was either French or Classical, and in any case imported and without individuality, it must be owned that the national epoch of Danish painting was introduced with Eckersberg, and formed by a group of men who stood on their own ground, representing only Danish life and nature as it is in Denmark. The consideration of their pictures affords little æsthetic pleasure to the eye. The execution in almost all cases is angular and diffidently careful, the representation of forms paltry, and the colour arid and without anything luminous. But the substratum of sentiment makes atonement for the inadequacy of the technique. At a period when a spiritless reproduction of old ideas and old forms of civilization went by the name of idealism, the Danes were the first independent naturalists; at a time when artists saw things almost exclusively through the medium of literature, they proved themselves, in the special sense of the word, to be painters, and therefore they had no need afterwards to wage the great war of liberation which had to be gone through in all other places. They had no need to learn gradually that nature may be artistically rendered without conventional composition, nor was there any necessity for them to be taught that there was a world better than that of commonplace *genre* humour. For, from the very first, they plunged into reality instead of treating it with playful condescension, and were protected from the inflated sentimentality of the "village tale" by having a practised eye for what was properly pictorial. Like the Dutch of the seventeenth century, the Danes had worked faithfully to nature, and in their deep and honourable devotion they merely wished to paint nature itself according to their own true and personal conception; and whilst the falsely idealistic or narrative works of the rest of the Continent vanished, at a later time, from painting, these Danish works, which contained in themselves fresh and natural germs, are not yet antiquated,

although they may be old-fashioned; to some extent, indeed, and in their essential conception, they may still be said to hold sway over living Danish art.

Christoph Vilhelm Eckersberg was, in many ways, a remarkable artist. In the matter of technique he is almost antediluvian; he is old-fashioned in his hard and sharp portraits, old-fashioned in his large historical pictures, old-fashioned in his petty landscapes and carefully drawn and leaden sea-pieces. Nevertheless his pictures have remained more classical than those of his contemporaries, who donned the classic garb as if for eternity. He has a simpler and more familiar expression for the things we know; he gives warmth by his purity of feeling: everything he does bears the impress of a peculiar sincerity, as if he went bail in his person for the truth of what he painted.

Eckersberg belongs to those modest but meritorious artists who have been little honoured in the earlier period, artists who have given something novel in place of reminiscences from other centuries and the classical imitation popular in their time. He had, like Carstens, studied under Abildgaard, and after that he finished his course of training under David from 1810 to 1813. From 1813 to 1816 he was in Rome, where his friend Thorwaldsen was, at that time, high-priest of art. And just as he was at pains to follow the turbulent painter of the Revolution in his Parisian studies, so his pictures from Rome, which are to be seen in the Thorwaldsen Museum, are under the sway of Roman Classicism. But when he returned home in 1816, and as a man of tough energy undertook the guidance of Danish art, it was soon seen where his talent actually lay. He executed about this time a portrait of himself in which he is painted looking into the world with honest, dark-blue eyes, a massive, sensible, and judiciously observant man. This likeness shows him, indeed, both as a man and as an artist, and supplies a curious commentary on the tedious historical pictures which he composed in Paris and Rome. In outward respects these same pictures are concerned with the system of ideas everywhere in favour at the period, and they borrow their subjects from the Bible or classical antiquity. "Bacchus and Ariadne," "The Spartan Lads," "Ulysses slaying

the Suitors," all painted before 1816, are amongst the most jejune works produced at the time. But compared with earlier Danish pictures, and compared with the classical productions of contemporaries, they are true to nature. Eckersberg supplanted the tall, flabby, mannered, swaying figures of Abildgaard, with their swollen muscles and generalized faces, by stiff frames which have no flow of line, and earnest faces which know nothing of the Cinquecento ideal of beauty. There is nothing antique about them except the title, for the basis of his art was an absolutely accurate study of the model. Even where he arranged human beings in *tableaux vivants*, illustrating a story provided by ancient authors, direct study of nature was the corrective he applied to the mannerism of his time. And this sound and thorough observation of nature, however unattractive it might be in technique, is yet more characteristic of his landscapes. Even in Rome this quiet Jutlander had produced a series of little pictures sharply to be distinguished from the classical views and dry architectural pieces of his contemporaries. For it was not the beauty of architecture as such that had any charm for him. The backyard of a modern Roman hut gave him as much pleasure as a classical ruin, and a meadow in spring with blossoming flowers was as dear to him as the colonnades of St. Peter's. Here, too, were colour and the play of light. His pictures owed their existence less to an antiquarian than to a pictorial interest, which is saying a good deal considering their period.

And after Eckersberg returned home he remained the same, both in his outward many-sidedness and in the essential principle of his art. Biblical pictures and altar-paintings were ordered from him, and he painted "The Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea" in a very sensible fashion, and gave a thoroughly prosaic paraphrase of Raphael in his "Madonna as Queen of Heaven." From the Court he received a commission to decorate the throne-room of the Castle of Christiansborg with representations from Danish history, and accomplished this task also in an honourable and conscientious manner. Everybody came to him to have portraits taken, and he satisfied everybody by making an accurate likeness. Over and above this there is

an important class of pictures which were not ordered, and show the more clearly what he was aiming at himself: scenes from everyday life, landscapes and seascapes. He is the first who, in that age, which limited its enthusiasm to gods and heroes, carried out the maxim that everything may be painted, historical or present, sacred or profane. All his life he maintained his love of light and air, land and sea. Sea-pieces, which had been neglected since Joseph Vernet, were introduced by him into art once more. What distinguished him, indeed, was an extraordinarily pure, fine, and inwardly felt conception of what he saw in reality in the life of men, upon land or water; and however dry and prosaic his pictures may be, they are none the less sincere, honest, and sound. He will have nothing to do with meaningless poses and empty phrases. Honest and thoroughly deliberate observation, combined with severe restraint from everything merely dazzling to the eye, is of the essence of his art.

Even his colouring is in this respect characteristic. The older painters, Juel and Abildgaard, strove to effect an artistic harmony. They used cloying colours which soothed the eye, and endeavoured to give their pictures the tone of the old masters, or that metallic brilliancy which accorded with the gilded decorations of the Rococo period. And Eckersberg had also proceeded in this fashion in his "Bacchus with Ariadne." But afterwards these soothing colours, aiming at decorative effect, vanished from his works. He then endeavoured to render local colours as faithfully as possible; if they were also brusque and harsh, he at least rescued objects from the bath of sauce, from the pictorial tone, in which Abildgaard had steeped them, and he placed them in the open light of day. In him everything receives its healthy, natural illumination, and that is principally what gives his pictures a plebeian effect beside those of delicate Rococo painters. In the proximity of the portraits of Juel, harmonized in a golden tone, the figures of Eckersberg in the Copenhagen Gallery looked as if they had just washed, with such ingenuousness and sincerity did he place the healthy red in the cheeks of his girls boldly against

the white skin. No doubt there is a good deal which is prosaic and material in this method of creation. For the poetry of colour he had but little feeling. But when, after looking at the pictures of Eckersberg in the Thorwaldsen Museum, one's gaze wanders to the "Sleeping Girl" of Riedel hanging opposite, there can be no doubt that outward prettiness and sugary coquetry are on the side of the German, and health and veracity on that of the Dane.

Every one notices with facility that Eckersberg's activity fell in a time when plastic art was set above painting, and the plastic element in pictures was specially accentuated. This draughtsmanlike treatment, which knows little of the pictorial conception, is what chiefly gives his works their antiquated air. Eckersberg paints things much as they are in themselves, and too little does he paint the impression received of them. His observation is positive, solid, firm, but it is not light enough with what is light, nor fleeting enough with what is fleeting. His strong point is the rendering of objects with opaque surfaces in hard daylight when everything is distinctly visible. Dusk and clare-obscure, which dissolve the outlines of things, are no affair of his. Optical phenomena, like rainbows, have a heavy and material appearance in his works. What the moderns leave to be indistinctly divined he paints substantially and palpably. He is too careful of outline. What a hard and disagreeable effect is made by the contours in his picture of the interior of the Colosseum! In his effort to attain outline and local colour he even gives them to objects which have none. The clouds look like masonry; the water, which in its endless variety is almost more wayward than the air, and plays, at the same time, in bluish, greenish, and whitish tones, has only one hard, monotonous colour in Eckersberg, and no transparency, no brilliancy nor glitter. It is only when one overlooks these defects that one can enjoy the incomparable study of the movement of the waves, and the admirable drawing of ships; one may remember, indeed, many more effective seascapes, but few so satisfactory in the consideration of details.

In Eckersberg everything has been quietly, logically, and

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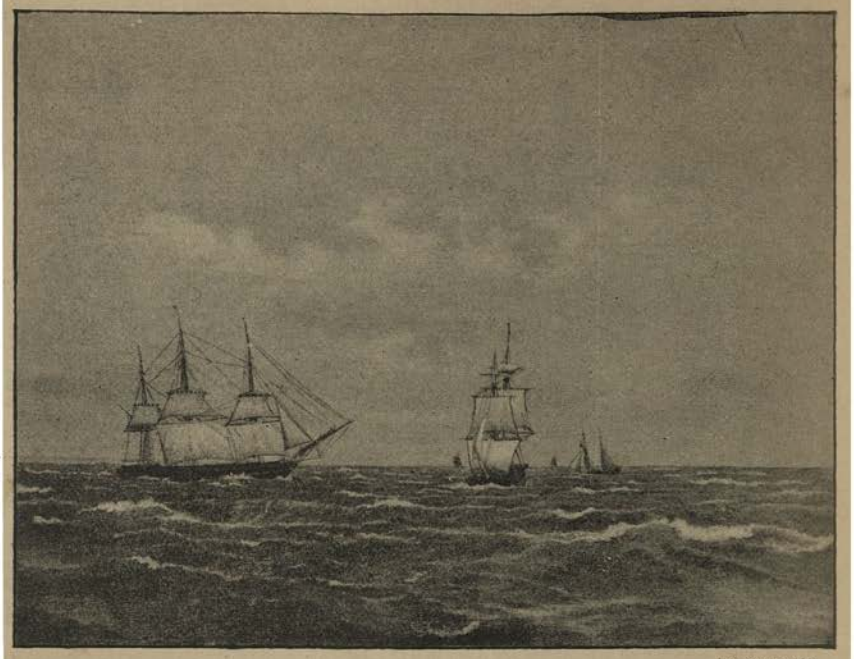
ECKERSBERG: THE NATHANSON FAMILY.

deliberately thought out and seen before being painted; every point stands where it should; he has his perspective and anatomy at his fingers' ends. His sea-pieces, with their little ships rocking upon waves of porcelain, are frigidly and aridly painted, but very delicately observed, and drawn with great confidence. And his portraits, limited as they are from the pictorial standpoint, must be reckoned amongst the best of their period as regards sincerity in the study of nature. In the group of the family of the merchant Nathanson, in the Copenhagen Gallery, he does not attempt to embellish his models, but attacks them, roughly no doubt, but straightforwardly. Certain of his pictures of children have a winning innocence, and some of his portraits of women are worthy of being named beside those of David. In particular, he has painted with a careful brush and much delicacy of feeling Anne Marie Magnani, the friend of Thorwaldsen, and also the master himself, whom he revered as a god. Here he has a real touch of greatness in spite of his minutely fine work of detail. The head and hands are drawn with laboured diffidence, as in all his pictures,



ECKERSBERG: A SEASCAPE. [Lauge photo.

and the stiff shirt painted with such refinement is unpictorial. But all the more moving is the infinite, and thoroughly Pre-raphaelitish, devotion with which he gave himself up to rendering this head, the religious piety with which he reproduced every little hair and every furrow in the face; and by these fresh, naturalistic qualities Eckersberg has become the ancestor of modern Danish art. Positive and realistic, too honest to make a pretence of raising himself to the level of the great old masters by superficial imitation, but all the more zealously bent on penetrating the spirit of nature, and loving everything to the minutest detail, weak in imagination but profound in his feeling for nature—such was Eckersberg himself, and such was the painting developed from the groundwork of his intuition of nature.

All his pupils—*Rörbye, Küchler, Eddelien, Bendz, Christen Köbke, Roed*, and others—were, like their master, undiluted naturalists, healthy and virile, like Peter Hess, Bürkel, Franz Krüger, and

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BENDZ: "IN THE STUDIO."

Hermann Kauffmann. Scenes from the studios of painters, sculptors, and engravers, and from the life of peasants and soldiers, were their usual subjects, and all their pictures show that, under the influence of Eckersberg, a homely spirit of observation had entered into Danish artists. At a time when all Denmark was wild over Oehlenschläger and soft moonlit nights, they brought to all their work an entirely honest and objective veracity which had no trace of romantic sentimentality; they never dreamed of beautifying their figures, but handled forms honestly as they found them. Still less did they feel any temptation to treat life humorously, like the contemporary *genre* painters, for they had no higher aim than to grasp seriously and with unfeigned feeling what was familiar and direct. *Sonne*, who is specially esteemed in Denmark as a battle-painter, was one of the first to devote himself to the representation of the life of the Danish people. He had little technical equipment, but deep and fine feeling, and his touching picture in the National Gallery, "The Sick at the Grave of St. Helen," is one of the most valuable works of his generation. He creates astonishment by the manner in which he shows himself an epic painter upon the grand scale in his admirable *sgrafittos* — alas! almost destroyed — upon the walls of the Thorwaldsen Museum, where he represented the return of the

[*Tilge photo.*

SONNE: "THE SICK AT THE GRAVE OF ST. HELEN."

master to Copenhagen, and his enthusiastic reception by his countrymen. Eckersberg's successor as teacher in the Academy was *Jörgen Roed,* and as such he maintained Eckersberg's traditions; he proved himself specially eminent as a portrait-painter, but has also painted, quite in the manner of his teacher, good architectural pictures, scenes from popular and ordinary life, and several religious works. He had Eckersberg's confident draughtsmanship, and, like Eckersberg too, he had little imagination or feeling for colour, albeit his colours are more discreet and refined.

It is only *Vilhelm Marstrand* who occupies a peculiar position. Whereas Eckersberg looked at nature with the quietly observant eye of a painter, Marstrand is a *genre* painter in the full sense of the word—the only man in Denmark who had "ideas;" and he is the Danish Wilkie and Schroedter, Madou and Biard, in one. His contemporaries did him honour as the most spirited painter, the most gifted master of characterization in Denmark, on the score of this "broad and healthy humour." And, strangely

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MARSTRAND: "SUNDAY ON THE SILJANSEE."

enough, even those who are living now cannot shake this opinion. What a strange thing humour is in painting! In general it is as much discredited in these days as the dramatic exaggeration of the historical picture. But as there is always a true distinction between wild and genuine passion and histrionic gesticulation, so true humour should be distinguished from affected. Delaroche's historical pictures fail in their effect, because, being of a tame and peaceable spirit, he painted sanguinary deeds with the savageness of Mieris; and Adolf Schroedter's whimsicalities are equally lukewarm, because, being a home-made and sober personage, he produced them with an insipid, self-complacent smile. The theme was not in accordance with their species of talent. But Delacroix sweeps one on with him through the whole gamut of the passions; it is not a deft stage-manager, but a bold spirit of flame that is here displayed. And in his narrower field Marstrand has likewise remained fresh. The delights of colour are not demanded from him; his whole art is directed to the observation of the spirit. The crooked nose, the blotches of a toper's face, the heavy gesture of a dissolute and brutalized man, wrinkled features and vulgar figures, merely serve to make the

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MARSTRAND: "ERASMUS MONTANUS."

nature, trade, mania, and habits the more distinctly salient. Here we have not forms and colours, but dissipation, intemperance, brutality, cunning, avarice, hebetude. It is astonishing how he brings out of every figure the essence of its being; the realistic force with which he sharpens characteristic traits to make a character-piece is amazing. To press more deeply into the forge where his spirit works, one passes from his pictures to his masterly sketches with the pen, and one pursues his sparkling point and humour with still greater interest where colour makes no disturbing effect. Marstrand is never wearisome, for he sets one tingling with eagerness, and, as he fully accomplishes his purpose, his art is justified; in fact Marstrand offers a parallel in art to the broad comedy of Holberg, Baggesen's graceful whim, and Heiberg's extravagant waywardness.

From 1829, when he exhibited his first pictures, as a pupil of Eckersberg, he entered at once upon this humorously satirical course. He painted the people of Copenhagen and the Philistine

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MARSTRAND: "THE VISIT."

class in their domestic occupations, or the vagaries of tavern life, men shaving and making comical faces over the process, miserable rejected suitors, or family parties with gay interludes. And with his eye for humour he saw matters which were just as droll in Italy, where he stayed for the first time from 1836 to 1843. His "Festival of St. Anthony in Rome" is a pyrotechnical display of wit and humour, and his Italian vintage scenes are full of waggish fun and comical resource.

He was, therefore, altogether in his element when he painted the celebrated pictures on Holberg's comedies after his return, and these occupied him during several years. Whereas Lorentzen and Eckersberg attempted the illustration of the Danish Molière without much felicity, Marstrand struck the popular tone quite admirably. In 1844 he executed the "finery scene" from *Erasmus Montanus*, the following year the "Visit to the Woman

Lying-in," in 1852 the "Collegium Politicum," and in 1859 the "coffee scene" from the *Would-be Politicians* and the "court scene" from *The Fortunate Shipwreck*. Marstrand had, indeed, a spiritual affinity with Holberg, and thus moved with the greater freedom in this field. His "Visit to the Woman Lying-in" would do honour to Hogarth, with such satirical keenness are the characters brought out. The illustrations to Holberg drawn, not so long since, by *Hans Tegner*, and with a spirited and graceful pen, have not thrown these Marstrand pictures into the shade. In addition to Holberg, *Don Quixote* was a constant inspiration to him, and one should place the tedious illustrations of Adolf Schroedter beside his to see the high flight of Marstrand's fancy.

Indeed Marstrand was a most various painter. His comprehensive work, "Sunday on the Siljansee," executed in 1853, without having any of the "points" of *genre* painting, has been kept more or less in the style of Teniers' great picture of the fair. And in another picture, "The Visit," of 1857, the satirist has become a tender, idyllic poet. A peaceful atmosphere of Sunday rests upon an old room with solid furniture, where one perceives that throughout generations the same family has lived in easy prosperity. It is this very interior alone which gives the whole its homely Sunday air. And here we have the familiar visage of a young man who is courting a girl. A handsome naval officer has entered the room, and laid upon the table a little bouquet neatly tied up. The young lady has given him her thanks in a subdued voice, and her aged mother casts meaning glances at her, while an embarrassing pause has interrupted conversation. Thus it is a *genre* picture, though one which has been rendered with great charm.

Meanwhile he had made repeated journeys to the South, to Venice and Rome, and painted, as a result, a series of life-size Italian pictures in the fashion of Riedel: girls at the doors of inns, children playing with cats, hunters languishing in love, and the like. His treatment, which was at first ornamental and smooth, seems broader in these later works, and aims more at magnitude; the colouring, which was at first cold, is warmer

and deeper, but at the same time darker and more suggestive of sauce. The evil influence of these journeys was that the humourist of earlier days, in his last period became solemn, and painted Church pictures. "Christ with His Disciples in Emmaus" was executed in 1856, and his "Feast of Christ," which was crowded with figures, in 1869: as a piece of composition this latter has striking beauty, but it is of little pictorial value. The best work of his last years is a series of portraits, amongst which are those of Madame Heiberg, the painter Constantin Hansen, and Professor Höyen. But here also Marstrand's strength does not lie in the loving observation of detail, though the old satirist possessed a keen eye for soul and character, and had the secret of giving his pictures something remarkably spontaneous, living, and spirited.

Yet his influence was a danger to the further development of Danish painting. His life was divided between Italy and Denmark, and by him, if for a short time only, Danish painting was alienated from the soil of home. The rage for travelling to Italy and the East came into vogue.

A large Danish colony was active in Rome about 1840, and a halting place was often made in the Munich of Ludwig I. Here it was that *Bendz* painted that fine picture of Finck's Café which may be found in the Thorwaldsen Museum. *Ernst Meyer*, who studied long under Cornelius, threw himself with great zeal into the representation of Roman and Neapolitan street-life. *Küchler*, who afterwards became a monk in Italy, painted, to say nothing of representations of street-life, religious pictures —"Joseph and his Brethren," and the like—Düsseldorfian in colour, but free from sentimentalism. *Constantin Hansen*, in his mythological frescoes in the entrance hall of the University of Copenhagen—where *Hilker* painted the ornamental decorations—endeavoured, after the example of sculptors, to introduce the world of Northern gods into Danish painting, and he is also represented, in the Copenhagen Gallery, by scenes from Naples and prospects of Roman ruins. The pictures of *J. A. Krafft*, who was several years senior, and of the landscape-painter *Petzholdt*, are more or less of a parallel to the little Italian

pictures of Bürkel. *Niels Simonsen*, the battle-painter, made a journey to Africa and returned with pictures of the desert. And Rörbye, also, set himself to satisfy the demand for Eastern pictures.

In his novel *Only a Fiddler* Andersen has given a delightful account of the life of Danish artists at that time in Rome, their strenuous work and their jovial meetings, when the "Pontemolle" was celebrated in the Café Greco. "The walls," writes Andersen, "were hung with crowns, and in the centre a garland of oak-leaves formed an O and a T, indicating the names Overbeck and Thorwaldsen. On the benches round the tables artists were seated, both old and young, most of them being Germans, with whom tavern life has its origin. They had all of them moustaches, beards, and whiskers, and certain of them wore their hair in long locks. Some sat in their shirt-sleeves, and others in blouses. Here the famous old Reinhart was to be seen in his buff waistcoat, with a red cap on his head. His dog was tied to the leg of his chair, and yelped lustily in company with another dog close by. There sat Koch, the Tyrolese, the old artist with a jovial face. There sat Overbeck with bare neck and long locks streaming over his white collar, dressed like Raphael." And Emil Hannover in his subtile and thoughtful book on Köbke justly points out of what importance Italy and intercourse with the Nazarenes really were for Danish artists at the time. They learnt to accomplish with skill the monumental tasks set them in Denmark during the thirties, and acquired a feeling for beauty of form and rounded composition. But they were drawn aside from the sound course of Eckersberg. What they achieved in the way of decorative paintings rested purely upon study of the old masters. And Italian representation of popular life led to the same ethnographical painting of costume, and sentimental romanticism in dealing with robbers, which flourished everywhere else at the time. Even the German principles of instruction, communicated to them by Ernst Meyer, brought half-measures into Eckersberg's naturalism. A visit to the Copenhagen collection of engravings on copper proves that, during those years,

work was scarcely ever done after painted studies, but simply from drawings. There was a general "theory of colours"—of which Ludwig Richter has also written in his *Lebenserinnerungen* —and artists noted rapidly with a pencil upon the leaves of sketches the colours which were to be employed later. Many lent such drawings to each other to be used for pictures reciprocally. And plaster heads and the ideal of beauty likewise exercised their influence, which was deadly to the spirit.

It was the great national movement resulting in the democratic constitution and the war with Germany, the period from 1848 to 1850, which first threw Danish painting back upon its own resources. This mood found its earliest expression in the writings of the able historian of art N. Höyen, who fought through a long life with all the power of unusual eloquence to bind the practice of art more narrowly than before with the life of the nation. A land which had given Thorwaldsen to the world, he urged in a lecture on March 23rd, 1844, *On the Conditions for the Development of a National Scandinavian Art*, should not perish by the imitation of alien methods, but ought to have the pride to secure for itself a peculiar position in European painting. What, he went on, was only possible upon the path indicated by Eckersberg, was to portray what lived in the spirit of the people. The Danish artist had in the first place to learn to feel at home in his own country. Here were the tough roots of his strength. Only in this way could Danish art, like the Danish language and poetry, find a peculiar, Northern method of expression. Upon the Danish islands it was that painters should study the people, not for the sake of bringing home pictures of costume, but to become familiar, on all sides, with the bluff, serious life of nature, and the rough-grained fisher-folk. When they once succeeded in marking the original peculiarities of race in the people itself, and seizing the character of the inhabitants of the North in all its individuality, it would, perhaps, be possible for a grand art, with a special seal of its own, to be developed in Denmark. After this lecture of Höyen, a new impulse is to be noted in Danish painting of landscape and popular life. Italy and Rome were

Copenhagen: Stockholm.]

EXNER: "THE LITTLE CONVALESCENT."

no longer a meeting-place for artists. The generation of painters which had grown up amid the ideas of freedom and nationality which shook the country before the war of 1848 had no higher ambition than to depict Danish life, and that no longer in a mocking fashion like Marstrand, but with cordiality and devotion.

Neither Vermehren, nor Dalsgaard, nor Exner, know anything of the forced humour of *genre*, which existed at that time upon the Continent. Nor do they take pains to instruct an international public as to customs and usages in Denmark. They painted simply what had for them pictorial attraction, and, despite their angular and detailed treatment, and their monotonous style, so void of charm, they, in this way, make some approach to the quiet poetry which is delightful in the old Dutch masters.

The least refined of the trio is *Julius Exner*, and he often comes perilously near the line where what is child-like becomes childish and what is sweet becomes sugary. Generally speaking Exner revolves in a prescribed circle of subjects: old men in night-caps sealing letters by candle-light, village inns where there is dancing

and people are drinking punch, fish-women with a red kerchief before a cup of coffee, lads and lasses telling each other's fortunes by cards, children going to see their grandfather on Sunday, old men offering little girls flowers to smell, little cousins playing with a baby who has just been christened, young peasant mothers putting their children to bed, musicians playing at a wedding, baptisms, blind-man's-buff, and children sharing their breakfast with cats and ravens or watching their father puffing clouds of smoke for their edification. In him preponderates the ethnographical element—old-world chambers and gaudy national costumes which have held their ground upon the islands of Amager and Fanö. The figures are sometimes life-size, which makes the vulgar colouring all the more obvious, and the faces are often contorted like masks. Nevertheless several of his earlier pictures of children are not yet antiquated. They have something of the homely simplicity of Ludwig Richter. In an age when German painters merely turned children to account for comic situations, or showed off their precocious humour, Exner portrayed the inward life of little people without mawkishness or deliberate comicality. His rosy-cheeked girls are all scrubbed and combed and prettily dressed up, yet they are far more human than the little angels of Meyer of Bremen. Even in the simple picture of the little convalescent receiving a visit from her friends every species of cheap humour has been avoided. The girl has the sense of having gone through something serious; and seriously and with diffidence do the others advance towards her.

In *Frederik Vermehren* Danish reality becomes something almost arid. His pictures have no substratum of *genre* that can be set down in so many words. An old man who delivers bread for a baker at distant farms, tired with walking in the noonday sun which broods over the heath, has sat down upon a milestone, and is looking mildly and vacantly before him. In the poor and wretched heath tract of Jutland a shepherd is standing, a strange figure, the living product of this rude soil, one accustomed to live with no other companions than his lonely thoughts, his sheep, and his dog. He neither whistles nor does anything funny, as he certainly must have done in German *genre* pictures. As a

[Tillge photo.

VERMEHREN: "A FARMYARD."

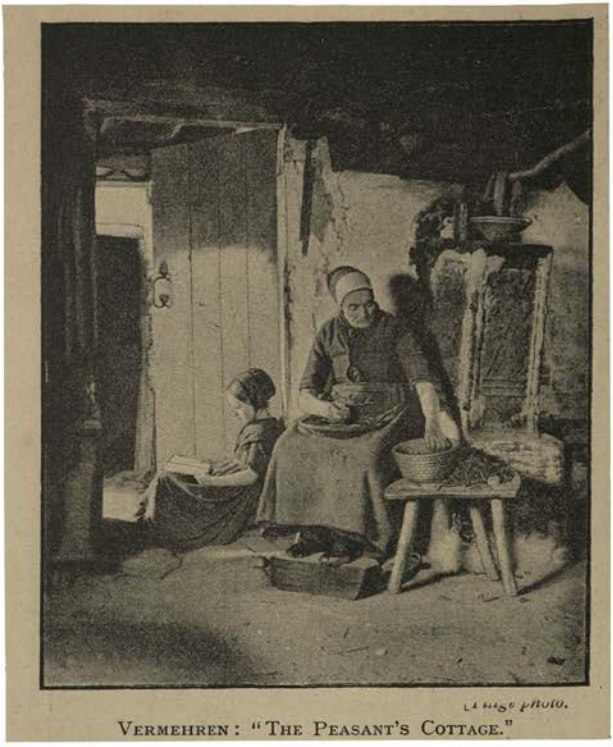
matter of fact he is knitting socks. A strange air of sadness is in his gaze. It is as if he himself felt the contrast between the boundless horizon and the limited ideas of his own brain, which rise no higher than the stunted bushes of the heath. Or else there is the strand of the fishing village of Hellebæk on a bright summer evening without a breath of wind. Ships pass far out upon the smooth, glassy sea. And a pair of children are playing by the water's edge, and an old fisher sits upon a stone with a great basket of muscles. He is doing nothing interesting, and contents himself with quietly breathing the pure salt air and gazing without a thought in his mind upon the sea. Or, again, there is a poor peasant's room with a cosy old tiled stove. Warm light streams in through the open door and mingles with the dull atmosphere of the chamber. Everything is quite still inside. Upon a bench by the stove a little old woman is sitting, shelling peas, while a girl of ten years old is at her feet entirely occupied with her book. Each of them has her own ideas. The little one

is reading in Bible history about Abraham and Joseph, while the old woman sits in quiet commerce with far-off memories. And time goes by unmarked by them both. Or there are a pair of poor orphan children, the girl with a large canvas wallet and the boy with an old basket: they are going on their usual morning round, begging alms, and have just entered a peasant's kitchen; the carefully burnished pots and pans giving no evidence of prosperity, but much of cleanliness and the sense for order. A German *genre* painter would have set the housewife and the children into some relation with the public. In bestowing a piece of bread-and-butter the woman would have assuredly said to the spectator, "See what a good heart I have." The children in receiving it would have said, "See how ashamed we feel to be begging." In Vermehren the old woman has cut the hunch of bread without any sentimentality simply because it is customary, and the children take it quite as quietly and without affected gratitude. They are accustomed to waiting and begging. Even when cavalry soldiers are burnishing their sabres, they are altogether quiet and serious about it in Vermehren, and do not indulge in laughter, song, or humorous behaviour.

Copenhagen: Stockholm.

VERMEHREN: "THE SHEPHERD ON THE HEATH."

Christen Dalsgaard is far more important than either, and fascinates the beholder by the fine manner in which he analyzes the inward life of men and women—not so much the obvious



VERMEHREN: "THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE."

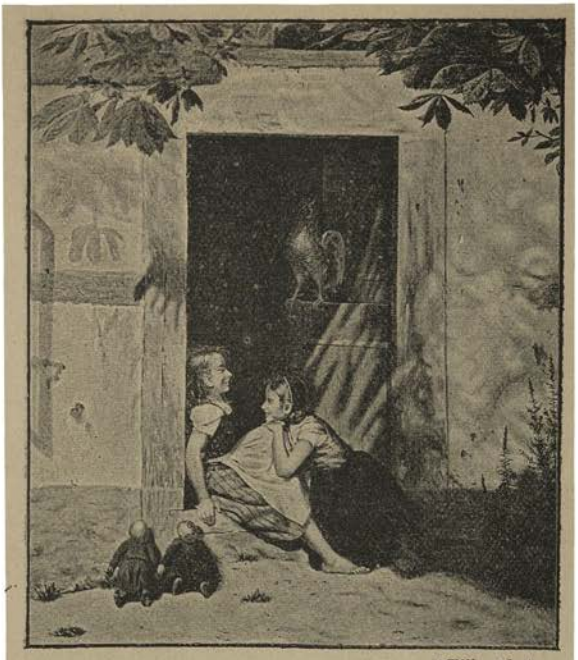
external emotions of joy and sorrow, as the more refined shades of reflection, consideration, quietude, deliberate thought. Like Vermehren, he paints exclusively the peasants of his home, and, being a peasant's son himself, he does so simply, and from the standpoint of the peasant. Women mending nets, the workshop of a village carpenter, an old fisher jesting with girls, the gunner on furlough, the shepherd distrained for rent, and the churching of a young wife are the subjects of pictures which represent him in the Copenhagen Gallery—works of simple cordiality and fine psychological depth.

In characterization Dalsgaard is the very opposite of Knaus, discreetly indicating what the latter would obtrusively mark in italics. This delicate pictorial observation, which preserves him from all false ingenuity, and from narrative and humorous tendency, renders him congenial even in these days. His pictures are not produced through any stitching together of separate pictorial notes, but through an inward unity of the whole. Nor does he seek those catastrophes and complications without which, in the days of historical painting, the picture of manners could not exist in other countries; on the contrary, he has a preference for quiet life in nature and in the world of men. Just as he delights in the serene and peaceful sky, so does he take

[*Tillge photo.*

VERMEHREN: "VISITING THE SICK."

delight in the life of men in its repose, and shows this in his pictures as in a clear mirror. There are no hasty movements, and none of that transitory play of countenance which is so often forced. The lyrical character and the charm of temperament in his pictures rise from the depth and earnestness with which he loses himself in the quiet poetry of ordinary life. Thanks to the seclusion of their country, the Danes were not tempted to prepare their works for the picture market. Thus they avoid the painting of anecdote, all significant moments, and the celebration of interesting festivities. They depict the silent life of customary behaviour, and, even here, only the subdued and more reserved feelings: they have no care for agitated action, no dramatic interplay of characters; but merely the life of every day, in its consistent, regular course, the poetry of habitual existence. Nothing extraordinary is represented in their pictures, and having no desire to seem ingenious they do not go to pieces on the dangerous reef of triviality. In an age when the *genre* painters of the Continent placed models in costume in some arbitrary situation and against some arbitrary background, and there set them acting in a little theatre for marionnettes, the essential principle of art in Denmark was "*mettre l'homme vrai dans son milieu vrai.*"



[*Tillge photo.*

DALSGAARD: "CHILDREN ON THE DOORSTEP."

The landscape-painters went hand-in-hand with these painters of peasants. It was precisely here that Eckersberg's strict observation of nature, although he neither painted many nor great landscapes, created a firm basis. Once when a pupil laid before him a picture "of his own composition" for criticism, Eckersberg said to him: "My good pupils always wish to do better than God Almighty; they ought to be glad if they could only do as well." These words were not forgotten by his successors. True, the older Danish landscapes were called "Boredom painted green on green" by a German critic in 1871. But since we have advanced so far as to be out of charity with the forced sentiment of the German "pictures of mood" of that period, the temperate charm of these Danish works finds a more responsive eye. This painting of landscape is not the result of any backward glance cast upon that of the past nor of any side-glance upon that of contemporaries. In an epoch when only the clamorous splendours of nature in alien parts were elsewhere held worthy of pictorial representation, the Danes buried themselves with tender devotion in the peculiar character of their island country; they have not wearied of faithfully portraying its heaths and forests, its level regions along the coast, and its grass-green beech-woods. Everywhere a discreet homeliness and an absence of painting for effect is the rule. The delicate intimacy of nature in

Denmark has the purely original freshness of something newly discovered.

Christen Köbke, who died young, one of the most talented pupils of Eckersberg, and an admirable portrait-painter beside, painted the poor and still growing tracts environing the great town—strips from those districts which are almost as much town as country, those smooth, placid regions, so melancholy in their poverty, which were brought into art at a far later date in France and Germany.

Copenhagen: Stockholm.]

DALSGAARD: "WAITING."

An excellent painter of animals and a powerful and attractive master was *Johann Thomas Lundbye*, who set his models straight in front of him and transferred them to canvas with a thoroughly Northern keenness of eye. His pictures—cowsheds, grazing cattle, and forest landscapes—are perhaps wanting, like all of their period, in the features of greatness, but they rarely fail in charm. Lundbye observed the somnolent temperament of cows with remarkable energy before Troyon, and without seeking droll and entertaining points like Landseer. As a landscape-painter he has, at times, bright tender notes, skies of fine silvery blue, which evince an exceedingly delicate eye for colour. And his pen-and-ink drawings and clear, spirited water-colours are entirely charming, almost French in their grace, and of a bold simplicity; and the simpler the medium the more eloquent he is.

LUNDBYE: "COWS IN A MEADOW." [*Tillge photo.*

But Lundbye did not quite live through one human generation, for he perished as a volunteer in the war of 1848, which also robbed Denmark of another gifted painter of animals in *Carlo Dalgas*. Yet a number of others, who were accorded a longer period for their labours, followed him upon his course.

The gifted interpreter of the beauty of Danish beech-woods, *Peter Christian Skovgaard*, was the son of a peasant belonging to the north coast of Zealand. His mother travelled every year with the children to her parents in Copenhagen; and the lad was driven in a tilt-cart along the Kattegut by the steel-blue sea, and through the luxuriant forests of Frederiksborg. Here the austere grandeur of Northern landscape was revealed to him. The long bridge in Copenhagen with its old toll-house in moonlight was the subject of the first small picture which he sent to the exhibition of the Copenhagen Academy in 1836; and it is the only moonlight picture which exists by him. All lyrical vagueness indeed was foreign to him; he was a portrait-painter, precise, analytical, and severe, one who saw

Copenhagen : Stockholm.]

SKOVGAARD : "SUNDAY MORNING AT THE THIERGARTEN."

what was distant with a keen eye, and saw it as distinctly as what was near. His pervasive characteristic is absolute reality and plainness; his favourite light was the cold, pale day, the sober blue of the Northern sky. His earliest picture—one of 1839—which represents him in the gallery of Christiansborg, is "A Part of the Tidsvilder Forest." From the high hills, overgrown with brushwood, where a family of foxes are lurking in front, there is a wide prospect of the sea, above which arches a clear, silver-grey sky; gravel paths lead through the wood, and the grass is mown. At a period when the German Romanticists regarded "civilized nature" as wanting in beauty, and only felt at home in mediæval landscapes, Skovgaard painted without a moment's reflection Danish scenes as they were in the neighbourhood, with their cultivation, their canals and paths. Sometimes these are parts of the strand, sometimes woodland clearings from the southern point of Zealand; every-

Copenhagen: Stockholm.]

KYHN: LANDSCAPE.

where there was the clear grey sky and the fresh sea air which he loved. After 1847 he settled himself in the park at Copenhagen, and no one has explored its secrets with the same zeal. The pleasant clearings in the forest, with roes, fallow-deer, and storks, the still sheets of water amid young verdant wood, the little leaves of which, glancing in the sun, cast greenish reflections of themselves in the water—these have been felt with much subtilty and intimacy. With his steel-coloured tones and his cold, clear air, Skovgaard, who seems such a sober master, and so fond of the broad daylight, has the secret of creating effects which are altogether seductive.

Vilhelm Kyhn, who is still living, and appears to grow better and more young and vigorous with years, is the poet amongst these Danes—a man of virile artistic nature, of great truthfulness, and, at the same time, of rich and deep inward feeling, one who sees in nature the mirror of his own restless spirit. He has a sentiment for wide plains and great lines, for nature's austere and earnest rhythm of form. The poetry of his pictures has kinship with the old Danish ballads: their technique is rough and angular, their mood serious and melancholy. Great thunderclouds roll over endless plains

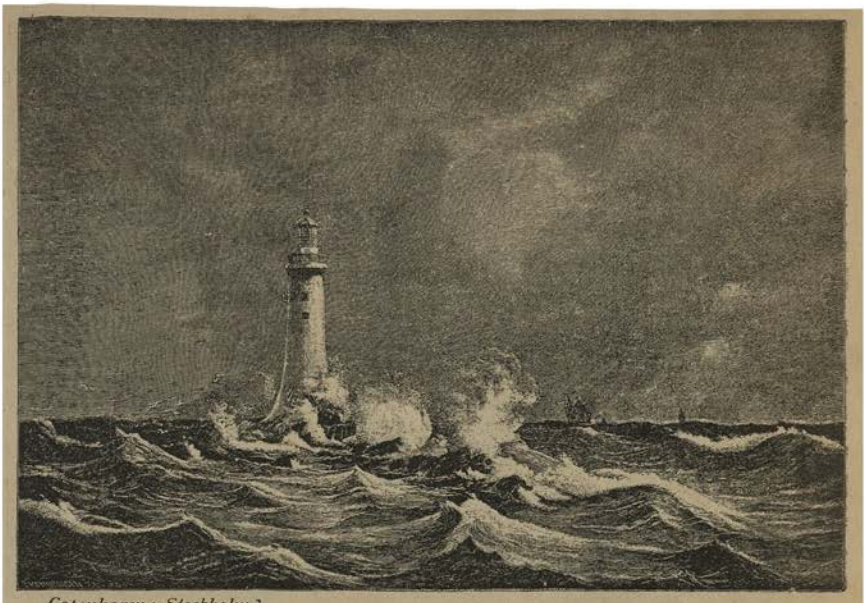
Copenhagen: Stockholm.]

RUMP: A SPRING LANDSCAPE.

overgrown with low brushwood. Or a fresh breeze blows the light clouds swiftly over the blue sky. The air rises clear and high over the forest trees, and allows the eye to range over bright distances, bounded by hills.

Spring is what attracts *Gotfred Rump*, those clear March days when the snow melts on the fields, and a fresh, fine, yellowish verdure breaks forth. The Copenhagen Gallery possesses a spring landscape by him of the park of Frederiksborg, which makes an exceedingly delicate and intimate effect in its intense bright green tones, in spite of the want of air. Other masters command more forcible tones, higher imaginative power, and more dramatic chords, but few had such moving tenderness, such sincerity, such simplicity, such freshness.

At the same time *Anton Melbye*, *Emanuel Larsen*, and *Frederik Sörensen* appeared with their sea-pieces, in which they depicted for the expert merchant circles of Copenhagen the sea, and did this with an unsurpassable technical knowledge of ships, navigation, waves, and wind. Melbye especially is one



Copenhagen : Stockholm.]

MELBYE : "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

of the most admirable sea-painters of all times ; even during his life he was highly esteemed in foreign countries, and his pictures are most readily to be found in Hamburg and St. Petersburg. He had a more masculine temperament than other Danish painters, and has often portrayed the powerful dramas of the sea with magnificent force of conception.

The old Danish painting is healthy nutriment, a painting strong in substance. It is striking in all productions by its loving and sympathetic understanding for nature, and by giving that sense of the artist having lost himself in a little world, a thing which also gives its imperishable charm to old Dutch painting. And so, at a later time, when, after the victory over stereotyped Classicism, over the exaggeration of historical painting, over middle-class *genre* humour, and over the loud effects of illustrative landscape-painting, delicacy and the poetry of nature, truth and sincerity, healthy feeling and simplicity forced their way everywhere into European art once more, the Danes had nothing to learn over again, as was the case with most other nations.

But if they had nothing to learn over again they had to make very great additions to their knowledge in the matter of technique.

Since all these painters had been practically thrown upon their own resources, their technique was always crude and laboriously childish. There is, in all their pictures, a circumspect, diffident manner of seeing nature, while the painting is frequently suggestive of an oil print, and thin and arid; the intimate warmth of their feeling suffers under the smooth varnish of the treatment. And any removal of these defects seemed all the less possible since a diffident system of isolation predominated down to the sixties. Dreading alien influences, artists were determined to be thrown upon their own resources, and cherished the childish fancy that Denmark was the whole world. So the great movement which was then accomplished in France did not penetrate at all into this quiet corner of the earth; nothing was known of the delicate and veiled harmonies of Corot, nor of the powerful solidity of Courbet. Höyen desired an art drawing inspiration from the soil of home, and in this he was not wrong; only he forgot that technical improvements—like all newly discovered truths—belong to the whole world, and that the most various matters may be expressed by the same method. The consequence of this Wall of China was, that Denmark, in the sixties, had at its disposal merely a backward technique which had stiffened in old forms, one which had grown stale by resisting renovation. In reference to the World Exhibition of 1867, it was said in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*: "Amongst all the rooms of the Champs de Mars the little Danish room is certainly the coldest and most melancholy." Julius Lange had written the introduction to the Danish catalogue, in which he expatiated eloquently upon the national principles of the Danish school. But the critic of the *Gazette* made a remark upon it which was quite as much to the point. "This is all very fine," said the critic. "*Mais il ne suffit pas que la peinture soit nationale, ni même qu'elle soit vraie; il faut aussi qu'elle soit artiste.*" Contact with other countries, which from this time became more frequent, gradually induced a

change. The Danes began to grow ashamed of their older and childishly awkward colouring, and they set themselves from the close of the sixties to learn to paint.

At first the fears of Höyen certainly appeared to be valid. In the place of an awkward, but independent, national painting, there came, in the sixties and seventies, one which had external brilliancy, but was cosmopolitan and without character. For acquaintance with foreign countries had all the effect of a surprise, just as a bend of the road suddenly brings a far horizon into view: the charming woodland corner which was an entire world in itself suddenly becomes a mere nook in the landscape, and its fine, irregular lines appear small and insignificant in comparison with the majestic features of the distant mountains. In the effort to choose subjects treated in other countries the stamp of individuality was lost, as well as that tender feeling for home sinking to the most inward chambers of an artist's nature, the feeling those older masters had possessed in so high a degree.

Carl Bloch is the leading representative of this group. The son of a Copenhagen merchant, after leaving the Academy of Art he had first worked simply, like Vermehren and Exner, amongst the Zealand peasants and upon the west coast of Jutland; there he had painted a number of pictures dealing with the life of the people, pictures which, in their poverty of colour and plain intimacy of feeling, shared all the merits and defects of the older Danish paintings. It was a residence in Rome, from 1859 to 1865, which first made of him the many-sided artist and great master of technique whom Danes of the older generation delight to honour, but who gives little knowledge of Danish art to any one not a Dane.

In the first place there is in his pictures from life an unpleasant *genre* element, that forced "humour" which the older painters were so discreet in keeping at arm's length. "An Old Bachelor," forced to undertake the repair of his trousers, and displaying a droll clumsiness the while, and "A Roman Street-Barber," in the midst of his work ogling a pretty woman who is looking out of a window, were his first hits. Soon afterwards—

Leipzig: Seemann.]
CARL BLOCH.

at the same time as Grützner—he discovered the comic side of monastic life, and was never tired of enlivening the public with monks plucking geese or applying medicated bags to alleviate toothache, monks who are deaf and nevertheless tell each other scandalous narratives, and the like. And, of course, in Italy he could not rest till he had won the laurels of the historical painter. "Sampson in the Mill amongst the Philistines," "The Daughter of Jairus," "Sampson and Delilah," and "The Liberation of Prometheus" were pictures of technical virtuosity such as Danish painters had not previously displayed, and they made all the more sensation in Bloch's native land since there had not previously been any "grand art" there. But a foreigner passes Bloch's works in the gallery of Christiansborg with a good deal of indifference: the attractive qualities of the older Danish painting, the simple poetry and inward depth, are just what they do not possess, and what they have is a mere reflection of that which France and Germany have produced likewise. The two-and-twenty pictures on the history of Christ which he painted in 1865, on the order of Jacobsen, for a chapel in the Castle of Frederiksborg which had been built again after the fire, might have been executed by Gustav Richter. His "Chancellor Niels Kaas, upon his Deathbed, giving his Young Ward, Prince Christian, the Keys to the Vault where the Crown Jewels are preserved," and "King Christian as Prisoner in the Castle of Sonderborg," stand—even as regards their aniline sort of colour—to older Danish pictures as a Piloty stands to a Spitzweg. They are the works of a cultivated and intelligent artist, who has seen much in foreign parts and has now himself learnt to paint. On the other hand, they are completely wanting in artistic

Leipzig: Seemann.]
BLOCH: "A ROMAN STREET-BARBER."

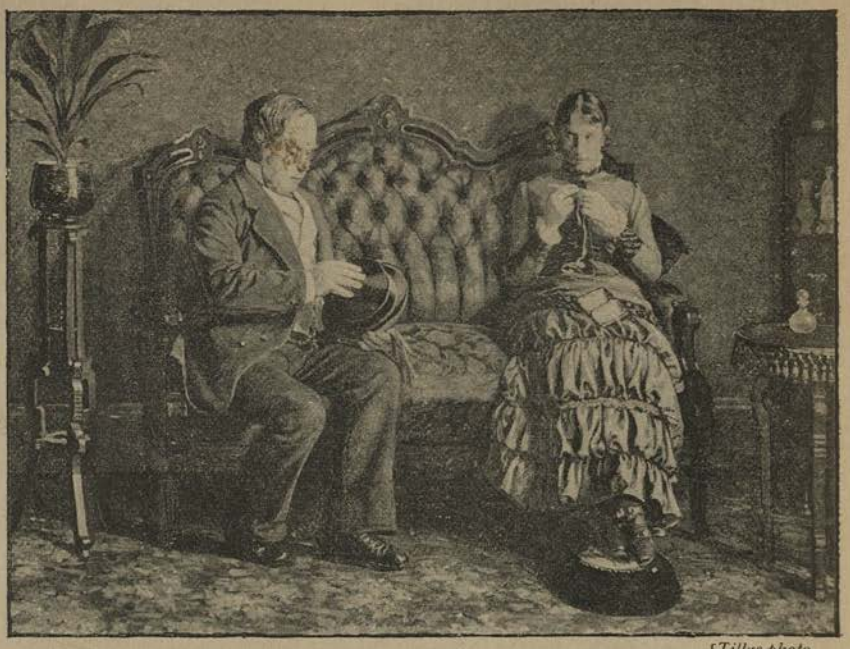
temperament and all individuality. Like those of Piloty, the heads of his figures are painted with a strong regard for the beautiful, and the ideas harboured by their mighty brows are such as Columbus on the discovery of America or the dying Milton are wont to have in all this kind of historical painting. His "Interior from the Age of Christian IV."—a young lady getting out of bed, whilst a dog runs away with her slipper—would, very probably, do honour to Schrader. But that he really was a fine artist when he left off imitating others is proved by his etchings—especially the landscapes—which, in spite of a certain awkwardness, are amongst the most delicate and charming which have been executed since Daubigny.

A certain routine of luxuriant painting was moreover acquired by the portrait-painter *Gertner*, the dexterous portrait and animal painter *Otto Bache*, who had little of the personal note, and *Mrs. Elisabeth Jerichau-Baumann*, who was trained in Düsseldorf and called by Cornelius the one man in the Düsseldorf school, on account of her "brusque" style. *Axel Helsted*, who was first a pupil of Bonnat in Paris, and then worked in England and Italy, is with *Vilhelm Rosenstand*, the pupil of Marstrand, the last representative in Denmark of that more or less well-painted *genre*, principally concerned with humorous or dramatic points, as Knaus is its leading representative in Germany. He has

[*Tillge photo.*

HELSTED: "THE DEPUTATION."

spirit and trenchant observation, and to these qualities he owes the success which many of his pictures achieved as copper engravings and as members' plates for the Society of Art. In one of his works, "In the Villa Borghese," he shows an abbot engaged in learned conversation with his pupil, the latter furtively looking at a lizard and the old man at a pretty nursery-maid. A schoolboy going home in "After Lessons" has more books than he can carry, which is meant to be funny. And in "The Lecture for Ladies" one of the audience has, of course, to be yawning, another laughing, and a third casting enamoured eyes on the professor. Or else an old gentleman is sitting bashfully upon a sofa, twirling his hat in his embarrassment, and unable to screw up his courage to make a declaration of love—carefully considered at home—to a pretty widow, who is looking at him with amusement. In another picture the town council are holding a meeting, where one member is making a patriotic oration, while another has fallen asleep, and a third is laughing,



[*Tillge photo.*

HELSTED: "THE TIMID LOVER."

and a fourth making notes; one lounges back in his chair, another is resting both elbows on the table, and a third affects the pose of a thinker, while the servant, the representative of low comedy, sneaks out of the room with the brandy bottle. All this is by no means badly painted, only it is very ordinary; by little tricks of caricature, by giving his figures noses which are too long, or by displaying them when they are making faces, Helsted tries to win a laugh. Such a painter has certainly none of the naïveté of Köbke and Lundbye, nor has he the subtilty of the moderns.

Schooled from 1862 to 1868 at the Copenhagen Academy under Marstrand and Vermehren, *Christian Zahrtmann* is now a man of fifty years and upwards. Compared with the group of painters whose art in so many ways degenerated into a dexterous calligraphy, a superficial routine, Zahrtmann marks a reaction like that of the English Preraphaelites when they set themselves against the theatrical beauty of the historical picture and the

Copenhagen: Winkel.]

ZAHRTMANN: "THE DEATH OF QUEEN SOPHIA AMELIA."

philistinism of petty *genre* painting. He is an historical painter, but in a manner entirely his own, an historical painter resembling no one else, and rendering things which are not banal in an expressive manner and with a strong dash of paradox. He is a man of tough will, who troubles himself with no other motives than those which allure him, a fine and bold spirit with whom the unusual is a matter of course; speaking more generally, he is one of the most knotty and obstinate personalities who have ever touched a brush, and he has refused to see with another's eyes or think with another's brain, or to allow himself to be influenced by existing opinion, in a degree which is altogether curious. In a picture called "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" he has painted the splendid and luxurious king as an earnest and pedantic young rabbi, with lean cheeks and hollow eyes, the seductive queen as a prosy and learned dame of sedate age and understanding; and so, frigid to their very hearts, they are sitting face to face, each in a Persian gown, and carrying on a serious discussion over the Talmud, while thin clouds of incense rise from the primitive and meagre apparatus at their feet. Of the beautiful Aspasia he makes a

Copenhagen: Winkel.]
ZAHRTMANN: "ELEONORA CHRISTINA READING THE BIBLE."

majestic and corpulent matron, who, with a look of deep-set pain on her broad, masculine features, is regarding the bust of her dead son. During his residence in Italy from 1875 to 1878 he represented fruit-shops, girls bearing loads of lime, Sabine women rocking their children, fruit-carriers of Amalfi and flower-sellers of Florence, and later in Denmark "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," "Juliet and the Nurse," and "The Death of Queen Sophia Amelia;" but in either case what marks him invariably is sharp opposition to that false ideality which had at that time found a home in Danish painting. As a man of reflective spirit, he disdains, in his pictures of women, to be taken captive by that beauty of form which is so easily seized; what he chiefly searches for in a woman is personality and spiritual expression, rendering the latter as it has come to exist in and through life, with all the defects of decaying form, with features marked by suffering or hardened by strife.

Thus he was led to the subject which has been nearest his heart during more recent years, the subject which he is never weary of studying, and in which he perpetually discovers new moments. This is the history of the imprisonment for twenty years of

Copenhagen: Winkel.]
ZAHRTMANN: "ELEONORA CHRISTINA IN PRISON."

Eleonora Christina, daughter of Christian IV., and the wife of Uhlfeldt. She has described it herself in her *Lamentable Recollections.* This heroine, whose memoirs are classic, and who is dear to every Dane this daughter of a king thrown into a dungeon through the jealousy of a queen, and there mocked by her very servants, is one who nevertheless preserved to the end the pride of a royal princess and the resignation of a Christian; for Zahrtmann she is a kind of incarnation of humanity in the person of a woman. In a corner of his studio hangs the life-size original portrait of Eleonora Christina, and opposite a painting by himself, representing this corner, with two huge candles burning upon a table beneath this picture and illuminating the lofty womanly figure, as though it were an altar-piece. She is his patron saint, and he has depicted her life in all its details, as Menzel did that of Frederick the Great.

For long years he buried himself in the history of this unfortunate princess, made himself familiar with her personality and her writings, and endeavoured to put upon canvas a credible picture of her, which should be great in conception and sound in form, upon the basis of these historical studies. He painted

Copenhagen: Winkel.]

ZAHRTMANN: "ELEONORA CHRISTINA."

her as a young wife by the side of Uhlfeldt, in the cloister and in prison, as she was when searched by the jailer upon her entry, as she prayed and as she wrote her memoirs; he called her to life once more in such a fashion that through his pictures there was begun in Denmark a veritable cult of Eleonora Christina. And to this figure he has given an intense life. With her large, masculine features, her dignified and benevolent face, Eleonora seems to have risen from the grave in flesh and blood, just as she once existed. One feels that the artist has lived her life through with her, and learnt to love his model. The expression in these pictures has an air of veracity; the play of light is occasionally hard and glittering, but often exceedingly delicate and full of feeling. As Zahrtmann emancipated himself from conventional "beauty," so he set himself free from the dominant idea of colouring. At a time when the brown tone

of galleries held sway, almost throughout, in other places, he painted in colours as little blended and as sharply accentuated as possible, and he sometimes attains an effect—especially in the rendering of artificial light—which almost resembles the latest experiments of Besnard. His most beautiful picture of this princess—one replete with a full fusion of soft brownish tones—represents her in prison, sitting in bed by night, with her look fixed upon the light that burns on the table, subdued by a shade. An infinite warmth and a deep peace rest over the picture; the white bed, the variously coloured covering, and the dark walls are under a yellowish-red light, and between the light and the shadow the figure of the old woman is seen—a full-bodied matron, sitting quiet and motionless with large, composed, and thoughtful features, as though she had sat in this way during many a long night. It is certainly not a figure owing its origin to the traditional sentiments of historical painting, but a personality with sharply defined features and spiritual expression. Here is a painter who has dived into the past without losing his breath; one who has produced pictures which are sincere and free from pose, and as earnest and full of conviction as the life of the heroine they celebrate. Not the inspiration of the footlights, but the most tender intimacy of feeling is his essential principle; and in this sense Zahrtmann makes the transition to the last and specially modern phase of Danish art—that which came into being from 1878, the year of the third Paris Exhibition.

Danish art was national in its first period, although awkward in technique; in its second period it was more fully developed in technique, though compromised by an outward imitation of foreign methods; but now it appears to have reached a climax of achievement in point of technique and to have a thoroughly individual stamp. Millet, Bastien-Lepage, and the other more modern Frenchmen were a revelation to the young generation of Danes, and gave them the determining impulses. From these artists they learnt that there was a broader, truer, and more living method of understanding nature and expressing light than the paltry, stippling style of painting in which Eckersberg

and his pupils were hard-bound. And, at the same time, these masters announced to others the doctrine that to be an artist there was no necessity to become international, like Bloch and his contemporaries—that it was better, like those older Danes, to draw the most fitting nourishment from the soil of one's own land. From this epoch we have to reckon with a novel and most animated Danish art, combining the merits of the modern French with those of the elder Danes. It attached itself to the young French school through the attentive study of tone-values and atmosphere. All the modern seekers and guides, Besnard, Roll, Carrière, Cazin, Raffaelli, and above all Claude Monet, are still fervently admired and much followed in the Denmark of these days. But this art has, at the same time, its deep roots in race and in the Danish land. Equipped with richer and more complex means of expression, it does not in any way renounce its tradition of intimate feeling and refined and tenderly delicate observation. The older artists had been true; the younger sought to be true and delicate at the same time. The painting in Copenhagen and Skagen in these days is quite different and much better than that of Eckersberg and Lundbye, but their intimate sentiment for nature is also possessed by the young generation of artists.

The merit of having paved the way for this fresh development chiefly belongs to *Peter S. Kröyer*, one of the greatest and most attractive individualities of his nation. Born in Stavanger on June 24th, 1851, he was left an orphan early in life and went to Copenhagen, where he was received in the house of his adoptive father Hendrik Nicolai Kröyer, the ichthyologist; and he was barely nine years old before his capacity for drawing was utilized for practical purposes. In Hendrik Nicolai Kröyer's monograph upon parasite crabs the first drawings of young Kröyer may be found published in copper-engraving. Various representations of the fishing village Hornbæk ("A Forge in Hornbæk," "Fishers catching Herrings," "Fishers on the Stocken," and "Children on the Strand") were the first pictures hung in the Exhibition of Charlottenborg in 1874. In the same year a large cartoon, "David presenting

himself to Saul after slaying Goliath," obtained for him the travelling exhibition of the Copenhagen Academy, and during four years of study abroad Kröyer went through that remarkable course of development which soon placed him at the head of Danish art as a master of technique. In the older pictures painting had been harsh and diffident, thin, meagre, and motley in colour; but, through contact with the French, Kröyer acquired that refinement in tone and that power of handling which have since become his distinguishing characteristics. Léon Bonnat was his first mentor, and a picture belonging to the year 1878, "Daphnis and Chloe," was his first attempt to embody in a large painting the new lights which he had received in Bonnat's studio. A lengthy residence in Brittany, where he painted field-labourers in company with the landscape-painter Pelouse, and collected opulent material for studies, marked the second stage in his development; and a journey to Spain and Italy, to which he may have been incited by Bonnat, the portrayer of Italian popular life, marked the third. The chief result of his work in Brittany was "The Sardine Packers," an interior with women cleaning sardines and fitting them for being packed. In Spain and Italy he painted the "Women binding Bouquets in Granada," which may be found in the Copenhagen Gallery, and "The Italian Village Hatmaker," which won for him the first medal in the Paris Salon of 1881. Naked to the waist, and covered with shining drops of perspiration, a powerful masculine figure, by the side of a glowing brasier, is twisting his felt with his hands over a huge block. Both his children, likewise half naked, are working in the same way. An oppressive heat fills the dark room, through the little window of which a sunbeam is vainly endeavouring to penetrate.

This picture was of the same importance for Danish painting as Courbet's "Stonebreakers" had been for French and Menzel's "Smithy" for German. Realism was introduced by it; and Kröyer returned home with a foreign sanction upon his art, and as an accomplished master he took up his old theme, the representation of Danish life in town and upon the seashore, with fresh brilliancy and renewed vigour.

Copenhagen: Stockholm.]

KRÖYER: "THE SARDINE PACKERS."

Kröyer, indeed, is one of those rare personalities who can do almost anything they wish. Pictures in the open air and interiors, flashing effects of sun upon the strand, mysterious phases of dusk and artificial light, he treats them all with that even sureness which makes light of every difficulty. Nothing short of astonishing in improvization, he has likewise the genius of a draughtsman. With his pencil in his hand he is indefatigable in dashing in a likeness, a pose, or an attitude, and with an aptitude that is almost invariable; with a couple of strokes he evokes a physiognomy. "Skagen Fishers at Sunset" and "Fishermen setting out by Night" were the first pictures which he sent from Denmark to the Salon. One represents a number of raw-boned seamen dragging a net over the tawny sand at sunset. The beams of the setting sun play upon their clothes, and the night draws on apace. A great silence rests over the sea, and the large outlines of the fishermen stand out sharply defined against the obscure sky. In the other picture

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Guérard sc.*

KRÖYER: "SKAGEN FISHERS AT SUNSET."

there is the plain of Skagen in the dusk. Two or three white clouds stand silvery upon the horizon; the lighthouse has just begun to show its lights, and a group of fishermen are seated smoking upon the fine sea-sand. One of them lies upon his stomach looking seaward. Here and there a sailor emerges in the vaporous dusk. This exhalation from the sea rests like a thin violet breath over the whole landscape, and the strange intermingling of the illumination of moonlight and of the radiance of the beacons is cast over the figures with an indistinct brightness. In a third most charming and entirely Impressionistic picture of 1881, he represented the artists in Skagen at breakfast. There they sit, eight or ten, blond and cheery comrades, glad of their own existence in the world. The remnants of a frugal breakfast are still upon the table. And the fresh harmonies of animated tones play round the physiognomies, which have been rapidly seized. The following years were occupied with portrait-painting: to them belong the large family group of the Hirschsprungks, which was not very successful, and the portraits of Krohn, Sörensen, and Georg Brandes, which, in their

characterization, ease, and freedom from pose, announced the great pictures of social life with which he made an appearance in the exhibitions from the year 1887. The earliest of these, the "Soirée in Karlsberg," represented a number of Copenhagen artists and scholars assembled at Jacobsen's the brewer's; and it is scarcely possible to compose a group with more spirited ease, to set guests conversing, and to display them listening or bored by the entertainment, with less constraint of manner. In another picture he ventured to paint a party of men, where the guests are listening to a quartette, enveloped in dense clouds of smoke—so dense that the flames of the candles are reduced to a dull spot, while the smoke hangs like a greenish-grey veil between the spectator and the characteristic heads upon the canvas. The latter are also portraits of well-known personages in Copenhagen. The third picture of this year, "A Summer Day upon the Beach at Skagen," is saturated in the light of noon. Naked lads are bathing on the strand, and their outlines have a bluish tinge set against the sky, beaming in Northern brightness. By an exceedingly slight device—in fact merely by the various delicate shades of blue and yellow—the idea of intense heat was produced with peculiar effect. "The Musical Soirée" in the Copenhagen Gallery belongs to the year 1888, and is another picture of dim, dusky light, with great naturalness in the poses of the company and astonishing intimacy of feeling in the expression of the listening faces. How soft and dreamy in this work is the powerful realist who painted "The Italian Hatmaker" and "The Fishermen setting out by Night"! Kröyer is a light and mobile artist, always receptive, always productive, influenced by the French and yet independent, naïve and refined; he has made his name early in Scandinavia and Europe, has an eye which nothing escapes, and a hand which is felicitous in everything. As various as he is bold, graceful and facile, he solves every difficulty as though it were child's play, and hazards those very things which are most beset with peril for the artist.

When the Danish National Exhibition was set on foot in Copenhagen to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the reign of

[*Berlin Photographic Co. photo.*

KRÖYER: THE COMMITTEE FOR THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE COPENHAGEN EXHIBITION OF 1888.

Christian IX., Jacobsen, who had also made arrangements for the representation of French art, sent an invitation to Parisian artists, and had a pavilion built for their works. Pasteur had the honorary presidency of the committee formed in Paris, while Antonin Proust actually presided; and Jacobsen commissioned Kröyer to paint a group introducing the members. This gave him the opportunity of showing his cogent force as a master of characterization in connection with a problem of light of such a difficult and artificial character that only a master could have ventured upon it. The proceedings have lasted until late in the afternoon. Through lofty windows falls the pale, declining wintry light, whilst in the room two oil-lamps burn with an intense radiance, illuminating the plans upon the table. The opposition of this double light, natural and artificial, the struggle of white and yellowish tones tremulously uniting and falling upon the faces of the men, has been rendered with astonishing subtilty. Pasteur, sitting in the middle, is following upon a plan the explanations of the Danish architect Klein. Behind him stands Jacobsen with Charles Garnier, and Paul Dubois is sitting to the right, turning round towards Jacobsen. Antonin Proust, who is standing, presides over the assembly. And around there may be recognized the figures of Puvis de Chavannes, taking notes, and quite in the front Falguière, and behind Chaplin, Barrias, and Gérôme; upon the other side, from the left, are Bonnat, Cazin, Roll, Besnard, Gervex, Antonin Mercié, Chapu, Carolus Duran, Delaplanche, and others. A momentary sketch could not have a more natural effect, and yet it is just such an impression as this which can only be rendered by the most assured technique in all that regards composition.

Laurits Regner Tuxen, who is standing to the right, in the corner of the picture, beside Kröyer, is a couple of years junior to the latter, and came in the same year, in the autumn of 1875, to Bonnat's studio in Paris. By a "Susanna," several portraits of women *à la* Carolus Duran, and a large picture, "The Boiling of Train-oil upon the West Coast of Jutland," he showed the Danish public in 1879 how much he had learnt in the high school of modern technique; and after renewed

Copenhagen : Stockholm.]
TUXEN: "SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS."

residence in Cayeux, Paris, and Italy, he settled for good in Copenhagen in 1883, where he has now become the official court painter, and is entrusted with those many "great" commissions which the little country has at its disposal. Beside the huge and well-known picture of the Danish royal family, consisting of no less than thirty-two figures, he painted a certain number of ceiling-pieces for the Castle of Frederiksborg: "Denmark receiving the Homage of the Estates of the Realm," "The Triumph of Venus," and the like. He is a man of the world even with his brush, and his ability, which can adapt itself to everything, has made him an excellent teacher, who has exercised great influence over the development of Danish painting through the private school which he founded in Copenhagen, and who has quickly raised it to a level—especially after Kröyer had shown the way—which it would otherwise have probably taken a longer time to reach. Nevertheless, like Bloch, he has given one more evidence that it is not easy to become cosmopolitan without losing national peculiarities. So far as I am acquainted with his works, he does not so much make the impression of an artist of conviction and individuality as of a man who has the capacity of doing well whatever may be demanded from him.

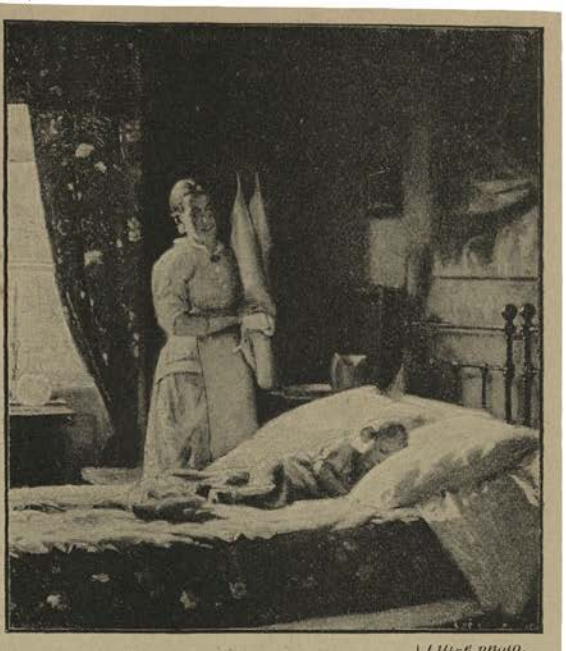
A man of deeper and far more genuine character is *August Jerndorff*, originally a pupil of P. C. Skovgaard, and at first chiefly notable as a landscape-painter working in the spirit of his teacher. Afterwards he produced several biblical pictures of great ability, and in particular several portraits, which may probably be reckoned as his best performances. He has an incisive and masterly gift of characterization, models with a precision rare in our days, and has likewise shown an eminent decorative talent as an illustrator.

What principally marks the present Danish painting is not, however, the gifted variety, grace, and ease peculiar to these painters. It has rather an honest, familiar, provincial trait which has something of tender melancholy. It is like a good mistress who makes her home comfortable and enjoys sitting by her own hearth, having, at the same time, an interest in music, poetry, and art. In fact the Dane has really nothing besides the comfort of his domestic life. His country, which was once so powerful, has gradually become smaller in its geographical boundaries and politically insignificant. Since the time of Christian IV.—in other words, since the Thirty Years' War—Denmark, which once held sway over Sweden and commanded all the Baltic, has steadily declined. She lost the provinces of Southern Sweden in 1658, Norway in 1814, and in 1864 the duchies which were her pedestal. Such a people must necessarily cling with all the deeper devotion to what has been left it, its soil and its home. Thus it is that no great features and no imposing themes are to be found in Danish painting. When their painters attempt anything of the kind it is as though their warmth of feeling had passed away and they were themselves out of sorts, as if they were borrowing from others and what they did were not their own. But where Danish painting is entirely itself, entirely the expression of the spirit of the nation, it broods quietly over a perfectly simple, ordinary motive, a motive which is almost indigent in character. Spreading plants, old-fashioned velvet furniture, loudly ticking clocks, and petroleum lamps, pleasant talk round the family table in the twilight, reveries at the piano, or

VIGGO JOHANSEN.

half familiar and commonplace and half ceremonious musical *soirées*—such are the materials of Danish art. Besides things like these, the Dane paints with loving devotion the likeness of his little country, and the gracious melancholy of its soft scenes lives in his landscapes.

Viggo Johansen is, perhaps, the artist who at the present best represents in a moral sense this Danish art with all its inherent qualities. No one has so combined the old tradition of intimate observation with the most modern study of the effects of light. He is, *par excellence*, the artist of intimate emotion, which, however, is not the same thing as being a *genre* painter. Painters who represent domestic scenes in rooms after the fashion of *genre* are to be found in every school; but few there are since Chardin who have portrayed faithfully and without affectation and banality the poetry of family life. For this something more than mere dexterity is wanting; the whole spirit of the artist must be in his work, and art and life must be fused into each other. Johansen creates the feeling that he really believes in what he is doing. Not only is he an artist with a rare capacity for pictorial expression, but he is also a delicate and sensitive spirit. His pictures have been lived and seen, and are not merely the result of design and skilful make. For him there is a charm in the fine, curling cloud of steam escaping from the tea-kettle, something delightful in the unity of the family gathered round the table, something cordial in the bubbling water and the fire crackling in the stove. Were a Frenchman to handle such themes one would be lost in admiration of the finely studied effects of light. But Johansen's



[Tillge photo.

JOHANSEN: "THE MORNING SLEEP."

works are like a moment of life itself, like the memory of something dear and familiar appealing to the heart in plain accents.

In one of his pictures in the Copenhagen Exhibition he represented a cosy room, with spreading, leafy plants, copper plates, flower-stands, a cottage-piano, a round table, and an old-fashioned sofa, where six Danish painters were comfortably seated together. The subdued light of the lamp fell upon their persons, leaving the rest of the room in faint obscurity. There is not a Dutch "little master" who could have more accurately rendered the reflections of the lamplight playing upon bottles and glasses, and not one who could have better attained the refinements of physiognomy which are in this work. In the way in which they sit talking and listening to the conversation, the figures have an intense vividness such as Impressionism first gave the secret of arresting in its direct, momentary effect. Johansen introduced himself into Germany for the first time, in 1890, with one of those supper-pieces so characteristic of Danish painting. The men in their old-fashioned smart coats, and the women with their provincial, overladen toilettes, are grouped in the drawing-room after supper, listening to a stout gentleman at the piano, who is obliging the company with a song. They are none of them taking pains to be brilliant, but seem quite at home in the picture, being simple, reflective, and rather limited

JOHANSEN: "AT THE PIANO."

in their mental horizon. And that mild, warm air, somewhat impregnated with tobacco, that air in which Johansen so much delights, circulates in the room, a soft veil of reddish-grey dusk, from which the figures detach themselves slowly.

Domestic life, the quiet comfort of the Danish home, has found its representative in Johansen, who has glorified everything with the magic of his poetry: the familiar talks beneath the lamp in the long winter evening, the little events of the day, children getting up and going to bed, and their games or their work beneath their mother's eyes. It is Saturday evening. In the old wooden bath the water is steaming, and the tiled stove is glowing as if it must burst, so that the little

JOHANSEN: A LANDSCAPE.

ones cannot catch cold when they have had their bath. Or boys and girls have both put on their Sunday finery betimes, and march into their grandmother's room, where she is lying in bed, not from being ill, but because it is the warmest place in which to celebrate her birthday. Again, it is dusk, and the glimmering coals in the oven alone light up the pleasant room where a young mother is just beginning to tell stories. And four great, shining, childish eyes look up at her full of inquiry.

But this same master who has created these unadorned and intimate interiors, which have been felt with such manly tenderness, is, at the same time, one of the finest landscape-painters in Denmark. With marvellous finish Johansen can paint the silvery air of the little island country, where autumn is so mild and the sunlight so soft—the vaporous atmosphere which, like a light veil of gauze, tones down all contours and rounds all lines; and yet here, too, the highest art has been resolved

into simple nature, so that one has no sense of beholding a picture, but can feel the poetry of the landscape, with its melancholy, its solitude, and its mysterious stillness. Perhaps the picture is one of a peasant cot, standing lonely in the sunshine, upon the wide green meadow, and surrounded by the warm blue autumn evening. In front there graze a couple of cows, one seeming to sleep as it stands, the other chewing the cud. And from the whole picture there escapes that half-somnolent sense of reverie that overcomes one upon a warm summer evening. Or there are a couple of men, thorough Danes of the country parts, with great red beards and meditative eyes, sauntering along a village path, which leads past a wooden fence to a small creek. The sun is going down, the mists from land and sea rise like a silvery veil over the landscape, the air is still and not a leaf stirring, but the wooden shoes of the men grate upon the sand.

In this delicate and moving feeling for nature, Johansen's art is, as it were, the expression of the collective efforts of the younger Danes. As a painter of interiors and of landscapes, he unites both the leading tendencies which others represent separately: some confine themselves by preference to the country and the coast, amid the people and amid nature, whence they have themselves proceeded, whereas others with unusual pictorial softness of effect give expression to the genial life of the *bourgeoisie* in Copenhagen. *Holsöe* delights in painting interiors in the dusk, and transparent light falling through the leafy, spreading plants on to the broad windows, and greenish-white twilight hovering in the room, where are green velvet sofas, shining mahogany furniture, pianos, brackets, and quiet girls reading letters at the window or playing the piano by candlelight. *Carl Thomsen*, *H. N. Hansen*, *Otto Haslund*, *Irminger*, *Engelsted*, have all set themselves free from those trivial drolleries into which *genre* painting degenerated with Helsted. Johansen caused them to reflect that a *genre* picture should not be a piquant little story narrated with more or less spirit, but a fragment of household life simply rendered. The figures which fill their plain, sympathetic pictures are those of people with graceful,

indolent, careless, and gentle movements, sitting opposite each other thoughtfully, and lost in silence; solitary women gazing in the evening with longing across the brown heath; old people with the look of being alienated from the world, with the air of having sat in little rooms day after day forgotten of everybody; girls of a still and touching beauty, reading stories in the corner by the stove, dreaming in an arbour, or accompanying their sad songs on the piano. Thoroughly Danish and sombre is *Lauritz Ring*, who has painted good pictures from peasant life. *Erik Henningsen*, who has executed—rather in the style of Jean Béraud—animated street-scenes, arrests, popular merry-makings, and the like, is a little superficial and vulgar in the French sense. A tinge of sadness, such as runs through Danish novels, underlies a deathbed scene by *Fritz Syberg*, who has felt the influence of that tough and knotty master of characterization Zahrtmann. In Copenhagen this school of Zahrtmann forms a little circle of its own and seems to have beneficial elements for the future.

The resort of the painters of the sea and of fishers is Skagen, the little fishing village at the extreme end of Jutland. The pioneers of the new renaissance came into touch at once with *plein air* and the life of the people in this Danish Dachau; here they learnt to love the wide strand and the melancholy dunes, and the harmony of the cold, bright light, and here have they studied the customs of the dwellers on the shores, their rude physiognomy, and the strong, healthy poetry of their life, so full of changes. Michael Ancher and his wife discovered Skagen in the interests of Danish painting.

According to the portrait which her husband has painted of her, *Mrs. Anna Ancher* is a pretty little woman of thirty. She was born in Skagen, and there on the strand near her native village she learnt to see nature, and afterwards worked from 1875 to 1878 under Kyhn in Copenhagen. Since then she has settled with her husband in Skagen, far off at the world's end. There is no need for giving the titles of pictures by Madame Ancher. "A Mother with her Child" was her first charming idyll. Then followed a picture "Coffee is Ready." It is afternoon: an

old fisher is resting on the bench by the stove, and a young woman wakes him gently. After this work Madame Ancher delighted the public every year by some charming picture, in which an energetic grasp of fact was combined with sympathetic feminine insight for men and things. The Copenhagen Gallery possesses a funeral scene by her. The coffin hung with green wreaths, the room with its red-stained walls, and the people standing around with so serious an air, how simple it all is, and at the same time how plain and homely! At the Munich Exhibition of 1892 she was represented by a study, "Morning Sunlight:" a room with walls stained blue, and bright sunbeams pouring in through the window and playing, as though they were a light shower of gold, upon the walls, the yellow planks, and the blond hair of a girl. All her pictures are works softly tender and full of fresh light. But the execution is downright and virile. It is only in little touches, in fine and delicate traits of observation which would probably have escaped a man, that these paintings are recognized to be the works of a feminine artist.

Michael Ancher is ten years older than his wife. Peculiarly is he the painter of the race of large-boned and rough-grained fishers who on the northern coast of the island kingdom extort a meagre livelihood from the sea by hard toil. "Fishers watching a Ship sailing by in a Storm" was the title of the first large picture with which he made his appearance in 1876. Upon a sea-dune falling abruptly, a number of fishers have gathered to mark the vessel, scourged by the gale out at sea. Some of them, dressed only in oilskin trousers and woollen jersey, stand upright, their great outlines standing sharply defined against the gloomy sky, which is swept by heavy black clouds; others have lain down upon the soft drifts of sand. The colour is still rather poor and sober; but the conception of nature, sincere, impressively simple, and almost ascetically energetic, already announced the forceful master who stands forth to-day as the Ulysse Butin of Denmark, a distant kinsman of those strong-handed, honest, and simple painters of the proletariat who gather round Alfred Roll in Paris. Michael Ancher knows the sea and that toil of fishermen which tans the face and

ANNA ANCHER: "A FUNERAL." [*Tillge photo.*

makes the hands hard, and in his pictures he renders it with the plainness of an old seaman. With him all is clear, precise, and as matter-of-fact as open daylight. His broad plebeian treatment, which courts no pictorial graces, but represents the fact sincerely and in accordance with reality, suits his coarse-handed, raw-boned subjects. Ancher's men are actual fishermen; every figure has an extraordinary intensity of life, and the atmospheric mood is always true and unforced; everything manufactured and suggestive of the *tableau* is avoided in his composition throughout. Here is a lay-preacher upon the strand hemmed in by a throng of pious listeners, and there, of a Sunday evening, a pair of fishers are making their way home across the dunes. Here a heavy boat for carrying freightage is being dragged over the sand by sturdy nags, and there another shoots through the murky green tide landwards, rowed by three men in oilskin; and there, again, are weather-

[Mulge photo

MICHAEL ANCHER: "FISHERS WATCHING A SHIP SAILING BY IN A STORM."

beaten seamen, lolling upon the shore in heavy, dirty weather, debating the destiny of a ship labouring by at sea. Even when he renders, as he does at times, the familiar events in the household life of Skagen fishermen, his art retains its rude and earnest note. His "Boys' School in Skagen" was, for example, the very opposite of a *genre* picture by Emanuel Spitzer: there was no medley of good and naughty boys practising jokes on a comic schoolmaster. The old man sitting at the desk in his shirt-sleeves, with large spectacles, is a Northern giant who does not allow joking, and there is something downcast and resigned about the children. Life amid this earnest landscape, and between the blank whitewashed walls of this schoolroom flooded with the hard Northern daylight, has made them staid and serious.

Beside Ancher, *Locher* is the principal painter of the sea. It was a bold stroke to name a waste of sea "January," as he

did in a picture at the Munich Exhibition of 1890; and yet one really felt the cold, wintry sunshine in this seascape, where everything was bright, fluid, and transparent. In the works of *Thorolf Pedersen*, also, the sea is usually an earnest and sombre element. Nothing is to be seen in his pictures except the sea and the sky—not a boat, nor a bird. Long, vaporous strips of cloud shift on the leaden-grey firmament, and the silvery blue transparent sea rolls out in long billows, plunging against one another monotonously to the far horizon, and in the foreground streaming wearily over the level bluish-yellow sand and the pale green oat-tufts of the dunes. Whereas in the pictures of the Belgian marine-painters the sea gleams in all colours of the rainbow, laughs coquettishly, or gives curtain-lectures like a pretty woman, the Danes paint the sea in its limitless and desolate solitude.

And this same melancholy trait is peculiar to the majority of Danish landscapes. Pictures like those of *Viggo Pedersen*, who, amongst all the younger Danes, is most in harmony with the latest Frenchmen, and sometimes, in his rainbow pictures, with Rubens also, are in their fine, clear harmonies and their bright, laughing notes less characteristic of the Danish sentiment for nature. Moreover his field of work was not so much Denmark as Italy. He lingered long in Paris, and then in Rome and Sora di Campagna, and learnt there to see nature with the eyes of the most modern Impressionists. Otherwise the painting of Italy is under an interdict amongst the living Danes, as is well known; yet men like Pedersen are able to bring it into honour once more. His pictures have been seen in such an interesting way that they mirror the landscape of Italy in an entirely different fashion from that which may be seen in the arid, motley, and unpictorial productions of the generation which is vanishing. They have no majestic mountain lines, but combine the grey landscape, the pale green of the olives, and the tender blue of the sky with the silvery light which pervades everything—combine them in absolutely charming concords, vibrating through the whole atmosphere in delicate gradations.

The same is more or less true of *Philipsen's* Italian pictures: he is, likewise, one of the most eminent of the modern *plein-air* artists, a landscapist of note, and an excellent painter of animals; as such he has taken his motives of late years from the islands Saltholm and Amager, near Copenhagen. In no way is he behind the generation born ten years later; on the contrary he has gone in advance of it and levelled the way. *Thorwald Niss* may also be considered as a path-finder in the Danish art of landscape, although his work is characteristic of a somewhat earlier stage than Philipsen's. Beside powerful seascapes he takes delight in painting the moods of the forest in autumn, and has a broad and a luxuriant brush. Together with *Zacho* and *Gotfred Christensen*, the gifted painter of the Jutland fjords, he has long exercised an unquestionable influence on Danish painting of landscape, leading it to adopt a more forcible scheme of colour than it had in earlier days.

Otherwise there rests over the works of the younger group of Danish landscapists all the still, absorbed melancholy natural to the Danish soil. The charm of Danish scenery does not consist in splendid colour and large contours. All the lines are gradual in their curves, soft in all their forms, and without great changes or surprises. Even in the beautiful woodlands round Copenhagen the huge beeches are so harmoniously rounded that they leave the impression of suavity rather than of strength. In a certain sense Danish nature corresponds with the Danish tongue, which is just as mild, as discreet, as delicate, and as free of emphasis as the outlines of the country. The Dane does not give way to broad laughter, but only to a smile; he knows nothing of wild life, but has the sense of quiet enjoyment. Noisy demeanour he would regard as vulgarity. Indeed in the great pleasure-gardens of Tivoli there are thousands of people moving with a decorum and quietude which almost seem unnatural. There is not a cry to be heard, and when any one talks with his neighbour it is in an inaudible whisper. Everywhere conversation is carried on in a whisper—in the street, the public promenades, the restaurants. And so the Danish landscape whispers to you and cannot cry aloud, smiles and will not laugh. It has nothing

savage, nor rugged, nor indeed too large, no brusque transitions, no sudden interruptions, but only wide plains with indeterminate, vanishing, almost intangible lines, soft rolling country that ceases imperceptibly at the shore of the sea or embraces still forest meres with gentle declivities. Except in Jutland, there are no really austere, rough, and virgin districts, for everything is subdued, lonely, and peaceful. Sometimes the tourist catches sight of a humble cottage painted white, with a thatched roof glancing in the sunlight or showing itself with a tender bluish glimmer in the dusk. The atmosphere of Holland is damp and misty, but in Denmark it is fresh and cool; the vegetation in one country is rich and luxuriant, in the other of a soft, subdued, and rather pallid green. The very sunrise and sunset are not, as in Norway, gorgeous and opulent in effect, but indecisive, soothing, mysterious. And the artist surrounded by nature in this humour easily becomes meditative and dreamy; his pictures receive the same subdued and but faintly rhythmical character. As a matter of fact, a tinge of that gentle melancholy recalling Cazin rests upon the majority of Danish pictures. It is not reminiscence or plagiarism, but a natural affinity of spirit with the painter who in France rendered best the character of Northern plains, their moist, soft nature, the fading blue and the grey of tender night, everything that is quiet, still, and veiled. Faint colours, mist and sadness, grey weather, storm and rainy air, a short spring which is almost winter, with fine yellowish verdure which looks as though it were still budding, such is the character of Danish landscape, the ground-tone which goes, tender and discreet, through the pictures of the younger Danes. Each one of them is an individuality, and yet in all they do there is this same soft, melting trait, and this same low and yearning burden. Each one of them looks at nature with his own eyes, but all their works invariably bear this same scrupulously exact mark of kinship; one recognizes at once that these pictures are from the same little native land, the same quiet corner hidden between the hills.

Julius Paulsen may be regarded as one of the best representatives of this painting of "mood" in the landscapes of the younger generation. It is not possible to characterize his

[Tillge photo.

PAULSEN: "ADAM AND EVE."

pictures with any of the current phrases, nor to describe them by the stringing together of words, but one becomes absorbed in them when one meets them in exhibitions, because they have such depth, a dreamy depth which does not clamour for recognition, but reveals itself by degrees. Peasants' houses, with wild vines gleaming red and green, rest beneath soft spreading beech-trees, while the shadows creep slowly along the walls. In the sky a faint moon casts a tremulous band of silver upon the grey-green meadows, upon the still vessels in the harbour, upon the wan shores lying in the vaporous bluish dusk. Evening draws on. The leaves seem asleep upon the trees, and nothing stirs except the lady-birds upon the nettles, and a few shrivelled leaves upon the grass,

Munich: Hanfstängl.]
PETERSON MOLS: "OCTOBER."

contracting slightly beneath the rays of the setting sun. Or there is rain, a dull October evening, when the damp mist clings to the brown boughs. Often he does not paint actual things at all, but only their reflection: lonely forest meres imaging the forms and colours of nature in uncertain, rippling, tremulous outlines. And this same man, who is one of the most various artists in Denmark, renders in his portraits, charged as they are with character, the peculiarities of a head no less well than he seizes the secret of a phase of nature in his landscapes. This same man is in Denmark, the land of shame-faced prudery, one of the few who occasionally venture upon painting the nude. One recalls his picture "The Waiting Models," and particularly his "Adam and Eve," those two nude figures in the misty shades of the forest: Adam stretching his limbs as he wakes from a dull slumber, and Eve standing in her dazzling beauty, and looking down upon him with a

half-sensuous, half-disdainful glance. For the present Paulsen would seem to have reached a climax in his "Cain," that expressive figure turning over in pain before the eye of God—one of the most eminent performances of the young Danes.

Knowledge of these men may be most readily acquired in Copenhagen at "The Free Exhibition," as it is called, a rival of the official Salon near Charlottenborg. This Art Union was founded in 1891 by some of the youngest painters, with whom were joined, in addition to Zahrtmann, Philipsen, Engelsted, Viggo Pedersen, and Paulsen, the brothers *Joachim* and *Niels Skovgaard*, sons of that admirable landscape-painter Peter Christian Skovgaard, and both born artists. They began as landscape-painters, influenced by their father, and executed pictures in which the naturalistic traditions of the old Danish art were continued. After that they were both in Italy, and brought from thence beautiful Italian landscapes and charming pictures of the life of the people. Moreover they visited Greece, where they made pictorial studies after antique architecture; and thus they have both abundantly studied ancient art upon classic ground. After their return they fell once more to painting naturalistic landscapes, and paint them still, deriving their motives more especially from Halland in the south of Sweden. But incidentally they are following more and more a decorative style, novel in the history of Danish painting. Experiments in pottery which they have made together with many other artists, such as the gifted *Theodor Þindesböll*, awakened their feeling for the charm of simple mediums, and, in particular, the elder brother Joachim Skovgaard has since then aimed more often at decorative than at naturalistic effects in his figure-pieces. Several of his biblical compositions have made a considerable sensation—for instance, "The Angel at the Pool of Bethesda," a picture in which the rushing movement of masses achieved a peculiarly telling effect. In "Christ as the Warder of Paradise" he showed the influence of the early Italian Renaissance, more or less indeed of Gozzoli, though without a trace of actual imitation. And the landscape especially, with the majestic walls of Paradise, bore witness to a rare power of invention.

Both he and his younger brother have drawn many illustrations, amongst which Niels Skovgaard's drawings to the old Danish ballads are particularly worthy of note, and show an admirable sense of style. Both these artists are characteristic of the fermentation which has taken place in the Danish art of recent years, for which the "Free Exhibition" has become the independent stage. An anti-naturalistic movement is to be clearly traced in all directions, and receives new adherents every year. The attack is made in various ways, but all have the same object in view: the attainment of a larger method of conception than that of the older Danish painters of the naturalistic school. Everywhere they seek the means for carrying out this new style. Skovgaard is under the influence of the Italians, others under that of the most modern French, and even an artist like Viggo Pedersen, who would appear to stand so much apart, seems bent on breaking with his earlier manner.

A dozen years ago *plein-air* painting was the Alpha and Omega of young Danish artists, but amongst the youngest it has already lost its authority. They hold that art has greater aims than that of approaching nature as closely as possible, and they admit other subjects than those of the naturalists. After Niels Skovgaard and the veteran *Lorenz Fröhlich*—one of the most gifted illustrators of the present, whose children's books are familiar throughout the world—had illustrated the old Danish ballads in their drawings, *Mrs. Agnes Slott-Möller* for the first time attempted to treat them in painting, and she has shown in her pictures an exceedingly modern comprehension of the old legends. Her husband, *Harald Slott-Möller*, is a man of eminent talent as a colourist, and his pictures, "The Doctor's Waiting-Room" and the "Portrait of my Wife," early assured him a place amongst promising artists of the younger generation. Later he turned to decorative painting, though without achieving in it anything so deservedly successful as the two works which have been named. But the most singular amongst all who appear in "The Free Exhibition" is *J. F. Willumsen*, who seems to be gaining the importance of an initiator in Danish art. He too—though he is little more than thirty—

began as a naturalistic painter, and at first modelled himself upon Viggo Johansen. A journey to Paris, where he now lives, gave him new impulses. From the most modern French artists he borrowed many a mysterious formula, but they had no power to kill his own strong and peculiar personality. Willumsen is still in the experimental stage; he works in all mediums—paints and carves in wood, etches, and makes attempts in terra-cotta. And in all that he does there is the effort to be simple, and to create an art which, in opposition to Naturalism, shall be purely suggestive in effect.

Another man of singular temperament is *V. Hammershöy*, a very refined artist in the matter of tone-values, one who envelops everything in a soft grey-brown and sheds around his figures a mysterious, transparent gloom. Like Whistler, he is hyper-sensitive in colour. In one of his pictures a matron is represented sitting quietly before a silver-grey wall; in another a large round table covered with white, and without any accessories of still-life, stands in a silver-grey room. He has also painted dreamy, earnest portraits, which are full of soul; and highly notable was his mysterious representation of "Job." Amongst the other contributors to "The Free Exhibition," honourable mention must be made of *Johan Rohde*, who paints beautiful and moving landscapes from lonely regions in Jutland; *Seligmann*, who has an excellent talent for narration; and *Karl Jensen*, a refined painter of architecture. Together with some of the younger members of the official Salon and several of the pupils of Zahrtmann, these "Free Exhibitors" form the advance guard of Danish art, a guard which, as it seems, will assure their little country in the future an important voice in the European alliance of art.

CHAPTER XLI

SWEDEN

Previous history of Swedish art.—The Classicists: Per Krafft, Frederik Westin, Elias Martin.—Extension of the range of subject through Romanticism: Plageman, Blommér, Fahlcrantz, Wilhelm Palm, Egron Lundgren.—Beginnings of a national painting of the life of the people: Soedermark, Sandberg, Dahlström, Per Wickenberg, Karl Wahlbom, August Lindholm, Amalia Lindegren, Nils Andersson.—The Düsseldorfian period: Karl D'Uncker, Bengt Nordenberg, Wilhelm Wallander, Anders Koskull, August Jernberg, Ferdinand Fagerlin.—After the Paris World Exhibition of 1867, *instead of going to Düsseldorf, the Swedes repair to Paris and Munich.—Period of costume-painting and colouring after the old masters: Johan Kristoffer Boklund, Johan Frederik Hoeckert, Marten Eskil Winge, August Malmström, Georg von Rosen, Julius Kronberg, Carl Gustav Hellquist, Gustav Cederström, Nils Forsberg. —The landscape-painters: Marcus Larsson, Alfred Wahlberg, G. Rydberg, Edvard Bergh.—After the Paris World Exhibition of* 1878 *the last transition, which led the young Swedish artists to follow the lines of Impressionism, took place.—The Parisian Swedes: Hugo Salmson, August Hagborg, Vilhelm van Gegerfelt, Karl Skånberg, Hugo Birger.—Those who returned home became the founders of a new national Swedish art.—Character of this art compared with the Danish.—The landscape-painters: Per Eckström, Nils Kreuger, Karl Nordström, Prince Eugene, Robert Thegerström, Olof Arborelius, Axel Lindmann, Alfred Thörne, John Kindborg, Johan Krouthén, Adolf Nordling, Johan Ericson, Edvard Rosenberg, Ernst Lundström.—The painters of animals: Wennerberg, Brandelius, Georg Arsenius, Bruno Liljefors.—The figure-painters: Axel Kulle, Alf Wallander, Axel Borg, Johan Tirén, Allan Oesterlind, Oscar Björck, Carl Larsson, Ernst Josephson, Georg Pauli, Richard Bergh, Anders Zorn.*

SWEDEN is a land of more fashionable tastes than Denmark, and with a more decided leaning towards France. In Copenhagen cordiality and provincial simplicity are in the ascendant; in Stockholm frivolity and brilliancy, greater luxury,

elegance of toilette, refined and graceful social life. In Denmark one finds an island of silence, a land of idylls, where nothing ever happens. The inhabitants are thoughtful, dreamy, *bourgeois*. They talk with a soft voice and in a low key. But the Swedes are children of the great world, always slender, elastic, and mobile in their pilgrimage through life. Their language rings bright and emphatic; it is the French of the North. All their sympathies are proper to France. And they are the Parisians of the North in their art also.

Where it is genuine, Danish painting has something provincial, familiar, homely. The new technique is only a medium by which painters give expression to their delicate, discreet observation, and their subdued and tender feelings. Like the old Dutch masters Pieter de Hoogh and Van der Meer, they paint pleasant and comfortable chambers, with old sofas and slowly striking clocks, and the soft atmosphere of the sitting-room, and the dim light of the lamp. The husband sits with his book at the table, the children are doing their exercises, the girls are playing the piano and singing, and the coals glimmer in the little iron stove.

But Swedish painting is like a polished man of the world who has travelled much. It is more elegant and gleaming, more subtile and sensuous, more capricious and experimental. The young Stockholm painters who went to Paris chiefly sought to become adepts in technique, and addressed themselves with astonishing boldness to the most novel problems in open-air painting. They have not the loving tenderness, the touching sentiment of home peculiar to the Danes, but are less characteristic and more cosmopolitan. Yet they march in the advance guard of modernity beside the most subtile Parisians. Both in their colour and their subjects there is a more fluent and supple magic, a graceful and nervously vibrating sweep which takes the eye captive. They are French in their alluring method; they have a longer tradition in art than have the Danes, and are more fully citizens of the world.

Whereas the Danish painters rarely left their little country before the middle of the present century, the Swedes took their part in the history of European art even in the eighteenth century.

In those days a number of enterprising artists, with the love of travel in their blood, settled down abroad, divided their time between different courts, and finally abided where they had the greatest success. *Hedlinger* was famous as an engraver; *Georg de Marées* is well known to students of the history of Bavarian art; *Meytens* painted in Berlin; *Gustav Lundberg* was valued as a painter of pastels in Paris; *Hillestrom*, a pupil of Boucher, is mentioned with praise in Diderot's notices of the Salon for his "Triumph of Galatea;" *Lafrensen*, known as Lavreince in France, occupies an important place in the history of the French Rococo period. More than one became a member of the French Academy and bore the title *Peintre du Roi*. Amongst them all the artist possessed of most virtuosity was *Alexander Roslin*, who went early abroad, dividing his time between the courts of Baireuth, Parma, and Paris, where he was immediately elected to the Academy, and in several competitions even triumphed over Greuze. He had the art of arranging his pictures of ceremonies, and his solemn state canvases, with great *aplomb*; of these the Stockholm collection possesses the great gala portrait of Marie Antoinette and the group of Gustav III. and his brothers. The faces, indeed, are occasionally lifeless. But with all the more virtuosity could he reproduce the mingled sheen of silks and velvet, embroidery and golden ornaments, so that a verse was current in Paris:

> *"Qui a figure de satin*
> *Doit bien être peint par Roslin."*

He built a princely house there, and is said to have left behind him a fortune of eight hundred thousand francs.

The period of Classicism was chiefly represented by certain sculptors, and whoever delights in Thorwaldsen in Copenhagen should not withhold his admiration from the Swedes, Erik Gustav Göthe, Johan Nikolas Byström, and, more particularly, their teacher Johan Tobias Sergel, who was seventeen years senior to Canova and thirty years senior to Thorwaldsen; he was in Stockholm the real founder of the classical plastic art, and for this reason alone deserves a more important place in the

general history of art than has, as a rule, been yet accorded to him.

In the province of painting the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century was, as elsewhere, a period of decline. On the exertions made earlier there followed debility, and a stiff and monotonous school of painting. The animated colouring of the age of Gustav grew pallid, and the ascetic colouring of David threw its grey shadow even into Sweden. Priam before Achilles, Adonis between Diana and Venus, Endymion, and Phædra and Electra, took possession of all canvases even in the North. The artist most prolific in preparing such ideal figures was *Per Krafft*, who, having acquired in the beginning of the century a severe style of drawing and indifferent colouring under David, made an imposing effect in his native country on the score of his "grand style." *Frederik Westin*, the academician incarnate, who could not conceive any picture which had not yellowish-brown, leather-coloured bodies, goes upon lines more or less parallel with Gérard and Girodet, to whose suave ornamentation he gave a barbaric turn, though he has also executed shiny portraits in the style of Josef Stieler. The gospel of stiff, Classical landscape-painting was announced by *Elias Martin*. And if the portrait-painter *Karl Frederik von Breda* is painter in a far higher degree, he owes this to having worked for a long time under Reynolds and Lawrence, to whose principles he adhered to the end of his life.

Here, as elsewhere, Romanticism extended the range of subject, and led to a restoration in the matter of colour. Artists sought to put life into the Northern mythology; they set landscape free from the Classical scheme, attempted to give their work a religious tinge like the Nazarenes, or hurried through Italy and the East in search of pictorial themes.

The Swedish Nazarene was *Karl Plageman*. A dreamy man, with large visionary eyes, he lived by emotion, and in Italy, which became his home from 1831, he was to such a degree intoxicated with the mysticism of Catholic churches, and the splendour of altar-pieces, that from sheer reverence for the old masters he never succeeded in producing anything that he could

really call his own. "The dead," said he, "have kindled my emotions, and it is the dead who shall be my teachers." Like Overbeck, he reckoned the period from Cimabue to Perugino as the flourishing age of art, and, indeed, his religious pictures are by no means inept imitations of the old models.

Nils Johan Blommér stands to Plageman as Schwind to Overbeck. Since he died, as early as 1853, at the age of six-and-thirty, he has left but few pictures to bear witness to his dreamy spirit and his wealth of feeling, but, like those of Schwind, they are certain of immortality. Blommér's works proceeded from a soft, poetic, and thoroughly Northern sentiment. "The chief thing in a work of art," he writes, "is soul. I want to represent what lives in the poetry of our people, all the figures which belong neither to definite ages nor definite poets, but rather constitute the natural expression of our nation, standing, as such, in the closest union with the character of our Swedish race." So, like Schwind, he peopled the landscape of his native country with the creatures of Northern folk-songs. But he had not the strength to find the cogent form for the misty visions of his imagination, or to give new bodies to the figures of the Northern sagas, which had never yet been represented. And in this he resembled the contemporary sculptor Fogelberg. But it is an evidence of fine tact that he did not follow Fogelberg in merely reproducing the antique, but attempted a more romantic treatment of these myths in the style of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the style of Cranach, Francia, or the old Umbrians; and in this way he preserved the childlike spirit which is in the youthful visions of the Northern nationalities. Like Schwind again, Blommér had a thoughtful, meditative, artistic temperament to which everything dramatic and violent was alien. Even when he handled the myths of the gods, the gloomy fancies of the Northern sagas made no appeal to his mild and yielding disposition. It was not with the mighty Thor that he was occupied, not with the tempest raging across the sea, nor with the desolation of great and wild mountains. But in Freia and Sigyn he glorified love and beauty, the devotion and patience of woman, as Schwind did in Aschenbrödel and "The Faithful Sister," and pictures

like "The Youth and the Elves" or "Neckan's Sport with the Mermaids" echo so tenderly the simple, cordial tone of the old folk-song that for the sake of this touching and homely charm the inadequate and nugatory painting is forgotten.

The Swedish Lessing was *Karl Johan Fahlcrantz.* As a landscapist he gave typical expression to the enthusiasm for nature introduced by Romanticism, and rendered in an exaggerated fashion its glory and splendour or its minatory gloom, the melancholy sadness of the Northern winter or the peaceful mildness of the spring. At times he displays valleys with old oaks, between which the light falls in broad bands upon the soft grass, at times steel-blue lakes in a clear golden atmosphere and with vessels whose sails gleam in all the hues of the prism, at times shadowy groves and rocky dunes overgrown with huge immemorial trees. Fahlcrantz idealized nature, intensified effects of light, and arranged fragments of Ruysdael and Everdingen in fantastic compositions. Under his hands the Stockholm Park is populated with fabulous animals and deep hollows, which give it the appearance of a "Wolf's Glen." His trees are of an undetermined species, his sky rosy, his colours warm and toned to an excessively dark shade. Yet, at times, when he forgot the necessity for a most arbitrary romantic exaggeration, his pictures have really a dreamy poetry, and fully render the sentiment intended by the painter.

Gustav Wilhelm Palm, in his later years called *Palma Vecchio*, might be most readily compared with the French Michallon or with Paul Flandrin. Italy was almost exclusively his field of study. To a strained method of composition and arrangement he united a certain realistic capacity for painting detail, which did not solely aim at representing "the tree in itself" after the fashion of the Classicists proper, but differentiated the character of vegetation with scientific accuracy. His olives, pines, flowers, and grasses are painted thoroughly with a fine brush and are true to botany; and thus, fifty years ago, they enjoyed a fame which it is now difficult to understand. And this careful, loving regard for nature, scrupulous to the point of philistinism though it was, in combination with a harsh,

motley scale of colour, which was nevertheless selected with an eye to truth, was still peculiar to him when, after an absence of sixteen years, he returned home, and, besides Italian motives, sometimes painted little Northern landscapes, architectural fragments from the old Stockholm port and the cloisters of Wisby.

Egron Lundgren was the Swedish Fromentin—a cosmopolitan who extended his field of study as far as India, an artist spirited in improvization, and a *gourmet* in colour, one whose coquettish art, like that of the Frenchman, was half an affair of reality, half of mannerism. His pictures of the life of the Italian people, such as the "Corpus Domini Procession" of 1847, might, with their piquant effects of colour, have been painted by the side of Decamp. But his peculiar province he first discovered when he came to Barcelona and was there attracted by the life of the Spanish people. His aquarelles from Spain—he was a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours—are exceedingly spirited fantasies, which have always the air of lightness and improvization. As he had the secret of giving the sentiment of a landscape with a few strokes, so he could catch the character and movement of a figure with an impressionistic aptitude. A highly bred and wealthy man, he made London his headquarters throughout his life, turning up sometimes in Italy, sometimes in Spain or India, upon pilgrimages of study.

National and domestic life was turned to account as gradually and diffidently in Swedish art as in that of other countries. Here also it was military painting that made a beginning. A few artists, who had at one time been officers, had exercised upon the drill-ground a keener eye for the characteristic phenomena of modern life than the professional painters had done in the plaster-cast class of the Academy; and they were the first to draw, with a plain and dry realism, scenes from the world of soldiers or comic anecdotes dealing with the people. Some of them, like *Wetterling* and *Moerner*, did not get beyond the stage of dilettantism. On the other hand, *Olof Soedermark*, who pursued his studies in Munich and Rome, reached a creditable level. The pictures from Swedish history—battles

and parades, the victories of Carl Johan and the doings of Bernadotte—which these men painted in concert in the Castle of Stockholm, are rather military bulletins than works of art, and stand, artistically considered, more or less on an equality with the battle-pieces with which Peter Hess and Albrecht Adam embellished the Castle at Munich: Soedermark, however, displayed real merits in a series of excellent portraits—those, for instance, of Frederika Bremen and Jenny Lind—and his portraits drove out the classic wax dolls of Westin, which had been hitherto in favour.

Two others, *Johan Gustav Sandberg* and *K. A. Dahlström*, who also contributed to the cycle of battle-pieces and historical pictures, in the further course of their labours went from the uniform to the peasant's blouse. Their works, like those of old Meyerheim, are not so much pictures of peasants as costume-pictures. Sandberg especially was occupied far less frequently with human beings than with their Sunday clothes, and confined himself—when, for example, he painted the unveiling of the statue to Gustav Vasa—simply to a coloured memorandum of all the Swedish provincial costumes from Skouen to Lapland. Dahlström, who only died in 1869, seems plainer and more animated in his pictures of children, fishermen, and beggars. It was chiefly owing to his influence that the heroic range of subjects was abandoned, and that Swedish painting was made familiar with its own period and with Swedish people.

Per Wickenberg, who received an impulse from him, goes, more or less, upon parallel lines with Hermann Kauffmann and Bürkel. His misty winter landscapes, filled in with peasants or fishermen, are good, honest works, simple, sound, and fresh, although, like the pictures of Bürkel, they are not so much based upon direct observation as upon a thorough study of the old Dutch masters Isaias van der Velde and Isaak Ostade.

The Swedish Steffeck was *Karl Wahlbom*. He painted peasant-pictures in the manner of Teniers, pictures from Swedish history, and especially horses, which he placed boldly and vividly in actual movement. But the most attractive effect is produced by *Lorenz August Lindholm*, who made an intelligent study of

Gerard Dow and Metsu, during a long residence in Holland. From the one he learnt his conscientious work of detail, and from the other he gradually acquired full and vigorous colour, his own having been brown and arid in the beginning. His interiors are simple, quiet pictures, sympathetic in observation and conscientious in the minuteness of the painting, the subjects being grandmothers' birthdays, peasants smoking or playing cards, boys reading, or little girls holding a skein for their mothers.

With her unpretentious representations of the joy of children, the smiling happiness of parents, sorrow resigned, and childish stubbornness, *Amalia Lindegren* attained great national popularity, for without being a connoisseur it is possible to take pleasure in the fresh children's faces in her pictures.

Nils Andersson took up the theme where Dahlström had dropped it, and carried it further with better equipment. Barren, stony hills, with low, scanty bushes, fir-woods, and desolate, snowy landscapes form the background of his works, in which men and animals are seen at their labours. He painted nature and the folk of his home without humour or poetic varnish, not the people on Sunday, but their ordinary work-a-day life. In this unforced and natural homeliness lies his strength. The colouring of his pictures is thin and clumsy, the execution tortured and laborious.

Such essentially was the result of the evolution of Swedish art up to 1850. Sweden had individual painters, but no trained school. Sounds were to be heard, but as yet there was no full chime. But the ambition to do as other nations was growing stronger, and to attain this end systematic study abroad was a necessity. Düsseldorf, whither the Norwegian Tidemand had already shown the way, had a special fame, and became from 1850 the high-school for Swedish art. In 1855 no less than thirty Swedes were entered at the Düsseldorf Academy, and the "Northern Society" which they founded soon became a factor in the artistic life of the place.

Yet these painters have nothing specifically Swedish. Their art is Düsseldorf art with Swedish landscapes and costumes, and

thus they differ to their disadvantage from contemporary Danes. Vermehren, Exner, and Dalsgaard based their art upon an intimate knowledge of their own country; the heart of the people is throbbing there, the pulse of vigorous national life. But *Karl D'Uncker*, *Bengt Nordenberg*, *Wilhelm Wallander*, *Anders Koskull*, *Kilian Zoll*, *Peter Eskilson*, *August Jernberg*, and *Ferdinand Fagerlin* contented themselves with translating Knaus and Vautier into Swedish. The Danes were tender and cordial poets, but these men merely gave a dry course of instruction on habits and customs in Swedish villages. The former rendered plain, naïve, and direct fragments of everyday life; the latter studiously composed pictures for the best sitting-room. Foreign patrons of art did not exact intimacy of feeling, but understood types all the better the more general they were. They were indifferent to the poetry of daily life in the North; it was only anecdote and the ethnographical element which met with their approbation. And as the art of every country must use its own language, and a painting of national life presupposes intimate union between the painter and the nation, it can only be said that, at this period, the scales had not yet fallen from men's eyes.

In the matter of technique the results were likewise paltry. All these painters were anecdotists and novel-writers. Their compositions, indeed, are well balanced and studiously calculated. Every figure has something special to express, and, as in Hogarth, a multitude of small attributes serve to throw light upon each character; and this character, needless to say, must always be that of a nicely brought up person, and incapable of giving offence in the drawing-room. So wherever a little tale was told in a pleasant, intelligible fashion adapted for the sitting-room, the painter's aim was attained, and the method of colour was a matter of subsidiary importance. The painting of a portion of nature with the mere intention of expressing a harmony of colour was a thing which did not lie within the programme of these painters. All their pictures are stronger in anecdote than in painting. The drawing has no character, and the work of the brush is amateurish. And here, as elsewhere, the same reaction

took place: the fund of ideas was exhausted, and the painting did not improve. But the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 signed the death-sentence of the old Düsseldorf school. Through Piloty the Munich school began to influence the handling of colours in Germany. Knaus had gone to Paris to acquire in that city what Düsseldorf could not give him. And from that time Sweden likewise became conscious that the academy on the Rhine was no longer its proper ground. In the letters of the academy exhibitioners complaints of the antiquated principles of teaching began to be made, and what Düsseldorf had been for the earlier generation Paris and Munich became for that which followed.

The reign of Karl XV.—who invariably advanced the interests of art and artists, with thorough good-will and an open purse—was for Swedish painting what the period from Piloty to Makart, from Diez to Löfftz, had been for the people of Munich. The old masters were studied, and an attempt was made to acquire an artistic style of painting by their aid. And as the sleights of the pallet are practised most effectively upon the variegated costumes of the past, historical and costume-pictures were at first placed in the foreground. By the painting of hose, mantles, and cloaks the artist came to liberate himself from anecdotic subject and to gain a sense of the pictorial.

The man who acted as a medium for these principles was the Swedish Piloty, *Johan Kristoffer Boklund*, a pupil of the Munich Academy and of Couture. The subjects treated in his pictures were German, and the style of painting, which was French, was admired by the younger generation in the same way as Piloty's style in "Seni" was regarded with wondering admiration by Munich people. Boklund painted costume-pictures: Gustavus Adolphus taking leave of Maria Eleonora, Doctor Faust amid globes and folios, pale choristers with censers, antiquaries surrounded by dusty books. There were also picturesque architectural motives from Tyrol; he delighted in churches, cloisters, and farms, peopling them with mercenaries, plundering soldiers, outposts, and marauders. But in everything he did he laboured to attain a picturesque harmony, a graceful

L'Art.] [*Milius sc.*

HOECKERT: "DIVINE SERVICE IN LAPLAND."

style of treatment, and he exerted from 1855 a wide influence on the younger generation as teacher at the academy.

These efforts in colouring found their most notable expression in *Johan Frederik Hoeckert.* He was a genuine painter, the first in Sweden who saw the world with the eyes of an artist. As a restless, searching spirit, never contented with himself, he had run through all schools and beheld all countries. From 1846 he was with Boklund in Munich, from 1851 with Knaus in Paris. In Holland a great effect upon him was made by Rembrandt, and the letters which he wrote from Italy and Spain are those of a real painter. Tunis, where he went in 1862, he calls the most marvellous magical kaleidoscope in the world, and Naples an inexhaustible treasury of art both in painted and in unpainted pictures.

And though Hoeckert has not produced much, every one of his pictures is good. His "Divine Service in Lapland"—eighteen men and women listening to the words of a preacher in a bare village chapel—won the first medal at the Paris

World Exhibition of 1857, and was acquired for the museum in Lille. Some of the critics went so far as to compare him with Delacroix. But such comparison is certainly to be understood with considerable qualification. Hoeckert has none of the glowing violent passion of the revolutionary; he is a lyric poet and no dramatist, and knows nothing of ecstasy, nothing of tension. Nevertheless his pictures were the boldest that had been yet painted in Sweden. The "Interior of a Lapland Hut"—exhibited in 1857 in the Paris Salon, and obtained for the Stockholm National Museum in 1858—in its fine golden tone might have been painted by Ostade. Certain of his interiors, with their glancing sunlight, their open doors, and the warm daylight flooding into the dim room, are evidence of the fervent study he had made of Pieter de Hoogh. And all the motives of *genre* painting are scrupulously excluded. Hoeckert's "golden colour" steeps everything in the sentiment of an old-world tale. That charming costume-picture, "Bellman in Sergel's Studio," in its full, deep tones has a dash of the good youthful works of Roybet. And his last picture, exhibited shortly before his death in 1866, "The Burning of the Castle of Stockholm," was not painted as an historical document, but only for the sake of the vivid reflections which the blaze had cast upon the old costumes. Hoeckert, in fact, was the first in Sweden who was neither a *genre* nor an historical painter, but painter absolute. That is what assures him an important place in the history of art.

Marten Eskil Winge attempted more than it was given him to attain: in Swedish painting he is the man of large figures and large canvases. Settled in Rome up to 1865, he held in chief honour Giulio Romano, Daniele da Volterra, Caravaggio, and other muscular Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and he sought to adapt their superhuman forms to the figures in the Northern sagas. One of these gigantic pictures, for the preparation of which he hired the biggest studio in Stockholm, repe sents Loke and Sigyn—in other words, a black-haired Titan *à la* Caravaggio and a blond woman *à la* Riedel. As he portrayed in this picture love and

patience facing wickedness and cunning, in "Thor's Combat with the Giants" he wished to set forth the power of light struggling against the powers of darkness. Flashes of lightning dart forth, while the thunder-god raging lays about him with his battle-hammer, smiting the giants to the earth. Giulio Romano was his model, but the result he attained was a cross between Wiertz and Hendrih.

A further representative of this Northern tendency, *August Malmström*, has more of a leaning towards the milder manner of Blommér. His very first picture, painted in Düsseldorf in 1856, "King Heimer and Aslög" (a bardic harper with a boy in a spring landscape), was the work of a tender, dreamy Romanticist; and, after a long residence in Paris under Couture, he continued to paint such subjects, and with greater technical aptitude. His "Sport of the Elves" is a delicate summer-night's dream. Everything in nature is still, the sky is veiled, and the horizon alone is flooded with the glow of a warm sunset. A light mist rises from the meadow enveloping the elves, who are romping in airy gambols. As was shown by his illustrations to the *Frithjof's Saga*, made in 1868, Malmström moved with great ease in the province of Northern legend, and from these mythical pictures he was finally led to breezy representations of the life of children, which will probably do most to preserve his name.

The importance of *Georg von Rosen* lies in his bringing the Swedes to a knowledge of the archaic finesses of Hendrik Leys, after they had made acquaintance with Couture and Piloty. The son of a rich man, who had an influential position in Stockholm as the builder of the Swedish railways, Georg von Rosen had early an opportunity of visiting all the leading studios of the world. From Paris, where he passed his childhood, he went to Stockholm, and thence to Weimar and Brussels. Even in the beginning of the sixties, when he exhibited his earliest pictures—"Sten Sture's Entry in Stockholm," "Wine-tasting at the Monastery Gate," and "A Swedish Marriage in the Sixteenth Century"—every one was delighted by the refinement and authenticity of his portrayal of archaic civilization. And after he had painted his "King Eric," under Piloty

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
ROSEN: "KING ERIC IN PRISON VISITED BY KARIN MANSDOTTER."

in Munich in 1870, he was made professor at the Stockholm Academy, undertaking the direction of it after Boklund's death in 1881.

Rosen seems very unequal in his works. "King Eric in the Chamber of his Beloved, Karin Mansdotter," is one of the most thorough products of the school of Piloty, and might just as well be a representation of Egmont with Clärchen. The pendant to it in the Copenhagen Gallery, "King Eric in Prison visited by Karin Mansdotter," has in its tender melancholy a certain trace of Fritz August Kaulbach. On the other hand, his etchings and water-colours from the sixteenth century are entirely archaic in the manner of Leys; these have caught most admirably the stiff and angular character of the period, its rude exterior and its patriarchal cordiality, following the Bauernbrueghels, Lucas van Leyden, Cranach, and the German "little masters." Here Death is embracing a girl, as in Baldung's woodcut. There Faust

[*Hanfstängl helio.*
ROSEN : NORDENSKJÖLD.

and Wagner are walking outside the town with the poodle making circles round them, or Luther is translating the Bible upon the Wartburg. "The Bridal Train," that makes its way through the narrow alley of an old town of the Empire, with drums beating in the van, and the banners of the old guilds, and children strewing flowers; "The Flower Market" before the old Gothic town-hall; "Grandfather's Birthday," with the pretty Nuremberg girls of gentle birth adorning the great Renaissance table with flowers; "The Christmas Market," with the wedded couple who have bought their Christmas-tree — they seem to have stepped out of the poems of Julius Wolff—the snowy gables, and the atmosphere fragrant with pine-needles and Christmas cakes,—they are, one and all, winning and genuine pictures of the "good old time." In his Eastern studies, to which he was prompted by a journey through Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, he appears as a sober realist, who addresses himself to the motley orgies of colour known to the South with deftness and energy; and this realism has found its most vivid and powerful expression in his likenesses. That of his father reveals an old cavalier full of character such as Herkomer might have painted; his portrait of himself in the Florentine Uffizi galleries recalls Erdtelt. In his state pictures of Karl XV. and King Oscar he avoids everything official, giving a sturdy and honest likeness of the man. But his best portrait is probably that of Nordenskjöld, the discoverer of the North-East Passage.

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
KRONBERG: "A NYMPH."

Beneath a gloomy, clouded sky, amid the great wastes of ice of the Siberian Sea, gleaming white and green, there stands a robust masculine figure, enveloped in dark fur, with a telescope in his hand, gazing with keen, earnest eyes into the distance, which reveals to him nothing except endless plains of everlasting ice.

In *Julius Kronberg* Swedish painting does honour to its Makart. He had learnt to love the old Venetians in Düsseldorf, Paris, and Munich, and under their guidance he became a powerful master revelling in colour. His "Nymph," painted in 1879 in Munich, lying asleep by a forest pool weary with the chase, and there spied upon by fauns, was a vigorous *bravura* piece *à la* Benczur, executed with a gorgeous, brownish-red, lustrous, bituminous painting. The voluptuous body of the red-haired huntress rests upon a yellow drapery. Her spoils, peacocks with metallic blue breasts and pheasants with iridescent brownish-red plumage, lie at her feet; luxuriant Southern vegetation gleams around, and above there shines a strip of deep blue Venetian sky.

Later in Rome he painted the seasons, blooming women hastening through the air borne along by swans and accompanied by rejoicing Loves; smiling they strew roses and fruits upon the earth. The "Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon" he worked up into a gorgeous scenical piece in the style of Meininger. A journey to Egypt brought the beautiful

serpent Cleopatra to his mind, and prompted him to paint his picture "The Death of Cleopatra," which, in its half romantic, half classical conception, might be the work of Rochegrosse. In the house which Kronberg built for himself, splendour of colour, pleasure, and sportive exuberance were everywhere predominant. Like Makart, he has summoned the world of Loves and Bacchantes into life once more; nor are they pale and bloodless, but fresh, robust, and clothed in brilliant colours and the sumptuous beauty of youth. As in the Viennese master, the historical subject is merely an excuse for encompassing a great pictorial whole. And, like Makart, he has done his best in decorative pictures. His large ceiling-pieces in the Castle of Stockholm—an Aurora and a Svea amid the allegorical figures of Agriculture, Industry, and Art—are blithe and festal decorations, only distinguishable from those of Makart through Kronberg making a gradual transition, in accordance with the tendency of the time, from the brown tone of his Munich period to brighter notes of colour.

Carl Gustav Hellquist, who was somewhat younger than the foregoing painters, belongs altogether to German art; he received his training in Munich, and he lies buried by the Isar. His melancholy fate excites compassion: he died mad just as he was beginning to be famous. His works, which are partly large representations from the history of Sweden and the Reformation, partly *genre* pictures with monks like those of Grützner, and peasants like those of Defregger, are not such as have interest, thoroughly able as they are. After being in the beginning affected by Rosen, Piloty, and Munkacsy, Pradilla's "Surrender of Granada" caused him in 1883 to abandon brown bituminous painting in favour of a "modern" grey painting, which did more justice to the illumination of objects in open air. He likewise got the better of histrionic gesticulation. He represents events without any design of outward brilliancy and with the greatest possible fidelity to nature—represents them honestly and straightforwardly, and avoids all straining after effect. Bronzed and weather-beaten figures have supplanted the fair regulation heads of Piloty, truth of sentiment and expression have taken the place of the traditional histrionic

exaggeration. All his works result from an inflexible conscientiousness. But from an artistic standpoint this praise is equivalent to calling a man an honest fellow.

Hellquist's solidity may also be found in *Gustav Cederström*, likewise an exceedingly sound historical painter, who from his soundness hardly gets the better of being tiresome. His first large composition, which won him the second medal at the World Exhibition of 1878, represented the "Death of Charles XII.," the episode of November 30th, 1718, when the Swedish officers carried home the body of their fallen master across the Norwegian snowfields. Through its national subject it became one of the most popular pictures in Sweden, and the Government believed that they had found in Cederström the right man for the loyal discharge of all state orders which might be in question. He painted well, and to the satisfaction of his patrons, accounts of "The Death of Nils Stur" and "The Introduction of Christianity into Sweden through Saint Ansgarius." And when he occasionally found time to execute pictures on contemporary subjects—burial and baptism scenes, etc.—they, too, were merely good "historical pictures" with dramatic opposition of character and forced contrasts. Gustav Cederström has, in fact, a prosy, realistic talent; he is a reporter who avoids nugatory phrases, commanding a firm, compact style germane to the subject. Nevertheless his art is descriptive; it renders an account of the subject, is better in portrayal than in painting, more energetic than refined, more sturdy than spiritual.

Nils Forsberg became the Swedish Bonnat. His "Family of Acrobats before the Circus Director" contained nude, virile figures of so much energy that Bonnat could have painted them no better. His last picture, which was awarded the first medal in the Paris Salon of 1888, "The Death of a Hero," was one of those attempts, in the manner of Hugo Vogel or Arthur Kampf, to bring the traditional historical picture into the province of modern painting of the time.

Through competition with the productions of historical painting, Swedish landscape was brought into the same peril as landscape in Germany. Painters only represented the great dramas

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
FORSBERG: "THE DEATH OF A HERO."

of nature, and merely emphasized what was strikingly effective in them. Red mountains, green cascades, blue rocks, black suns, all the physical, geological, and meteorological phenomena of nature in Northern lands, were painted upon great spaces of canvas, which are valuable as descriptive accounts, but are seldom so in any artistic sense. The midnight sun plays a particularly prominent part in the picture market. And it was only discovered afterwards that even in the most Northern parts these phenomena of nature do not take place in quite such a decorative manner as in the pictures of this period.

In *Marcus Larsson* Sweden had her Eduard Hildebrandt—a man whose reputation went up like a meteor and vanished as swiftly into the night. A peasant lad, a saddler's apprentice, an opera-singer, and a fashionable painter, he made himself talked about as much through his eccentric art as through his eccentric life, and finally died in poverty and want in 1864 in London. He had naturally a great deal of talent. Exceedingly enterprising, and gifted with great imagination, he received the most various impressions of nature, took up the most various technical methods,

saw things in a large way and endeavoured to render their total impression. But he did not possess the love of truth or the strength of character to develop his talent. As soon as he discovered what people admired in his work, he became a bold virtuoso whose only object was to paint more vehemently and showily than his contemporaries. Ruysdael, intensified in all that is fantastically scenical and then embellished with Gudin's effects of light, would result in something more or less like Marcus Larsson. In his pictures he heaps together the stage-properties of agitated Swedish scenery—waterfalls, huge cliffs casting reflections of themselves upon steel-blue lakes. And he boasts in his letters of having outstripped Ruysdael whenever he succeeded in making a composition "more opulent." The most insane effects of light, white and red mountains, waterfalls in the sunset, burning steamers, lighthouses, comets, and houses aflame by night had all to be introduced to cover his want of intimate emotion, with their decorative effects on the big drum.

Alfred Wahlberg is to Larsson more or less what Lier is to Eduard Hildebrandt. He had made in Paris a very thorough study of the masters of Fontainebleau, especially Dupré, and he communicated to his countrymen the principles of the French *paysage intime*, but only in an elegantly adapted and diluted form. His range indeed is wide: it extends from the Northern landscapes of snow to the brilliant summer splendour of Italy. Like Lier, he had a special love of dreamily glowing evening lights, and understood the means of soothing the eye by a *ragoût* of finely graduated tones. He delighted in searching for difficulties and showing off his technique. His art is rich in change, full of surprises, pliant, elegant, and superficially brilliant, but too merely intelligent and mannered, too calculated in its effects, for him to be brought into close relationship with the masters of Fontainebleau. The landscapes of those classic artists were the offspring of the most cordial devotion to nature, those of Wahlberg are the products of *chic*. The vigour of directness is wanting in his feeling for nature, his method of expression is the reverse of simple. His strength does not rest upon rapid sketching, but upon the pointing and rounding of an impression.

He was, like Larsson, merely a painter of effective points, though he was less crude; his mood is not so forced, but his artificiality of sentiment is the same.

The living generation is far more disposed to award the palm to two other painters who were held in less honour by their contemporaries, two who never came into contact with the school of Fontainebleau, though they are more nearly allied to it in the fundamental principle of their work.

Gustav Rydberg never got beyond a meagre style of painting, for he had no experience derived from foreign countries. All his details are worked out with diffidence. His pictorial method savours of the studio, his scale of colour frequently makes a trite effect, his handling is circumscribed in expedients. Nevertheless his pictures are preferable to those of Wahlberg, for they are delicate and full of intimate feeling, whereas those of the latter are glittering. Like the Dutch landscape-painters of the seventeenth century, he did not go far to find his motives. He buried himself in the meagre scenery of his home at Skon, and was at no pains to render it interesting by adorning it. Misty winter landscapes and summer moonlight pictures, with thatched cottages, mills in the mood of an autumnal afternoon, huge haystacks, green pastures, ploughed land, fields and forests, village streets, horses and waggons, such are the idyllic passages of nature which he has a preference for rendering. And his works are those of a man who followed his own way, consistently cleaving to his native land with a tender spirit.

But the most sympathetic and personal effect is made by *Edvard Bergh*. When he returned home at the same time as Larsson in 1857, the course of the one was that of a waterfall foaming and raging and breaking its way with forceful vehemence between the rocks, to lose itself sadly in the sand; the course of the other that of a quiet rivulet swelling to a stream, and at last discharging itself into a woodland lake, where the birches are mirrored and pale water-lilies flush in the beams of the setting sun. Marcus Larsson, a celebrity in his lifetime, is now forgotten, and Edvard Bergh, almost unknown in his lifetime, is now held to have been a forerunner of more recent workers.

E. Bergh: "A Pond in the Forest."

Before he became a painter Bergh had finished his University studies. As a young official he sauntered through the rustic villages, seeing nature as much with the eyes of a botanist as with those of a landscape-painter. After he had painted a little in a dilettante fashion in Upsala, the works of the Düsseldorfers made him decide in 1850 to go to the Academy of the Rhineland. In 1855, the year of the World Exhibition, he was in Paris, and travelled thence to Geneva to Calame, who then stood at the zenith of his fame. But these foreign influences were soon overcome. The "View of Uri," in the Berlin National Gallery, is one of the few pictures in which Bergh followed Calame in aiming at the grand style. Home once more in 1857, he became the earliest representative of intimate landscape-painting in Sweden. Bergh was, in fact, a man of harmonious temperament, happy and contented with his work, a quiet, thoughtful, dreamy man, whose blood never boiled and raged.

Thus he had no passion for nature in her majesty and dramatic wrath, but loved her soft smile and her still, dreamy solitude. There are no storm-clouds in his pictures, no motives of cliffs with hoary, foaming waterfalls, no grey quarries and mossy, primæval pines—no complicated problems of light and

E. Bergh: "Under the Birches."

vehement *tours de force* of the brush. He delighted in the fir-woods and glassy rivers of his home, the delicate birch-groves and the dreamy shores of its lakes, the bright summer sky of Sweden, the quiet pastures and grazing cattle, white clouds slowly shifting onwards, and lonely paths leading between the spreading roots of trees to out-of-the-way and sheltered valleys. And his delicate painting, which is full of sentiment, corresponds with the soft intimate character of this landscape. Everything which afterwards became characteristic of the new tendency, the efforts to arrest the transitory and momentary moods of nature, the first direct impression, was also the note of Bergh's latest works. Some of his birch-forests with water and cattle are so fresh and fragrant in their scheme of colour that they might belong to the most modern art. Always following his own taste, and as much a naturalist as an artist in colours, as much an analyst as an emotional artist, Bergh showed Swedish landscape the way which led to its present prime.

The turning-points in Swedish art coincide more or less with

Stockholm : Bonnier.]
HUGO SALMSON.

the years of the Paris Exhibitions: in 1856 it was swayed by Düsseldorf, in 1867 by Couture and Piloty; in 1878 it began to enter on the lines of Manet and Bastien-Lepage. Some of the Swedes who had been long resident in Paris early communicated the new principles to their compatriots.

Many experiments had been already made by *Hugo Salmson*, who is now a man upwards of fifty, before he entered the province which has been his speciality since 1878. Under Charles Comte, whose studio he entered after his removal to Paris, he painted ornamental historical pictures of manners. Benjamin Constant incited him to his life-size "Odalisque," painted with a sleek brush. And Meissonier was his inspiration when he exhibited his "Rehearsal of Tartuffe," a spirited and pliant Rococo illustration, where the variegated costumes of modish courtiers stood out daintily in an elegant old-world interior. But, as soon as the earliest open-air pictures of Bastien-Lepage appeared, he immediately followed this new tendency. His "Labourers in the Turnip Field" of 1878, now in the possession of the Göteborg Art Union, had an importance for Sweden similar to that which Liebermann's "Women mending Nets" had for Germany. The modern period for Swedish art had begun—the period when a more austerely truthful painting followed an art of variegated and gorgeous colours. Even in France Salmson had made his mark with this work, and his "Arrest"—a village street in Picardy where a couple of gendarmes have taken a young woman in charge—was the first Swedish picture obtained for the Musée Luxembourg. This was in 1879. And in 1883 his "Little Gleaners" was admitted into the Stockholm National Museum.

Stockholm : Bonnier.]
AUGUST HAGBORG.

Yet this rapid success suggests that Salmson is not a master of haughty individuality, whom it takes time to comprehend. Beneath his hands Manet's hard, virile art has become a thing made for popularity. His peasant girls are graceful, his landscapes charming, and his problems of light meet with a solution which is rather piquant than sincere. His last pastel portraits and pictures of children are often completely mawkish. He is not a robust and original artist, but one who has gone tamely with the stream. However, he is a good painter, who acquired greater technical readiness in Paris than any of his countrymen. His representations of the life of the people in Picardy appeal to the great public by their confident and noble drawing, their refined treatment of colour, their dainty handling of the brush, and their characterization, which is spirited if it is not profound. Through this treatment, adapted to the requirements of the Salon, he won a more rapid popularity for the new principles than would have been otherwise possible.

And *August Hagborg*, whose success dates from the same years, and whose ductile talent ran through the same course of development, is his twin brother in the history of Swedish art. Having begun in Paris with little hard but carefully painted costume-pictures from the Directoire period, he afterwards found his vocation in representing the sea-coasts and fisher-folk of Northern France. "The Ebb-tide on the English Channel"—a number of oyster-fishers coming home with their booty over the fresh, clear sea, and a bright sky with bluish strips of cloud—was bought by the Musée Luxembourg in 1879, and from that time he was a popular painter. A low, yellowish strand, spreading broadly in the foreground, fishing

HAGBORG: "THE RETURN HOME."

skiffs, the peaceful sea, and a clear, bluish-white sky, beaming in the mild light of a warm noonday sun, or in the chill gleam of a dull morning, such are the phases of nature which Hagborg has chosen and repeated in all his pictures with various accessory figures.

Here there are fishers making for the shore, here a priest blessing a newly built skiff, here nothing but the strand with a row of boats in shining, silvery morning mist, here the dwellers of the strand talking together before setting out. The veracity and roughness of Michael Ancher is not to be asked from him. His people are of a cleanly, blooming race, a people who are innocent of laxity, and know nothing of the wearisomeness of life. They are the types of the fine lad and the brave lass which may be found in the novels of Pierre Loti, a little more refined than they are in reality, and artificially polished and freshened up. Trim fisher-girls and young men are knotting together nets. Girls go merrily laughing homewards from the strand; talking, jesting, or silent and embarrassed couples sit on the grass or make a *rendez-vous* with each other by a boat-side. Hagborg has often repeated himself, varied the types and moods which once made him popular,

until they have grown tiresome; but besides many pictures turned out for the market, and striking rather through their *chic* than any personal emotion, he has produced several works in recent years, such as "The Potato-Gatherers," "The Churchyard of Tourvilleu," and the like, which show a vigorous striving in an onward direction.

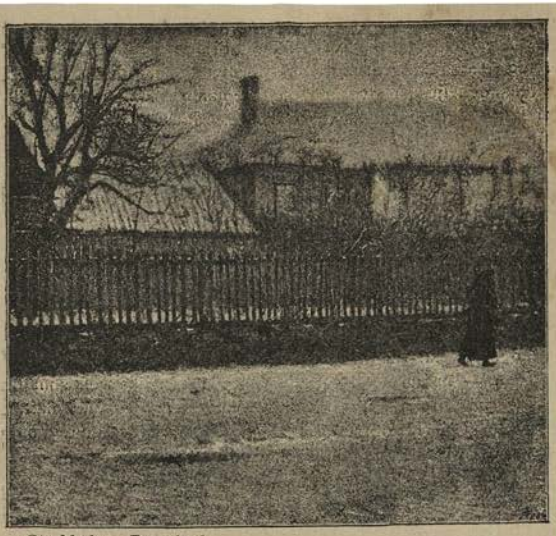
Wilhelm van Gegerfelt, the landscape-painter, is the third of these Parisian Swedes. Since 1872 he has lived in Paris, and there he has become a thoroughbred Frenchman. At present, too, he seems a somewhat old-fashioned painter, whose Venetian lagunes and deep blue summer nights of Naples have more in common with Oswald Achenbach and Clays than with Billotte and Monet. Like Wahlberg, he had a greater regard for *chic* and "beautiful tone" than was favourable to the sincerity of his landscapes. But when he appeared he excited a great deal of notice by his bright scale of colour and his refined taste. In his works the moonlight rests upon the Canal Grande, or a delicate grey is spread over some district on the French coast. The sun glitters on the snowfields of Upsala; bright, shining rain comes hissing down in a Swedish village; or skaters in the silvery dusk of a winter evening hum swiftly over the crystal surface of the frozen lake.

After 1875 the young Swedes studying in Paris banded round these three painters. As early as the winter of 1877-8 this Swedish colony could boast of eighteen names. Most of their owners lived at Montmartre, where Hagborg had his studio. Their general place of reunion was the Restaurant Hoerman in the Boulevard de Clichy, which was christened "The Swedish General Credit Company" in Paris, with reference to the kindly consideration of the proprietor in money-matters. In the evening the company went across to the Café de l'Hermitage and played billiards. From the principal table reserved every evening for the blond and blue-eyed guests there rose Swedish quartettes. Amongst these "knights of the stew-pan," of whom many a one did not know how he was to live upon the following day, there reigned a wild spirit of youth, an audacious levity, but there was also a sincere and

fervent love of work which resulted in a sustained exertion of all their powers.

To two of the most talented it was not accorded to reap at home, in later days, the fruits of their labour. The wag of the Parisian clique, *Karl Skånberg*—a droll, little, hump-backed man, whom August Strindberg used as prototype for the painter in his charming sketch *The Little Beings*—died in 1883, just after he had come back to Stockholm, when he was scarcely three-and-thirty. And Swedish art was robbed of Hugo Birger at the same youthful age four years afterwards. The former was a fine landscape-painter, who, making Paris his head-quarters, searched for pictorial motives in Holland and Italy. In Holland he painted the harbour of Dort, in Italy the glowing blaze of Etna and the olive-groves of Naples, the blooming fruit-trees of the Villa Albani or the golden skies and rocking skiffs of Venice. He is most effective when he renders with large strokes a part of the harbour with glittering water, the little figures of fishermen, and glowing sails, or when he steeps his pictures in a grey dusk impregnated with colour. In Venice he is peculiarly at home, not only the sunny joyous Venice of spring, glowing with colour, but Venice in rainy autumn in her widow's weeds. Sailing through the lagunes in a skiff, he sketched the wharves and canals with their black ships and deep red sails, and the diversified masses of the Giudecca.

A virtuoso who often displays great audacity, *Hugo Birger*, extended his field of study to Spain and Africa. The ideal which he pursued with feverish activity throughout his brief life was to meet with curious costumes, to paint with novel colours, to experience novel moods, and to stand upon the soil of a strange and distant land. The blue sky of Spain glares upon white walls, the glowing sun of North Africa glances upon the forms of negroes and gaudy turbans. One of his most luxuriant feasts of colour was called "Breakfast in Granada:" a party of ladies and gentlemen in light, white, and blue are breakfasting out of doors; the noonday sun ripples, falling white through the foliage, and playing upon the bottles and

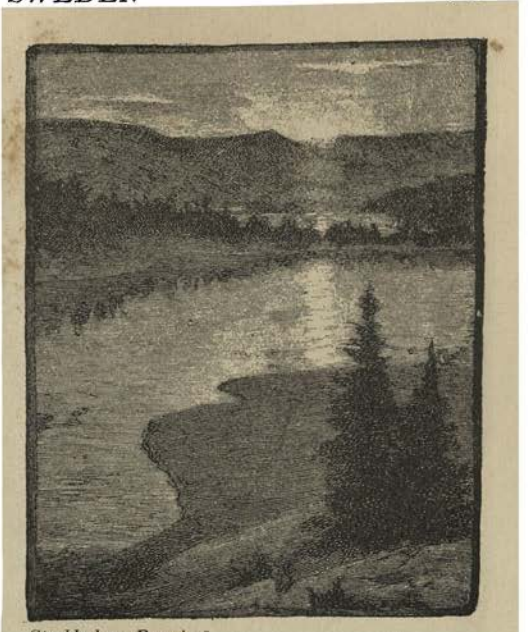


Stockholm : Bonnier.]
KREUGER : "TWILIGHT."

fruits. Right in the sun stands a peacock, unfolding all the iridescent splendour of his tail. Having returned home for a short time, he painted the Stockholm theatres lit up by electricity, and the glowing colour-symphonies of the fjords. His last great picture represented the Swedish artists breakfasting in the Restaurant Ledoyer on the varnishing day of the Salon. But when it hung in the Salon of 1887 he had ended his career. In him and Skånberg Swedish painting lost two men of forcible talent; they were not great artists of fine individual sentiment, but they were two bold and vigorous painters, who loved painting for its varied colour, and rejoiced in being painters with their whole heart.

The others who, at that time, were members of the Swedish colony in Paris, now work in their native land. Like the Danes Tuxen and Kröyer, they regarded Paris merely as a high-school, to be gone through before they could begin a fresh course of activity in Stockholm. Those who came to Paris first adapted themselves almost more to French than to Swedish painting, for through their place of residence they were led to paint the life of the French and not that of the Swedish people. Fishers from Brittany and peasants from Picardy alternate with views of Fontainebleau and the French coasts. Even when a picture now and then seems to be Swedish, this Swedish aspect is merely an affair of costumes brought from the mother-country, and fitted on to Parisian models.

But the artists who returned to Stockholm gradually made



Stockholm: Bonnier.]

PRINCE EUGENE OF SWEDEN: A LANDSCAPE.

Swedish art out of the Parisian art of Hagborg and Salmson. Nevertheless the cosmopolitan character still remains. In Denmark that curiously emancipated artist Kröyer is perhaps the only one who acquired a certain elegance, boldness, and nervous vibration through contact with French painting. Otherwise Danish painting has a virgin bashfulness, something self-contained and homely in its preference for quiet corners and cosy rooms in lamplight. All those emotions which elsewhere find their way into outward life are turned inwards with the Danes, and live in their spirit in a sharpened, subtilized, and concentrated form. Swedish art is more mundane, more graceful and gleaming: it regards what is simple as *bourgeois*; it loves extremes, caprices, a bright, tingling Impressionism, the piquant, bizarre effects of light, vibrating chords. Swedish painters have a less national accent than the Danes, a less personal method of seeing things, but all the more taste and flexibility. It does one good to look at Johansen's pictures; they are so cordial in sentiment that one forgets the artist, while in the presence of Swedish works one thinks only of the dexterous technique. They are rather examples of technical artifice than works of art, rather graceful *bravura* paintings than intimate confessions; they originate rather from manual adroitness than from the painter's heart. Moreover the Swedish painters are not to be found amongst those men of rough, forceful nature who are ridiculed and scoffed at by the great public at exhibitions. They are never austere

Stockholm : Bonnier.]
LILJEFORS: "BLACKCOCKS AT PAIRING-TIME."

and puritanical, but rather piquant, pleasing, charming, and gracious. What is *chic* has mastered what is natural in their pretty fantasies of colour, and has even made a sort of knickknacks out of the very peasants. Exceedingly quick in assimilation, they have made themselves more familiar than any other nation with all the sleights of art that may be learnt in Paris, and by these have created works which are exceedingly refined and modern.

In the province of landscape-painting Réné Billotte would offer the most ready parallel to the works of the youngest Swedes. Nature in Sweden has not the idyllic coyness of Danish scenery, nor has it the rude air of desolation and wildness which gives the Norwegian its sombre and melancholy stamp. It is more coquettish, Southern, and French, and the Swedish painters see it with French eyes. Their works have nothing mystical, elegiac, and shrouded, like those of the Danes. Everything is clear and dazzling. In the one school there is a naturalness, a simplicity which almost causes the spectator to forget the work of the

Stockholm : Bonnier.]

BRUNO LILJEFORS.

brush ; the other gives, in the first place, the impression of a problem deftly solved. In the one is the most extreme reserve in colour, a soft grey enveloping everything ; in the other a cunning play with delicate gradations of tone, an effort to analyze the most fleeting moods of nature and the most complicated effects of light. There are bright meadows and woodland clearings under the most varied phases of light : when the dazzling whiteness of the sun vibrates delicately through silvery gradations of the atmosphere, or " rosy-fingered dawn " dallies with the little white clouds, or the violet reflections of the deep red setting sun fade wearily over a pool filled with lilies. There are woodlands with graceful birches, the yellow autumnal leaves of which sparkle in the slanting rays of the light, and still forest lakes with white flowers which flush in the radiance of the sinking sun. Moreover the wonders of the Mälar See, with the magical mazes of its glittering arteries of water, give an opportunity for the solution of difficult problems of light. The marvellous port of Stockholm is painted with its splendid bridges, palaces, and shining rows of houses, and creeks of the sea with the silvery reflections of the moonlight upon their curling waves, and the turrets of lighthouses rising solemnly over the ocean like great moons, and the windows of houses, which have been lit up, blazing like flickering will-o'-the wisps in the blue misty veil of twilight ; little skiffs and graceful sailing vessels, which, in the dying sunset, glide across the blue waters as lightly as nutshells ; shores against which the waves chafe foaming and dazzlingly white, scourged by the fresh morning wind, or rockbound coasts, which lie, black and misty, beneath the dark starry sky. Parts of the streets are painted in that vague illumination which is neither bright nor dark, neither day nor night ; bridges crowded with a fluctuating throng, and lighted

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
OESTERLIND: "A BAPTISM IN BRITTANY."

by flickering lamps. Even when winter is celebrated, it is not its melancholy and its sad mists that are painted, but its glittering gladness and its bright, invigorating cold, bouquets and wreaths of snow, a fairy architecture of white snow with the bluest sky as background.

Per Eckström, one of the older artists, paints the poetry of desolation: the silence of the heath, when all its outlines are dissolved in the dusk and all its colours are extinguished; the new moon over a clear lake, with groups of trees reflected tremulously in the water; the silvery tone of afternoon lying dreamily over half dim plains; still, sequestered pools, sown with luxuriant water-plants in the blood-red sunset, or the vague light of moonrise. A quiet part of the heath in Oeland, in the subdued, tender, silvery tone of dusk; a glittering forest lake, in which the deadened sunshine plays in a thousand reflections; and the study "Sun and Snow," a mingled play of red and white colours, making the most intense effect, were the pictures by which he introduced himself in Germany, at the Munich Exhibition of 1892, as one of the finest landscape-painters of the present.

The painter of winter twilight and autumn evenings in the North was *Nils Kreuger*, who had already in Paris shown a

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

BJÖRCK: "IN THE COWSHED."

preference for phases of winter and rain, dusk and vapour. In his delicate little pictures he rendered desolate village streets, with the soft twilight sinking over their poverty-stricken houses and gardens, pallid moonshine lying ghostly over solitary buildings and deserted paths losing themselves in the darkness, phases of wintry afternoon, and skaters whose fleeting outlines speed lightly like vague shadows across the glassy lake.

Karl Nordström, more uneven and less delicate, though always captivating through his bold experiments, chiefly celebrates the Northern winter with its cold splendour of colour, its rarefied, transparent air, its dazzling sunshine, and its soft snow resting like sugar upon the branches of the leafless trees. He has likewise worked much and successfully upon motives from Skärgard under sombre phases of night and animated by the varied lights of steamers slowly gliding past the hilly coasts, upon harbour views with glowing rocket-lights, yellowish-red pennons, and little steamboats running from shore to shore with arrowy swiftness.

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
CARL LARSSON.

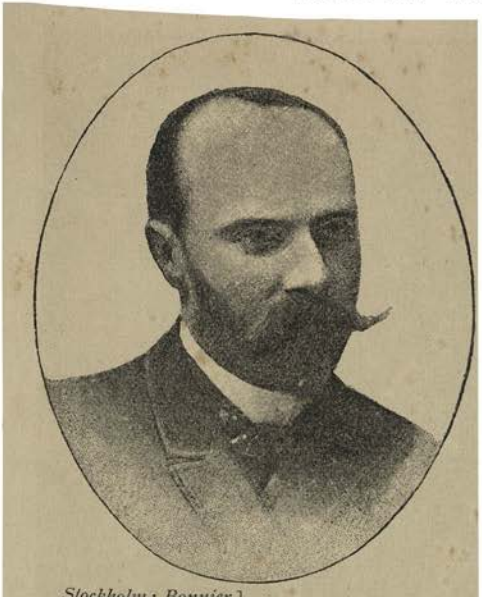
Scarcely thirty years of age, and already one amongst the best, *Prince Eugene* arrested melodious moods of nature in Skon and Soedermanland: in his pictures a still forest, with delicate birches and plashing streamlets, is touched by the violet mists around the evening sun; little golden clouds hang over the sea; or the sun shines with dazzling light upon a glad, green meadow-land; or else the moon trembles in long shining lines upon a bluish lake.

Robert Thegerström travelled much, and, in addition to delicate French harmonies in grey, exhibited pretty studies from Egypt and Algiers. A sturdy artist, *Olof Arborelius*, has produced Swiss and Italian landscapes, painted during his years of pilgrimage, and, in his later period, Swedish landscapes, true and powerful in their local accent, and of rich and luxuriant colouring. The dazzling rays of the summer sun and the glittering effects of winter snow have principally inspired his dexterous brush. *Axel Lindmann* paints honest, clear grey landscapes enlivened with delicate green, and they show that he has more than once looked at Damoye. In *Alfred Thörne* the mountain and Mälar scenery has found an interpreter, in *John Kindborg* the environs of Stockholm, and in *Carl Johannson* the world in its wintry charms. *Johan Krouthén* painted quarries, forcible summer-pieces from Skagen, arable fields in autumn in the sunshine, pictures of spring with powerful, chalky effects of light, or garden pictures in which he united all kinds of gay flowers in joyous combinations of colour. The sea-painter *Adolf Nordling* attaches himself to the great Danish sea-painters by the confident manner in which he

places his vessels in the waves. His air is fresh and clear; light and fluent his water. *Victor Forssell*, *Johan Ericson*, *Edvard Rosenberg*, and *Ernst Lundström* are other painters who devote themselves to the port of Stockholm.

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
CARL LARSSON: "THE WIFE OF THE VIKING."

In the province of animal painting the men of the older generation, *Wennerberg*, *Brandelius*, and others, have been replaced by Georg Arsenius and Bruno Liljefors. *Arsenius* has been known for many years by his bright, sunny, and dashing renderings of the Paris races, and by numerous rapid and confident drawings from the world of sport, published in the French journals. After making frequent contributions to the Paris Salon without exciting any special attention, *Bruno Liljefors* introduced himself to the German public, for the first time, in 1892, in Munich. Removed from the Stockholm Academy on account of unfitness, he withdrew himself and his models—tame and wild animals, birds and four-footed beasts—to an out-of-the-way village in the north of Sweden, and here became one of the most individual personalities of modern art. The barren, commonplace scenery of Uppland, with its hills clothed with meagre woods and its sparse fir-forests and its green fields and meadows in the winter snow, usually forms the background for his representations of animal life: they are the works of a man who, without having been in Paris, worked out by himself all the inspiring principles of foreign



Stockholm: Bonnier.]
RICHARD BERGH.

painting. In his earliest years Liljefors devoted himself with zeal and earnest purpose to open-air painting, painted woods and meadows in that most intense sunlight loved by Manet; then he studied the Japanese, and assimilated their spirited sureness in seizing transient movements. But, in these days, this technical *bravura* is only used as a vehicle for his fresh and healthy observation and intimate feeling. Liljefors knows his models. He has learnt to arrest the most instantaneous movements of animals; he has made himself familiar with their way of life, their characteristics and their habits. He represents the sport of birds in the sunshine, the hare sitting solitary upon a snowy field of a grey winter afternoon, the hound, the household of foxes, quails, magpies, and reed-sparrows as they hide shivering in the snow.

And just as he represents these animals with the essential accuracy of an old sportsman, he paints his men with the good-humour of a head-ranger, living in the country and playing cards with peasants in the tavern. His landscapes have been seen with the fresh, bright eyes of one accustomed to live out of doors, one who can go about without having numbed and frozen fingers. When he paints boys taking nests or getting over the palings to steal apples he does it with a boy's sense of enjoyment, as though he would like to be of the party himself. When he paints the sunny corners of a peasant garden, where diapered butterflies poise on the flowers and sparrows scratch merrily till they cover themselves with sand, one would take Liljefors himself for the old gardener who had

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
R. BERGH: "AT EVENFALL."

laid out and planted this plot of land. Whether he represents the darkness of a summer night, or blackcocks pairing in a dark green valley, or the solitude of the forest, where the poacher is awaiting his victim with strained attention, or the sombre humour of afternoon upon the heath, where the sportsman is plodding wearily home, followed by his panting dogs, there runs through his picture a deep and unforced sentiment, a reverence for the mysticism of nature and the majestical sublimity of solitude. Living in a far-off village, out of touch with the artist world throughout the whole year, surrounded only by his animals, and observing nature at all seasons and at all hours, Liljefors is one of those men who have something of Millet's nature, one of those in whom heart and hand, man and artist, are united. It is only through living so intimately with the theme of his studies that he has seen Swedish landscape with such largeness and quietude, and learnt to overhear the language of the birds and the whisper of the pines.

Beyond this it is impossible to divide Swedish painters according to "subjects" or provinces. The more "Swedish" they are, and the more deftly they have learnt to play with technique, the more they are cosmopolitans who take a pleasure in venturing upon everything. *Axel Kulle* represents peasant life in South Sweden in a very authentic manner with regard to costume and furniture, yet with a humorous accent which is a relic of his Düsseldorf period. A sturdy, prosaic realist, *Alf*

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]
R. BERGH: PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE.

Wallander, is the leading representative of naturalism in the treatment of the proletariat. Old men and women in the street, the inn, or the market-place, he places upon canvas as large as life, and his works are energetic, fresh, and full of colour, though without delicacy or the play of feeling. *Axel Borg* paints peasant life in Orebro: street-scenes and fairs, or farms of a Sunday forenoon, when the waggon stands ready for an excursion to the neighbouring village. The snowy landscape of Lapland, with its mountains, pines, and waterfalls, has a forcible and fearless interpreter in *Johan Tirén*, who is a robust and pithy painter. *Allan Oesterlind*, an artist who tells his tale with delicacy, has now settled in Brittany, where he paints rustic life in the field and at home, by daylight and firelight, in the market-square and the churchyard, with Parisian flexibility. In him the child-world in particular, has a fine observer: he surprises children in their games and their griefs, simply, and without mixing in them himself; they are all absorbed in their employment, and not one of them steps out of his surroundings to coquet with the spectator. And *Ivar Nyberg* delights in family scenes round the lamp of an evening, young ladies sitting at the piano by candlelight, or old women telling girls their fortunes by cards; those twilight motives and those indeterminate effects of light in an interior which are so dear to the Danes.

There is something a little German about *Oscar Björck*, which is quite in accordance with his Munich training. He can neither be called particularly spirited nor particularly intimate, but he

has a sound and sincere naturalism, a quiet and graceful style, and an even method of creation, which is free from all nervous intensity. In Skagen, where he worked for some time, he was affected by Danish influences which prompted him to pictures from the life of seamen—"The Signal of Distress" and so forth —in the manner of Michael Ancher. Intercourse with Julius Kronberg in Rome led him to paint a "Susanna," an adroit studio study in the style of French Classicism. The leading work of his Roman period was a representation of a forge, an exceedingly sound picture, in which he analyzed correctly and with adherence to fact the play of sunbeams on the smoke-grimed walls of the smithy, their blending with the fire on the hearth, and the strife of this double illumination of sun and fire upon the upper part of the tanned bodies of the workmen. In Venice he painted the Piazza d'Erbe flooded with sunshine, and the interiors of old Renaissance churches, on the gleaming mosaics of which dim daylight plays, broken by the many-coloured glass windows. A "Stable," upon the walls and planks of which the early sun fell in large, sparkling patches, a "Sewing-Room" with the broad daylight glancing tremulously over the white figures of girls, and, occasionally, able portraits, were his later works, which were sterling and powerful, though they were not particularly spirited.

Carl Larsson is amusing, coquettish, and mobile, one of those capricious, facile men of talent to whom everything is easy. He first made a name as an illustrator, and his piquant representations of fashionable life as well as his grotesquely bizarre caricatures are the most spirited work which has arisen in Sweden in the department of illustration during the century. This facility in production remained with him later. Always attempting something novel and mastering novel spheres of art, he went from oil-painting to pastels and water-colours, and from sculpture to etching. The refined water-colours which he painted in France—pictures of little gardens with young fruit-trees, gay flowers, old men, and beehives—were followed by delicate landscapes from the neighbourhood of Stockholm and Dalarne, interiors bathed in sunlight, and amusing portraits of his family

Artist sc.]

ZORN: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

and his feminine pupils. But this was merely a transitional stage to "grand art," the decorative painting which had been the aim of his youthful dreams. Even in the days when he worked at a Stockholm photographer's, and was employed in retouching, he painted in an audacious effervescent humour pictures like "The Sinner's Transit to Hell," or old bards singing their last ballad to the sinking sun. Even then the motley old wooden figures of the Stockholm churches had bewitched him, and the fantastic woodcuts of Martin Schongauer and Dürer. In his decorative works he sports with all these elements like a spirited tattler who has seen much and babbles about it in a way that is witty and stimulating, if not novel. In the three allegorical wall-paintings, Renaissance, Rococo, and Modern, which he designed for the Fürstenberg Gallery in Stockholm, Tiepolo, Goltzius, Schwind, and modern French plastic art are boldly and directly intermingled. In the series of wall-paintings for the staircase of the girls' school in Göteborg, where he represented the life of Swedish women in different ages, the technique of open-air painting, naturalistic force, curious yearning for the magic of the Rococo period, daring of thought suggesting Cornelius, and the pale grey hue of Puvis de Chavannes are mixed so as to form a strange result. It all has something of the manner of a poster, with but little that is monumental or, indeed, independent. But Larsson plays with all his reminiscences with

such an attractive and sovereign talent, the total effect is so fresh and delightful, so vivid and full of fantastic point, so effective in colour and in substance, so far removed from all dry didacticism, that he raises himself to a position beside the finest decorators of the present age.

Stockholm : Bonnier.]
ZORN : PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

In *Ernst Josephson*, another spirited improviser, bold portraits and motley scenes from the life of the Spanish people alternate with robust, life-size pictures of forges, millers' men, and Swedish village witches. *Georg Pauli* painted little Italian landscapes with a fine, natural lyricism of feeling, sea and bridge pictures with gas-lamps, spring evenings when the setting sun casts a red light into the room, or bright moonlight nights when the air seems transformed into chill light. In some of his expressive pictures of sick-rooms there was an echo of H. von Habermann, and in his last work, "The Norns," he followed, like the latter, a monumental and allegorical tendency in the manner of Agache. As a pupil at the Academy, *Richard Bergh* was called by his comrades the Swedish Bastien-Lepage. The tender absorption in nature and the quiet, contemplative method of his father, Edvard Bergh, is peculiar to him too. "The Hypnotic Séance," which made him first known in the Paris Salon, was rather a transient concession to the style of Gervex than the expression of Bergh's own temperament. He paints best when he represents the people whom he best knows, and

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
ZORN: "THE OMNIBUS."

his intimate portraits of members of his family and of particular friends only find their counterpart in corresponding likenesses by Bastien-Lepage. Specially charming was the simple picture of his wife which he sent in 1886 to the Paris Salon: a young woman with a bright and yet thoughtful look, who is sitting with a piece of white material upon her knees and her arms crossed in her lap; she has just left off sewing, and is looking dreamily before her. The pretty studio picture "After the Sitting," with the young model dressing with a tired air; the landscape "Towards Evening," harmonized entirely in yellow, and slightly tinged by qualities of the Scotch school, with a fair peasant girl sitting upon a hill with the evening sun pouring over her; and several other landscapes with young ladies dreaming in a lonely park, themselves bright and tender like the Northern summer, were further evidences of his refined and sympathetic art.

The most deft and ultra-modern of these men is *Anders Zorn*. From the first day his whole career was one continuous triumph. He was a peasant boy from Dalarne, and he had left the school at Einköping, when he came in 1875 to Stockholm, at first with the intention of becoming a sculptor. Even as a boy he had carved animals in wood while out in the pastures, and then coloured them with fruit-juice. At school he painted portraits from nature, without having ever worked on the usual drawing models for copying. Thus he acquired early a keen eye for form

Stockholm: Bonnier.]
ZORN: "THE RIPPLE OF THE WAVES."

and character, and adhered to this vivifying principle when in later years he began at the Academy to paint little scenes from the life of the people around his home. An exhibition for the work of pupils brought him his earliest success. He painted the portrait of a girl in mourning, a little picture full of delicate feeling, in which the piquant black veil specially roused the admiration of all ladies. From that time he had quantities of orders for portraits. He painted children and ladies with or without veils, and was the lion of the Academy. With the sums which he was enabled to save through these commissions he left home, and, after a circular tour through Italy and Spain, he landed in London in 1885, and took a studio there in the most fashionable part of the town. And purchasers and visitors anxious to order pictures came quickly. Making London his headquarters, he led a life of constant movement, emerging now in Spain or Morocco, now in Constantinople or at home. His field of work was changed just as often, and the development of his power was rapid. He painted quantities of pictures in water-colours—old Spanish beggars and gipsy women, Swedish children and English girls. And he touched them all in a manner that was fresh, wayward, piquant, and full of charm, and with a dexterity quite worthy of Boldini. In his next period Swedish open-air motives were what principally occupied this painter, who was always seeking some new thing. Having busied himself

with river motives in England, he now began at Dalarö to study waves. The large water-colour picture called "The Ripple of the Waves" represented a quiet lake, the clear mirror of which rippled lightly beneath the soft evening wind. A pair of summer visitors, a lady and gentleman, are sitting upon a jetty, and in front a washerwoman is talking with a boatman who is passing by. A quick eye and a sure hand are requisites for painting the sea. In its eternal alternation of ebb and flow it leaves the painter no time for deliberate study. Zorn attacked the problem again and again, until he finally solved it. His first oil picture, exhibited in Paris and acquired by the Musée Luxembourg, rendered the peaceful hour when daylight yields softly to the radiance of the moon: an old seaman and a young girl are looking thoughtfully from a bridge down into a river. His next picture he called "Out of Doors." Three girls are standing naked on the shore after bathing, whilst a fourth is still merrily splashing in the water. After this picture he became famous in France. Everything in it had been boldly delineated. The water lived, and rocked, and rippled. The reflections of the light and the thousand rosy tints of evening were rendered with extreme sensitiveness of feeling, and played tenderly and lightly on the water and the nude bodies of the women. And how natural were the women themselves, how unconsciously graceful, as if they had no idea that a painter's eye was resting upon them!

Zorn has painted much of the same kind since: women before or after bathing, sometimes enveloped in the grey atmosphere, sometimes covered by the waves or the gleaming light of the sky.

The most refined picture of all was a sketch exhibited in Munich in 1892, and now in the possession of Edelfelt. It made such a bright and light effect, it was so simple and entirely natural, that one quite forgot what sovereign mastery was requisite to produce such an impression. The same bold confidence which knows no difficulties makes his interiors and likenesses an object of admiration to the eye of every painter. As he stood on a level with Cazin in his bathing scenes, he stands here on a level with Besnard. In his picture of 1892

the spectator looked into the interior of an omnibus. Through the windows fell the dim light of a grey afternoon in Paris, and carried on a vivid combat with the light of the gas-lamps upon the faces of the men and women inside. The study of light in the treatment of a woman asleep beneath the lamp almost excelled similar efforts of the French in its delicate effect of illumination. A ball scene made a fine and animated impression elsewhere only to be found in the works of the American Stewart. His portraits give the feeling that they must have been painted at a stroke: they have a sureness in characterization and a simple nobility of colour which admit of a manifold play of tones within the very simplest scale. Even his etchings, although they are summary and merely indications, find their like in spirit and piquancy only in those of Legros. Zorn is the most dexterous of the dexterous, a conjurer whose hand follows every glance of his marvellously organized eye, as if by some logical law of reflex action—a man who can do everything he wishes, who rejoices in experiment for its own sake, one who never ceases conquering new difficulties in mere play, in every new work. He is a Frenchman in his *bravura* and bold technique, and in this mundane grace he is as typical of the Swedish art of the present as Johansen is of Danish art in his simple, provincial intimacy of emotion.

CHAPTER XLII

NORWAY

Previous history of Norwegian art: J. C. Dahl and his importance; Fearnley, Frich.—The Düsseldorf period: Adolf Tidemand, Hans Gude, Vincent Stoltenberg-Lerche, Hans Dahl, Carl Hansen, Niels Björnson-Möller, August Cappelen, Morten-Müller, Ludwig Munthe, E. A. Normann, Knud Bergslien, Nicolai Arbo.—From the middle of the seventies Munich becomes the high-school of Norwegian art, and from 1880 *Paris.—Norwegians who remained in Germany and Paris: M. Grönvold, J. Ekendes, Carl Frithjof-Smith, Grimelund.—Those who return home become the founders of a national Norwegian art: Otto Sinding, Niels Gustav Wenzel, Jörgensen, Kolstoe, Christian Krohg, Christian Skredsvig, Eilif Peterssen.—The landscape-painters: Johan Theodor Eckersberg, Amandus Nilson, Fritz Thaulow, Gerhard Munthe, Dissen, Skramstadt, Gunnar Berg, Edvard Dircks, Eylof Soot, Carl Uckermann, Harriet Backer, Kitty Kielland, Hansteen.—Illustration: Erik Werenskiold.—Finnish art: Edelfelt.*

THE Norwegians made their entry into modern art with almost greater freedom and boldness.

What a powerful reserve modern art possesses in nationalities which are not as yet broken in by civilization—nationalities which approach art free from æsthetic prejudice, with the young, bright eyes of the children of nature—is most plainly shown in the case of the Norwegians. That which is an acquired innocence, a *naiveté intelligente* in nations which have been long civilized, is with them natural and unconscious. They had no necessity to free themselves with pains from the yoke of false principles of training which pressed in other countries upon all the moderns. They were not immured for long years in the cells of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, they did not need to fight

the battles which the strongest had to wage elsewhere, before they could find nature and themselves. As beings who had never had a share in any artistic phase of the past, and who had grown up without much academical instruction, they began to represent the soil and the people of their home with a clearness of vision peculiar to races in direct contact with nature, and with a technique as primitive as if brush and pigments had been invented for themselves. For this reason, of course, the barbarism of the uneducated nature which enters the world of art as a stranger is often betrayed in their works even now. As yet they have not had time to refine their ideas, to adorn and embellish them: they display them entirely naked; they are unable to subdue their strong sense of reality, breaking vehemently forth, to a cogent harmony. Their art is sturdy and sanguine, and occasionally crude; even in colour it is hard and brusque, and peculiarly notable for a cold red and a dull violet—those hues so popular even in the painting of Norwegian houses. The taste of an amateur formed on the old masters would be infallibly shocked with their glaring light, and those offensive tones which recur in their interiors, in their costumes and furniture. Indeed Norwegian painting is still in leading strings. But it will cast them aside. The inherent individuality which it has already developed makes that a certainty.

Norway can look back to a great past in art even less than Denmark. What was produced in earlier times has only an architectonic interest. The history of painting begins for them with the nineteenth century, and even then it has no quiet course of development. For the student the earliest name of importance in that history is *Johann Christian Dahl*, who in the twenties opened the eyes of German painters to the charm which nature has even in her simplicity. He was followed in the mother-country by *Fearnley* and *Frich*, who depicted with a loving self-abandonment, not alone the romantic element in Northern scenery, huge blue-black cliffs, dark and silent fjords, and dazzling glaciers, but the gentle valleys and soft unobtrusive hills of Ostland. The first figure-painter, the Leopold Robert

of the North, was *Adolf Tidemand*, with whom began the Düsseldorfian period of Norwegian art. The younger men of talent gathered round him and Gude, who came to Düsseldorf in 1841, four years later. *Vincent Stoltenberg-Lerche* painted the interiors of monasteries and churches, which he utilized for *genre* pictures, filling them in with suitable accessory figures *à la* Grützner. *Hans Dahl* produced village idylls *à la* Meyerheim, and survived into times when something more true and forcible was demanded from art. *Carl Hansen*, who has now settled in Copenhagen, began with *genre* scenes under the influence of Vautier, and afterwards acquired a prepossessing distinction of colour in such pictures as "The Salmon-Fishers," "Sentence of Death," "The Lay Preacher," and others of the same type. *Niels Björnson-Möller*, *August Cappelen*, *Morten-Müller*, *Ludwig Munthe*, and *Normann* glorified the majestic configurations of the fjords, the emerald-green walls of cliff, the cloven dingles of the higher mountains, the fir-woods and the splendour of the Lofoten. With the sleights of art which they had acquired at Düsseldorf there were some who even attempted to work upon scenes from the Northern mythology. *Knud Bergslien* represented people in armour flying across the whitened plains in huge snowshoes, giving as the titles of his pictures names chosen from the Viking period. Trained from 1851 under Sohn and Hünten, *Nicolai Arbo* became the Rudolf Henneberg of the North. The National Gallery of Christiania possesses an "Ingeborg" from his hand, and a "Wild Hunt," in which the traditional heroic types are transformed into Harold, Olaf, Odin, and Thor, by a change in their attributes.

All these painters betrayed no marks of race. Schooled abroad, and, to some extent, working away from Norway throughout their lives, they merely reflect tendencies which were dominant in foreign parts. In fact Norwegian art only existed because a corner was conceded to it in public and private galleries in alien countries. "National" it first became twenty years ago, like Swedish art, and its development proceeded in a similar fashion.

Like the Swedes, the Norwegians had, from the close of the

sixties, a suspicion that Düsseldorf was no longer the proper place for their studies; and when Gude was called thence to Carlsruhe, the Academy of the Rhineland was no longer a gathering-place for Norwegian students. Some followed him to Baden, but the majority repaired to Munich, where Makart had just painted his earliest marvels of colour, where Lenbach and Defregger had begun their career, and Piloty, Lindenschmit, and Diez were famous teachers. But their sojourn by the Isar was not of long duration either. While they were working there Liebermann came back with new views of art from Paris. Through the brilliant appearance made by the French at the Munich Exhibition of 1878, their gaze was turned in a yet more westerly direction. So they deserted the studios of Lindenschmit and Löfftz for those of Manet and Degas, and left the contemplative life of Munich for the surging world of art in Paris.

The last and decisive step was their return home. *M. Grönvold* and *J. Ekendes* in Munich, *C. Frithjof-Smith* in Weimar, and *Grimelund* in Paris are probably the only Norwegians who are now working abroad. In the later and more forcible men there was strengthened that sentiment for home which has such a fertilizing power in art. Having learnt their grammar in Germany and their syntax in Paris, they borrowed from the works of the modern French the further lesson that an artist derives his strength from the soil of his mother-country. And since then a Norwegian art has been developed. In the distant solitudes of the North, on their snowfields and fjords and meadows, the former pupils of Diez and Lindenschmit became the great original painters whom we now admire so much in exhibitions.

Men of various and ductile talent, like *Otto Sinding*, are but little characteristic of Northern sentiment. During his long residence in Carlsruhe, Munich, and Berlin, he was affected by too many influences, and swayed by too many tendencies, from those of Riefstahl and Gude to those of Boecklin and Thoma, to proceed in any determined direction. With "The Surf" he made his first appearance, in 1870, as a richly endowed marine-painter; in his "Struggle at the Peasant Wedding" he was a *genre* painter after the manner of Tidemand; to his "Ruth amongst

the Workers of the Field" Bastien-Lepage had stood godfather; several bathing scenes and peasant pictures recalled Riefstahl, and his "Mermaid" suggested Thoma. Once, indeed, at the annual exhibition of 1891 at Munich, it seemed as if he had come to feel at home on Northern soil. There he exhibited a beautiful picture of the Lofoten, "Laplanders greeting the Return of the Sun," and a couple of peasant pictures which gave a delicate interpretation of the grave melancholy life of the North. There was a peaceful picture of evening, one of sheep grazing on the gentle declivity of a mountain. The day had sunk, and a glimmering Northern twilight rested over the hills, upon which a silvery light was falling from the clear vault of the sky. He had also a soft, delicate, languishing picture of spring, with rosy boughs laden with blossom, stretching along a verdant mountain country, and on the far side of a blue lake cliffs, still covered with dazzling snow, rose into the clear sky. A strange magic lay in this contrast between frost and blossom: it was as if a gentle breath of spicy fragrance rose from a snowfield, or as if the splash of rushing mountain streams were sounding in the air of spring. But in the following year he appeared once more with fantasies in the style of Boecklin—pieces which merely recalled Boecklin, and not Sinding. Artistic polish has robbed him of all directness. In fact he is a man of talent, pushing his feelers into everything and drawing them back with the same ease; a sensibility to impressions which never wearies is his quality, and instability his defect.

Almost all the others stand firmly on the soil of their country, which has not been levelled by foreign civilization, and they are in every sense its children. And it is curious to note that, even in three countries closely united by race, religion, and language, like Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, the modern principle of individuality expressed itself in works of a distinctive character. As the Danes are yielding and thoughtful, vague and misty, and the Swedes elastic, graceful, mundane, and refined, the Norwegians are rough, angular, and resolute. There is a similar difference between the three dialects: the language of the Swedes has a vivid, emphatic, Parisian note; that of the Danes runs in

a soft lisping chant; while Norwegian speech is clear, simple, and positive, although when written it is almost the same as the Danish. Provincial geniality and loving tenderness are in the ascendant amongst the Danes; urbane grace, winning refinement, and mundane polish amongst the Swedes; and in the Norwegians there is a robust strength, something ascetic, honest, and at once brusque and warm-hearted, an earnest and quite unvarnished sincerity. One feels that one is in a country inhabited by a rude, scattered population, a nation of fishers and peasants. Stockholm is the Athens and Christiania the Sparta of the North, and Norway, in general, the great fish-receptacle of Europe. Its principal sources of income are the products of the sea: cod, cod-liver-oil, herrings, and fish-guano. In no country in the world has man such a hard fight with nature. And so it is that the Norwegian people seem so quiet, inflexible, and composed, such veritable men of iron. Denmark is a prosperous country, and its landscape is soft and without salient form. Its people have the struggle of life behind them. It is not merely the thousands of villas in the towns that are neat and trim, for the country farms are so pleasantly arranged, and so spick-and-span, that they might be taken for summer residences where guests of the educated class are masquerading in rustic dress. In Norway, where nature takes unusually bold proportions, man has still something of the iron rusticity of a vanished age of heroes, and a tourist moves amongst the old tobacco-chewing sailors, with their horny hands, their leather trousers, and their red caps, as amongst giants. These people, who are unwieldy ashore, look like antediluvian kings of the sea when they stand in their skiffs. And the painters themselves have also something rough and large-boned, like the giants they represent. Everything they produce is healthy and frank. The air one breathes in their work is not the atmosphere of the sitting-room, but has the strong salt of the ocean, a freshness as invigorating as a sea-bath. They approach *plein air* with an energy that is almost rude, and paint under the open sky like people who are not afraid of numb fingers. The trenchant poetry of Northern scenery and the deep

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Artist sc.*

WENZEL: "MORNING."

religious feeling of the people find grave and measured expression in the works of Norwegian artists. They look at life with keen bright eyes, and paint it in its true colours, as it is, simply and without making pictorial points, without embellishment, and without any effort after "style." Such is the clear and most realistic ideal of the young Norwegian painters.

Niels Gustav Wenzel, Jörgensen, Kolstoe, and Christian Krohg are names which form the four-leaved clover plant of Norwegian fisher-painting.

Wenzel, who went straight from his native country to Paris, excited general indignation when he exhibited in Christiania his first naturalistic and uncompromising pictures, which were almost glaring in their effects of light. One of them, "Morning," represented a number of good people grouped round a table, at the hour when blue daylight and lamplight are at odds. This light was so trenchantly painted that the figures had yellow rims thrown full on their faces. Around these stood uncouth,

old-fashioned presses and benches, firm, clumpy chairs, looking as if they had stood for centuries in the same place, and must have been once used by a departed generation of greater and stronger beings. Door and window looked out upon log-houses and the Norwegian highland scenery. In a second picture, "The Confirmation Feast," he roused a feeling akin to compassion for the poor people he represented, people whose life runs by quiet and void of poetry even at their festivities.

Scribner's Magazine.]
KROHG: "THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

It must be owned that *Jörgensen* has, likewise, a heavy hand, yet he gives an earnest and essentially true rendering of the life of labourers out of work, men staring vacantly before them, women with tired faces, and the cold light relentlessly exposing the poverty of little rooms.

Under Lindenschmit *Kolstoe* had already made many experiments in the treatment of light; then he painted landscapes in Capri, and lamplight studies in Paris, which were as glaring as they were sincere. At present he lives in Bergen. His fishers are as large and wild as kings of the sea.

But by far the most powerful of these painters of fishermen is *Christian Krohg*, who is equally impressive as an author and as an artist. He is now a man upwards of forty, and first took up painting in 1873 after he had passed his examination for the

bar. Gude attracted him to Carlsruhe, where he worked under Gussow, and when the latter was summoned to Berlin he followed him, and stayed there three years. In 1880 he was in Paris, where he was affected by Naturalism in art and literature, by Zola and by Roll. With these views he returned to Christiania. Krohg is, indeed, a naturalist who has often a brutal actuality, a painter of great and Herculean power. He seeks the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As the author of the social novel *Albertine* he made a name even before he had worked with the brush, and pictures of the poor or scenes from sick-rooms were his first artistic efforts. In one there sits a poor, hard-featured sempstress, working busily by the dim lamp-light, whilst the grey, lowering dawn has already begun to peer through the window. In another a doctor has been called from a brilliantly lighted reception-room to the side of the poor woman who stands shivering with cold in the dark ante-chamber. The large picture in the National Gallery of Christiania, "The Struggle for Existence," makes a strange, gloomy impression; there is a snowy street in the wintry dawn, and before the door of a house a pushing, elbowing crowd, where the various figures tell their tale of misery in all keys. From the door a hand is thrust out distributing bread; otherwise the street is empty, except for a policeman in the distance, who is sauntering indifferently upon his beat, while elsewhere profound peace is resting over Christiania. And he reached the extreme of merciless reality in his picture of a medical examination in a bare room at a police-station, with the grey daylight streaming in.

Yet Krohg's proper domain is not that of Zolaism in pigments, but the representation of Norwegian pilots. The steaming atmosphere of rooms which filled his earliest pictures is changed in his later works for the fresh sea-air sweeping keen over the salt tide. Krohg knows the sea and seamen, the battle of man with the icy waters. What splendid figures he has represented, men with muscles as hard as steel, bronzed faces, oilskin caps, and blue blouses! How boldly they are placed upon the canvas, with great sweeps of colour, while the cutting air blows in their faces! When Krohg paints the part

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

SKREDSVIG: "MIDSUMMER NIGHT."

of a ship, it is fearlessly cut off, and though the waves are not seen they are felt none the less. How impressive is the sailor standing upon the ship's bridge, taking observations of the weather, and the pilot spreading out the chart in the cabin! Even Michael Ancher, who was with Krohg in Skagen, is a dwarf in comparison.

Christian Krohg's pictures are downright, but thoroughly healthy. And when, for the sake of a change, he paints a pretty fisher-girl in the fresh light of spring, this brusque naturalist can be delicate, and this large-thewed artist becomes gentle.

Christian Skredsvig and Eilef Peterssen represent this gentler side of Norwegian art. There is a soft kernel beneath the rough husk, great tenderness beneath a rude appearance, something indefinable, something like the devotion to silence.

Corot had been *Skredsvig's* great ideal in Paris. He passed through Normandy, rendering the profound and melancholy spirit of sad, misty autumn days. He went to Corsica, and there he saw flowery meadows and pleasant sequestered nooks, such as no one had yet noticed in the coldly majestic scenery of the South. His "Midsummer Night," exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1887 and afterwards acquired by the Copenhagen Gallery, was his first

work celebrating the still majesty of Northern landscape. A boat is gliding over the mirror of a quiet lake. The boatman has left hold of his oar to light his pipe, and not a wave troubles the peaceful surface of the water. A man behind is playing the harmonica, and two girls are listening. It is ten o'clock, and the light dusk of summer, the suave magic of the Northern nights, has shed over everything its soft mantle of clear blue. In the background the light greyish-blue mountain heights rise transparent and aerial, like a train of evening clouds. No one utters a word, the boat glides on its course peacefully and inaudibly, and the tones of the harmonica, borne by the night-wind, alone vibrate in silvery strains over the serene, faintly quivering water. Everything lies in a sort of dreamy half-light, and the lake reflects the scene, dimmed and subdued like an echo. The total effect stands alone in its solitude, peace, and freshness.

In Munich Skredsvig delighted every one in 1891 with two works. In one which he called "Evening Rest" a rustic in front of a log-house, with his hands thrust into his pockets, was playing with a cat in the grass, which fawned at his feet. Described in so many words, it sounds like the subject of a *genre* picture. But in the painting one was only conscious of the scent of the hay and the field-flowers, the sentiment of evening peace. The second work, "Water-lilies," has not its fellow for familiar lyrical poetry; three pale lilies are floating in the dusk upon quiet water, and that is all. But out of this Skredsvig created a picture expressing a mood, and one of profound feeling, such as the old painters never knew. A more recent work made a somewhat startling effect. Uhde and Soeren Kierkegaard stood godfather to his "Christ as Healer of the Sick," but Skredsvig went further than Uhde, by not merely transplanting his peasants into the nineteenth century, but the Saviour Himself. In the foreground to the right a countryman is driving his sick wife past in a cart. Straight opposite, an old woman is spreading a carpet for the Son of Man to walk upon. From the background He is seen advancing in the Sunday garb of a Norwegian artisan with a little round hat in His hand. Children are led to Him, and He blesses them tenderly. Poor and simple folk are standing

round, amongst whom there is one who is like a Protestant minister. Of late years this religious painting has been considerably abused, but Skredsvig made atonement by the deep earnestness with which everything was touched, as well as by a naïveté recalling the old masters. A trait of benevolence ran through the picture, something biblical and patriarchal, far removed from that suggestion of malicious naïveté with which Jean Béraud profanes the sacred legends.

During his years of study under Lindenschmit *Eilif Peterssen* made a beginning with historical anecdotes. "The Death of Corvis Uhlfeld," "A Scholar in his Study," and "Christian VI. signing a Sentence of Death," were all good costume-pictures more or less in the style at that time affected by Georg von Rosen in Munich. A group from the last-mentioned picture he repeated in the composition "Women in Church," which has the appearance of an early Habermann; in colour it is Venetian, and it is old German in dress. Love of the Venetian colourists, whom he had already studied with enthusiasm in the Pinakothek, induced him to make a journey to Italy. He was in Rome in 1879, and painted there a "Kiss of Judas," under the influence of Titian, as well as various altar-pieces for Norwegian churches: a "Repentant Magdalene," an "Adoration of the Shepherds," and a "Christ in Emmaus." A picture called "A Siesta in Sora," a group of fine Italian artisans, showed that he was beginning to treat modern life. In his "Piazza Montenara" he produced a vivid and airy picture of the Roman streets. And since settling down in his home once more, in 1883, he has become a delicate and expressive modern landscapist. His "Laundresses" was, in 1889, one of the best pictures of the Munich Exhibition, gleaming with exuberant colour and a dazzling glow of sunshine. In another picture he represented nymphs, in a landscape by night, leaning against a tree, and softly touched by the subdued light. Yet in his "Woodland Lake" of 1891 he achieved a still more striking effect without the aid of such mythological beings. The still water, over which the trees leaned so dreamily, was an enchanted lake, casting its spell over every

one and holding him fast, a lake full of quiet harmonies and soft dreams.

And, in general, this exquisite delicacy is the note of Norwegian landscapes. These same angular, unvarnished artists who face objects with such opened-eyed frankness in their figure-pictures show great refinement of feeling in their landscapes. Their predecessors had glorified only what was romantically wild or meteorologically interesting in nature as she is in Norway, and had cultivated, even more than their German colleagues, that superficial panoramic painting which blazed out with sun, moon, and stars to excite the interest of tourists. What attracted them was the element of strangeness in scenery, and what drew others to their pictures was the interest of an album of travel. All those midnight scenes glaring in blue and red, those fantastic beauties of the Lofoten, those flaming tournaments between sunset and dawn, were merely striking as curious phenomena very accurately rendered in an impersonal style. These landscape-painters supplemented Baedeker and corroborated Passarge. They were an inciting cause of journeys to Norway. Otherwise their works bore the stamp of ordinary prose; they amazed people and instructed them, but they could barely have existed apart from the mere interest of subject-matter. The moderns, who were as composed as the earlier painters were explosive, discovered Norway in its work-a-day garb, the poetry of winter and the charm of spring. For them Norway was no longer the land of wild romance, of Alpine peaks effectively lit up by the limelight man, nor the land of phenomena through which nature only speaks with an accent of vehemence, but the land of brightness, sunshine, snow, and silence. Norwegian landscapes are, indeed, characterized by their remarkable and apparently exaggerated clearness of atmosphere, a rarefied, shining, transparent atmosphere where all colours join in a revel of brightness. The sea, the houses, the snowfields, the men and women in their motley garb, seem to sparkle and flash in the most dazzling tones; everything is clear, aerial, and full of quivering light. Yet they are exceedingly simple; it almost seems as if the painters beheld a younger earth with fresher eyes than our own. The elder

generation painted the dash of waterfalls and the devastating might of the elements; but nature, as seen by these moderns, is as peaceful as it is solitary. In Danish landscapes she seems to stand closely bound to man and to be his friend. She resigns, as it were, her majesty, to nestle round the dwellings of men, and is the medium of their intercourse. But in Norway everything lies in ghostly peace, as silent as the grave: nature is austere and vast, and all the works of men emerge like something forlorn and exceptional. One artist celebrates the marvellous splendour of autumn, when the yellow leaves of the lithe birches sparkle like gold and their slender white stems gleam like silver. Another renders lonely lakes, where no boat furrows the water, no human being is visible, and no shout is heard, where not even a bird is to be seen, nor a fish darting to the surface. Here the sun is sinking clear and cold; in its parting it does not shed the faintest gleam of purple over the land. There it is winter, which has enveloped the country in a great, glittering mantle of snow. The spectator feels how sunny and how cold it is in these Northern latitudes, how the air chills you to the marrow, let the sea be ever so blue. The atmosphere has an icy transparency, the snow a glittering whiteness. If it is through no accident that the greatest landscape-painters of the century have been city-bred, it is also comprehensible that the most delicate pictures of spring should have been painted in wintry Norway. The longer the spring is in coming, the more men know how to prize it,—that spring which is not as ours, but a season less adorned, a season without luxuriance, though full of fragrance and moist, fertile warmth, a season rich in fine, tender, yellowish verdure; spring as it is only known in islands, where the freshness of the sea calls forth a succulent and yet pallid and colourless vegetation.

Born in 1833 in Tidemand's birthplace, Mandal, *Amandus Nilson* was probably the first to discover all these refinements of Norwegian scenery. Having arrived at Düsseldorf in 1861, he moved at first entirely upon the lines of Gude. But after he had returned to Christiania in 1868, where *Johann Theodor Eckersberg*, who died early, worked with him at the time, Nilson

entirely altered his style. While the Düsseldorfian Norwegians turned out their works for the market, Nilson submitted himself, in a simple and direct manner, to the influences of Norwegian scenery, in its barren meagreness and its grave and severe melancholy. At first he thought himself obliged to make concessions to the reigning taste, "rounded off" his pictures, and robbed them of the freshness of work done in the first jet. But when he ventured to "retain the result of the sketch" the younger men began to honour him as a forerunner. Nilson is the real autochthonous Norwegian landscape-painter who, without having ever come in touch with the Fontainebleau school, was nevertheless the first to make their principles valid in the North. On his journey for study through South Norway, where he had lived as a child, he painted in a robust and downright style barren mountains, and lonely, poverty-stricken houses, and hills with a few pines forcing their way from the stony soil. In contrast with the works of Gude, which are "seen" in a cool and positive fashion, and painted well, in the style of the old masters, though they display no trace of temperament, a sombre and often moody poetry, which is nevertheless full of force and energy, runs through those of Nilson. He loves the poetry of waste places. A melancholy twilight rests over his cold, snowy landscapes, over his coasts, where the weary waves at last find rest, over his silent strands unbroken by a human habitation. He takes a peculiar delight in painting black autumn nights, where the dark pastures seem asleep, and the murmuring waves sing a lullaby. The emptiness of a vanished world broods over his pictures, the love of nature felt by a man who is happiest in the autumnal season and at night.

Fritz Thaulow, whose portrait has been painted by Carolus Duran—it is that of an attractive-looking man with fair hair—introduced the refinements of French technique. His favourite phases of nature are the glitter of snow, the clear air of winter, and the sparkle of ice; one envies him the delightful nooks which he discovered in the environs of Christiania. The usual elements in Thaulow's pictures are little red houses, lying deep in snow, with great shining patches of sunlight, a clear sky, and, perhaps,

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

THAULOW: "THAW IN NORWAY."

a peasant woman coquettishly attired, and walking in boots which are so gigantic that they must have some special name; or else a river half choked with snow, or snow and nothing beside. And how admirably this eternal snow is painted! How blue and still the air is above! Not a cloudlet floats in the azure of the sky. A feeling of boundless solitude is expressed in his works, a feeling such as steals over the wanderer in the high mountains despite the brightness of the snow. He awakens a longing for those lonely fields of the North. And this although he is never in a proper sense expressive of "mood." In Munich one of his pictures once hung beside that of a Scotch painter. In the latter there was a deep and fervent passion for nature, and glowing splendour, and joy without reserve, melancholy, sensuousness, and reverie; in the former clear and peaceful sunshine over an open plain, stillness, health, childlike simplicity, brightness of vision, quietude.

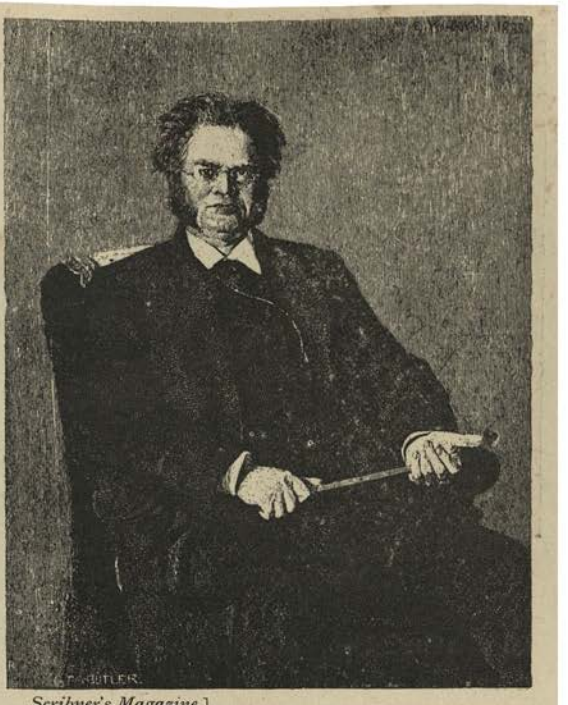
As Thaulow had the art of rendering winter, *Gerhard Munthe* knew the secret of depicting the amenity of spring, its young verdure, its budding leaves—depicting it by a painting of

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Dujardin helio.*

WERENSKIOLD: "A NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRL."

nature penetrated through and through with a feeling for its moods. One sees in his pictures only soft, green meadows gleaming tenderly in a pale light of noon, great cherry-trees white with blossom, hanging beeches, and green fences—so green that they seem to have been painted with the damp air itself. Here and there a still, silver-grey pool twinkles between the trees, or a log-house painted with deep red emerges brightly.

Dissen, who returned to Norway from Carlsruhe in 1876, was won back from Gude, and turned to the painting of lofty cliffs. He delights in naked masses of rock, stretching out in brown monotony and shrouded in thick mist, glaciers, and Norwegian waterfalls. *Skramstadt*, who was in Düsseldorf and Munich in 1873, has devoted himself to the scenery of Ostland, and loves chill moods of autumn, clear, ringing winter days, and snowfields stretching to the horizon. For Northern Norway



Scribner's Magazine.]
WERENSKIOLD: BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Gunnar Berg was in painting what Jonas Lie was in literature. On a mountain peak high in the Lofoten he has his studio, the most northerly in the world, fastened by great cramp-irons to the rock. Here it is that Berg, a true descendant of the defunct race of Vikings, paints, come frost or rain, his fresh and boldly naturalistic pictures. Mention must likewise be made of the dazzling sea-shore landscapes of *Karl Edvard Dircks*, and the ploughed fields, saturated with light and exhaling the smell of the earth, which are painted by *Eylof Soot*. The animal painter *Carl Uckermann*, who, after leaving Munich in 1880, became a pupil of Van Marcke in Paris, continues the good traditions of Troyon. *Harriet Backer* paints convincing pictures of interiors: blond girls reading by lamplight in rooms which are stained blue. *Kitty Kielland*, a sister of the author of that name, delights in lonely woods, little white, red-tiled houses, and dreamy trees casting reddish and pale green reflections on the clear water of still pools. A sense of great peace underlies the seascapes of *Hansteen*: rainy phases of morning on the fjord of Christiania. Grey is the sea, grey the clouds, grey and leaden the sky, and all these greys unite with the gloomy atmosphere in creating a grave and deep harmony.

But Norway is not alone the land of snowfields, but of

Copenhagen: Gyldendalsk.]

WERENSKIOLD: FROM ASBJÖRNSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

fairy tales also, of giants and dragons, of nixies and the daughters of ogres. On this ground of the sagas *Erik Werenskiold* stands out as the most poetic and creative of Norwegian artists. As a painter he made his advance slowly and very cautiously. Upon the little *genre* pictures which he painted under Lindenschmit in Munich there followed fresh open-air pictures in Paris: "The Meeting," that summer scene, so expressive of individual mood, with the young peasant lad and the girl greeting each other as they pass in the meadow; "The Prodigal Son," sitting ragged and famished upon a bench in his father's garden. In the Munich Exhibition of 1890 there was a simple but deeply poetic "Mood of Evening," which was only pictorially effective by the great contrast of the broad green plain and the clear ether. Children are walking in a meadow, and a lonely cot rises in the middle distance. A second picture, now to be found in the National Gallery of Christiania, represented a peasant burial with peculiar earnestness, depth, and truthfulness. In a churchyard bare of all adornment, overgrown with grass and weeds, and enclosed by walls, above which were to be seen the tops of trees and a wide

Copenhagen: Gyldendalsk.]

WERENSKIOLD: FROM ASBJÖRNSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

green land, there stand a few peasants in their shirt-sleeves, holding the pickaxes and shovels with which they have just been filling in a grave. A young man, not wearing a particularly ecclesiastical garb, is reading out a prayer. There is no excitement, and no cry of sorrow is raised. These large, robust men have done their Christian duty, and now they are all going back to their customary work. A still, warm summer air quivers upon the hills, and rests gently upon the quiet gathering. But Werenskiold is also an excellent portrait-painter, and his likenesses of Kitty Kielland, the composer Edvard Grieg, and the novelist Björnson are, in their unvarnished simplicity, to be reckoned amongst the best in Norwegian art. That of Björnson was, perhaps, a little forced, or, at any rate, showed only one side of Björnson's individuality: in this portrait he is the great agitator, the tribune of the people, the mention of whose name, according to Brandes, is like hoisting the national flag of Norway. But in these hard eyes, these tightly closed

EDELFELT: PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.
(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., the owners of the copyright.)

lips, and this air of concentrated energy, the tender and sensitive poet and the noble and warm-hearted friend are not to be found. These, however, are not the works which fully display the importance of Werenskiold. He is only completely himself when he has a pencil in his hand. The fairy tales of Andersen, the stories of Christian Asbjörnsen and Jorgen Moe, which were published by Gyldendalsk in Copenhagen with drawings by Werenskiold, contain the best that has been done in Norway in the way of illustration. In their bizarre union of elfish fancy and rustic humour, these plates have caught the spirit of the Northern tale in a way which is perfectly marvellous. Werenskiold makes you believe whatever he pleases. He has given the impossible and invisible an air of probability with such convincing naïveté that one is tempted to believe that the simple spirit of olden times lives in the man himself. Fairies and monsters he has seen hovering upon waste and heath, and giants and enchanted princesses dwelling in strongholds of the bygone world. Dreamland and reality he rules over with the same ease, so that he draws the spectator irresistibly into his magic circle. Black and white suffice him for the expression of all the secrets of light. The interior of peasants' cottages and wide, open nature are rendered alike by a few strokes with the whole force of realism; and yet everything is enveloped in a dim atmosphere of dreams, from which the supernatural arises of its own accord. The hill above the fjord where the three princesses sit and dream is in Norway, but it is in

fairyland too. The little birch-woods, with their shining boughs, may be seen in every Norwegian landscape, but in Werenskiold's drawings they are like magic groves, where the little silvery trees bear golden leaves. With as much fancy as intimacy of feeling, he knows how to approach these legends from all sides, expressing their comicality and their horrors, their childish laughter and their virgin grace, the drollness of gnomes and the brutality of three-headed giants, the primitive fantasticality of fabulous animals dwelling in desolate, rocky wastes, the elfin delicacy of creatures pervading the air.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
EDELFELT: "CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE."

The art of Finland is an appanage of that of Sweden, and has gone through the same French training. Its leading representative is *Edelfelt*, by no means a vehement force in art, but a graceful and many-sided painter, who combines the healthy brightness of Scandinavian vision with the coquettish *chic* of Paris, and the pictorial sensitiveness of the French with that irresistible breath of virginal freshness only to be found in nationalities which have never been worn out. The work which first made him known was a portrait of Pasteur, whom he painted examining a preparation in his laboratory. In "The Women in the

Churchyard" he produced a pretty picture of the life of the Finnish people. In "Boys Bathing" he painted the swing of the waves, like Zorn; the setting sun, in this picture, cast its last rays across quiet waters, and played gently over the elastic young frames of the bathers. His "Laundry," a harmony of yellow on white, was one of the pearls of the Munich Exhibition of 1893, and in "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene" he followed the lead of Uhde, and treated the theme as if it were a Finnish legend. Christ stands in a Northern landscape, and at His feet there kneels, not the splendid courtesan of the gospel, but a poor peasant woman in that heavy nun-like costume worn in the Baltic provinces of Russia; but indeed Finland belongs to the Empire of the Czar.

CHAPTER XLIII

RUSSIA

(IN COLLABORATION WITH ALEXANDER BENOIS, ST. PETERSBURG)

The beginnings of Russian painting in the eighteenth century: Levitzky, Rokotov, Borovikovsky.—The period of Classicism: Egorov, Ugrümov, Andreas Ivanov, Theodor Tolstoi, Orest Kiprensky.—The first painters of soldiers and peasants: Orlovsky, Venezianov.— The historical painters: Brülov, Bassin, Schamschin, Kapkov, Flavitzky, Moller, Hendrik Siemiradzky, Bruni, Neff. — Realistic reaction: Alexander Ivanov, Sarjanko. — The genre *painters: Sternberg, Stschedrovsky, Tschernyschev, Morosov, Ivan Sokolov, Trutovsky, Timm, Popov, Shuravlev, Fedotov.—The painters with a complaint against society: Perov, Pukirev, Korsuchin, Prjanischnikov, Savitzky, Lemoch, Verestchagin.—The landscape-painters: Stschedrin, Lebedev, Vorobiev, Rabus, Lagorio, Horavsky, Bogoliubov, Mestschersky, Aivasovsky, Tschernezoff, Galaktionov, Schischkin, Baron Klodt, Orlovsky, Fedders, Volkov, Vassiliev, Levitan, Kuindshi, Savrassov, Sudkovsky, Vassnetzov, Albert Benois, Svjetoslavsky.—The naturalistic figure-picture: Svertschkov, Peter Sokolov.—The wanderers: Ivan Kramskoi, Constantin and Vladimir Makovsky, Tschistjakov, Schwarz, Gay, Surikov, Elias Répin.*

A STRANGE fable has currency amongst the Russian people; it is rather Oriental than Slav in its colour, and was probably brought by the Mongols from the highland desert to the lowland Steppes. Among these Steppes, runs the fable, a magic plant raises somewhere—who knows where?—its tender blossom, everlastingly green, deathless, and freed from all the laws of growth and decay. So long as it grows and blossoms on the earth it cannot be perceived, for the reed-grass and the flowers of the Steppes lift their heads higher and hide this tender plant from view. But the eternally green flower becomes visible to

any one who travels over the bald Steppes in the sad autumn, and even from a distance its fragrance assures him that it is the magic flower which he has seen. For this fragrance is peculiar to itself, and ineffably rich and sweet; it has not its like upon earth, to say nothing of its equal. And if any one breathes it the whole world is changed for him. He understands everything; what is dumb speaks to him, and what has speech cannot lie. Beneath the sound of a hypocritical phrase he penetrates to the most profoundly secret thoughts; animal, tree, and rock talk to him with tones that have a meaning; he overhears nature, and learns how she breathes and works and creates; he hears the song of the stars in their nightly courses. Yet every one becomes sad who has drunk in this fragrance; every one becomes sad, for—say the poor folk in the great plain—it is not a joyous song which vibrates through the universe.

Now the great Russian authors have wandered out in the autumn, and have sought the magic flower and found it. They have understood the song and grown wise, and tender and pitiful. "The sorrow of created things" has passed through them like a shudder.

And, in truth, it was under the star of pessimism that mystical, credulous Russia first struck a grandiose and original note in the spiritual concord of the nations.

The French Naturalists wished to create "human documents." Their aim was the objective representation of naked nature. Each individual man, they taught, was a material, which, when brought into contact with others, entered into definite relationships, and it was the business of the author, as a man of science, to represent their character. In the hands of the Russians the living, suffering human spirit celebrated its new birth after a long mortification. The monotonous desolation of the brown Steppes spreading beneath a grey sky, the lamentable existence of man in a country over the spiritual life of which the thought of Siberia rested like a dark veil, induced an infinite compassion for humanity. Never has the world heard such repining, sympathetic, sorrowfully resigned, and deep and tender tones, as Turgeniev, Dostoievski, and Tolstoi

reserved for their downtrodden heroes: "poor people, deadened souls, idiots, branded and debased and possessed."

But has any one of the Russian painters heard this song? In these days there is such a fervent longing for spiritual originality, freedom from scholastic forms, and youthful inwardness of feeling. The world is eager for something naïve, for a natural art born in a country where there are no museums, and amongst simple people; it desires pictures like none that have been seen elsewhere, it has need of a stream of fresh life and a new taste in art. The Russian authors are Russian in every drop of their blood. Nowhere does the bond between the written word and the most secret sorrows of the nation seem more closely formed. They sympathize with their own race in the most direct fashion, and the beating of its pulse is also theirs. Everything in their work is pervaded with the odour of their native soil, with the sap of popular life. Their feeling for nature adheres so closely to the secret working of the elements, and the atmosphere is so charged with the germs of a spiritual life peculiar in character, that in Russia, above all countries, one might expect an art allied to the sturdiest sentiment of nationality, an art laying bare the quivering nerves of the people, an art in which violent sobbing would be united with mocking peals of merriment, blithe laughter with gloomy funereal bells, feverish unbridled wildness with sorrowful abnegation, the acrid smell of brandy with devout mysticism. One dreams of strange things: knouts and sacred pictures, desolate steppes, plaintive gipsy songs and sombre pine-woods, moon and mist, death and the grave, longing and affliction, the parching July sun and rigid seas of ice; men whose days go by in vain monotony; hollow, broken, somnolent lives which come and pass away without needs or desires, like grass by the wayside, regarded by no one and by no one pitied; bold flaming spirits famishing before the pictures of saints in religious stupor; high-born aristocrats casting riches and titles aside, to find their lost peace of mind by working in the sweat of their brow; Cossacks bounding upon fiery horses across the endless, sunny meadow-plains; and peasant children crouching round the glimmering fire and telling each other ghost-stories.

But art has to reckon with more difficult conditions than literature. And indeed perfect artistic form is wanting even in the works of Russian authors. In a sense, Tolstoi and Dostoievski can do no more with the inkpot than any other educated man who can give clear expression to his thoughts. What distinguishes them is not their facility, but their naturalness and simplicity, which so entirely retain the directness in conception, and the freshness and vividness of the first draught, that one scarcely thinks of the manner in which their works have been produced. A French author would have polished the mere shell of his book in a different fashion, though he would have rendered the kernel less sweet and savoury; and he would have divested his ideas of their elementary force. In art, too, the spirit is not fullgrown before the body has matured; thought and feeling do not become self-conscious before the outward frame has been developed into clear and sensuous forms. It is the acquired mastery of technique which is the first condition for the minting of a spiritual individuality. But Russian painting has not yet arrived at this subtilized æsthetic stage. With barbarism on one side and civilization on the other, it wavers between the blind imitation of foreign models and the stiff, rude, and awkward expression of inborn emotion. Some have studied diligently under foreign masters, and lost their individual character in following an alien style; and in studiously pursuing the academical pattern they have wilfully suppressed every personal note. In the case of others it is evident that they had something to express, feelings and desires of their own, the special secrets of their strange race, but they failed to body them forth; they plagued themselves, stuttering helplessly in an intractable language to which they were not habituated. Nevertheless Russia, during the past hundred years, has contributed to the general development of painting a creditable total of artistic power. Whereas the earlier period was merely receptive of jejune impressions of foreign styles, artists are now in a better position to make something of their own from the result. Amongst the discoverers and initiators of European art there is certainly no Russian name to be found, but there is usually

a Russian to be met with amongst the followers of men of other nationalities who have broken new ground. And in the annual "wandering exhibitions," as they are called, there is an increase of pictures which seem the heralds of an approaching outburst in Russian art. From parasitic works of borrowed sentiment Russian painting rises to national, barbaric strength, utterly wanting in the discipline that comes of taste; and out of this evil originality it rises again, and, in individual cases, highly refined and well-balanced performances are produced—works in which the spirit of the people is felt none the less to vibrate. That is more or less the course of development which has been run through in the nineteenth century.

What was produced in Russia before the year 1700 is only of value for those making researches in Byzantine art. The connection between the Empire of the Czar and the West dates from Peter the Great. This prince wanted European pictures for his palaces arranged in the European style — ceiling-pieces and wall-paintings—and for the execution of them he summoned from foreign parts a number of mediocre painters, who adapted in a workmanlike fashion for Russian necessities the courtly allegories invented by Lebrun. Dannhauer, Grooth, the elder Lampi, and afterwards Toqué, Rotari, and others, were employed as portrait-painters at the Court of St. Petersburg. For the genesis of a "national Russian art" their appearance was, of course, ineffectual. The Asiatic Colossus merely received a superficial Western varnish. Nevertheless the barbarians acquired a taste for pictures, luxury, elegance, and refinement. As a result commissions were multiplied. During the fabulous splendour which flooded the Court and was in favour with the aristocracy under Elizabeth, whole regiments of artists were needed. Demand creates supply. And so amongst the crowd of foreigners there emerged native artists, some of whom gave a good account of themselves beside their French comrades. In particular *Levitzky*, the first remarkable painter of the Empire of the Russias, may be reckoned amongst the best portraitists of the eighteenth century. As a colourist and master of characterization he does not stand upon the same footing

with Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Graff, but his likenesses might easily be mistaken for those of Madame Vigée-Lebrun or Rafael Mengs. His contemporary, *Rokotov*, is more pedestrian and less vivid. The fine portrait of Catherine II. by his pupil, *Borovikovsky*, which represents the Empress in a plain morning-dress, passing through the park of Zarskoe Selo, accompanied by her favourite dog, makes a specially striking effect in the private collection in Moscow where it is to be found. His church-pictures are void of any religious feeling, as is always the case in those of the eighteenth century; but they are flowing in line, effectively decorative, and show great taste in colour.

Through mere intercourse with the foreign masters whom they saw working around them, they had all three formed themselves on the style of the old painters. In 1757, still during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, Russia made a further advance in the cultivation of art: the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts was founded. It was the time when Rousseau's *Émile* had created the wildest confusion of ideas, and an exceedingly strange programme was accordingly taken up. The ground-floor of the Academy was occupied by an infant-school. Boys of from three to five were taken there, being sometimes brought from the foundling hospital. After they had gone through the elementary course of teaching they entered the more advanced school, being then from eleven to thirteen years of age. There they were drilled to become artists, and finally sent abroad, where Mengs and David stood at the zenith of their glory. In St. Petersburg young Russians were compelled with the knout to make Oriental reverences before Poussin and the Bolognese. When they came to Rome they transferred their servile veneration to the two younger princes of painting whom the world delighted to honour. And so the Classicism of Mengs and David—icy rigidity and tediousness aiming at style—found its way into Russia. Like a new Minerva, armed with diplomas and arrayed in academical uniform, Russian art descended to the earth, ready-made. Artists complimented each other on being a Russian Poussin, a Caracci, a Raphael, or—highest honour of all—a Guido Reni: they painted Jupiter,

Achilles, Ulysses, Hercules, Socrates, and Priam; that is to say, wax-dolls, provided with frizzled hair and yellow and blue togas, moving majestically in bare landscapes, painted in the style of Valenciennes.

These productions of *Egorov*, *Ugrümov*, and *Andreas Ivanov*—honoured artists in their lifetime—look down from the walls of the Hermitage, sad and silent in these days, like reduced heroes of Cornelius in a state of emaciation. They were one and all stiff and buckram painters making a frightful abuse of Greek and Roman names, and staring with their dull Mongol eyes into the blithe world of antiquity. *Count Theodor Tolstoi*, the sculptor and designer of medallions, is the only one amongst them who makes an oasis in the wilderness of French Classicism resembling that made by Prudhon in France. His illustrations to Bogdanovitsch's translation of the tale of Psyche take a place immediately below Prudhon's drawings in grace, charm, and aristocratic elegance. He neither imitated nor troubled himself about academical formulas, but felt like a Greek; and his compositions are fresh and delicate where others were stiff and formal. But, as a

[*Utkin sc.*

BOROVIKOVSKY: THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.

KIPRENSKY: CAPTAIN DAVYDOV.

genuine *painter* of the epoch, the only one of them who survives is *Orest Kiprensky*, a man of naïve artistic temper who had a delight in colour and was inspired by Rubens and Van Dyck, and not by Raphael, Poussin, and Mengs. When one comes, in the Russian section of the Hermitage, across Kiprensky's portrait of his father—an obese, cherry-cheeked old gentleman with goggle eyes, wrapped in fur and standing broad-legged with a stick in his hand—one fancies that one has unearthed a Rubens in the thick of these tedious, dismal Classicists. Almost all his works have unusual breadth of technique, rich and liquid tone, bold drawing, and astonishing characterization. Very fine is his portrait of himself in the Florentine Uffizi galleries, a masterpiece of energetic conception, with colouring which recalls the old masters; and to this must be added his portrait in the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts of Captain Davydov, the famous poet and military author, who as Colonel of a Hussar regiment played such an important part in 1814 under Blücher in the war against the French.

The Napoleonic campaigns brought about the beginnings of realism in Russia as in Germany and France, and what Gros was in Paris and Albrecht Adam in Munich, *Orlovsky* was in

ORLOVSKY: "A COSSACK BIVOUAC."

the Empire of the Russias. Born in Poland, but working throughout his life in Russia, Orlovsky had, like Adam, not a little of the temperament of a rough infantry soldier; as a boy he had seen the gaily accoutred troops defiling past for the war, and as a young man he had himself taken part in many a skirmish. When he came home he painted with great verve the things he had witnessed on the field. The æsthetic connoisseurs of St. Petersburg accepted him half against their will, and, searching for a title through the great archives of art, as was their usage, they called him the Russian Wouverman, which at that time was not intended to imply high praise.

Having had a Wouverman, they soon had a Teniers also. For Russia *Venezianov* has much the same importance as Bürkel for Germany. Having been born in 1779, he lived at a time when *genre* was considered the lowest grade of art, although it was extremely easy to gain a reputation equal to that of Poussin and Raphael; indeed it was only necessary to draw in due form after plaster

VENEZIANOV: "THE THRESHING-FLOOR."

casts, and reproduce old pictures as accurately as possible. Nevertheless Venezianov, without troubling himself about the reigning precepts in æsthetics, turned to the representation of peasant life with the utmost delight in his subject and the most ardent striving after truth; and this, remember, was in an epoch when the Russian peasant was sold like a beast, and the poor, rough, and dirty devil had no picturesque costume of his own. Such an abrupt entry into art makes Venezianov a very remarkable person, and indeed the true father of Russian painting. And, although he was inspired by English copper-engravings, this only makes it the more surprising that, instead of falling into anecdotic and narrative painting, he should have aimed at the most unvarnished reproduction of what he had actually seen. His pictures, it is true, are cold and heavy in colouring; they have not the vividness of the old Dutch masters, but the frigidness of Debucourt and Boilly. Nevertheless they give pleasure by

the loving manner in which they are treated, by the delicate observation which they display now and then, and, above all, by the intense earnestness with which he showed a generation of eclectics that the salvation of art lay in truth and nature alone. At the same time *Sylvester Stschedrin*, a powerful painter who revealed a good deal of inward temperament, emancipated himself from the conventional landscape of Poussin. Realism was furtively gaining ground, a national Russian school was going through the process of fermentation, and the awkward, lazy camel began to bestir itself at last.

But the phase of historical painting had also to be overcome. Just as in Germany the healthy art of Peter Hess and Bürkel was long overshadowed by the glittering histrionic vehemence of Piloty, so, after 1834, the era of great historical canvases came into existence in Russia.

For many years past rumours had come from Rome to the effect that a young man of genius, *Karl Brülov*, many of whose glorious "revelations of colour" had been already seen, had completed a picture over which all Italy was in a fever of excitement. And in this at least there was no exaggeration. In the whole history of art there is scarcely an example of such a dazzling success as that achieved by Brülov's picture "The Fall of Pompeii." Substantial volumes might be compiled from the numberless eulogies which appeared in Italian journals. To compare the young Russian with Michael Angelo and Raphael was a thing which seemed faint praise to the Roman critics. People took their hats off to him, as they did to Guérin in Paris; he was allowed to cross the boundaries of states without a passport, for his fame had penetrated even to the custom-house officials. When he appeared in the theatre the public rose from their seats to greet the master; and a dense crowd gathered round the door of his house or followed him wherever he went, to rejoice in the contemplation of such a man of genius. Sir Walter Scott, who was then the idol of the Russians, had sat for an hour in the painter's studio examining the work with the greatest attention without uttering a word, until he at last declared that Brülov had not painted a mere picture, but an epic. And even

KARL BRÜLOV.

Cammuccini, the ironical David of the Italians, called Brülov a colossus.

At length, having won a European fame in this fashion, the picture arrived in Russia. The public was excited to the highest pitch both by the notices in papers and the accounts of travellers. Of course the enthusiasm of the Italians, who were still reckoned the only artistic nation by the grace of God, was enough to silence criticism. People streamed in masses to the Academy where the masterpiece was exhibited, with the firm determination of admiring it, and they were not in the least disappointed.

A colossal canvas with falling houses and swarms of people painted over life-size, a motley chaos of luminous colours, where "the fire of Vesuvius and the flash of the lightning seemed to have been stolen from heaven," could not fail to make a thrilling impression upon people who had hitherto been able to enjoy nothing but dead and dreary compositions. Brülov was said to have eclipsed Raphael and Michael Angelo, and he alone had the art of combining awful tragedy with the noblest beauty. And language such as this was not merely used by petty journalists. Following the example given by Scott, the greatest geniuses of Russia went one beyond the other in the cult of Brülov: Gogol wrote an article filled with unmeasured praise; Puschkin flung himself upon his knees before the painter imploring him for a sketch; Shukovsky spent whole days in Brülov's studio, and spoke of his religious pictures as "divinely inspired visions."

At the present time this enthusiasm is as hard to understand as that which was accorded about the same epoch to the works of Delaroche, Wappers, and Gallait. Of course there can be

BRÜLOV: "THE FALL OF POMPEII." [*Pitschalkin sc.*

no doubt that Brülov's "Fall of Pompeii" has an historical importance in Russian art. By breaking the monotony of Classicism with a loud fanfare, it awakened a sense for colour, and directed the drowsy attention of the Russian public to native painting. The interest in art grew stronger; with every year a larger number of people began to visit exhibitions, and the career of Russian painters was followed with eagerness.

But all this gives no measure for an artistic judgment. As a matter of fact, Brülov's picture was a tame compromise between Classicism and Romanticism. The public seemed to be receiving something novel without being called upon to alter its taste, and it was just this which rendered the painter, like his contemporary Delaroche, the favourite of the old and the idol of the young. Instead of ordinary people and horrible, commonplace reality, such as Venezianov had painted, there was a pretty stage-scene with ideal figures elegantly posing. The type in favour with the Classicists was, certainly, a little altered; for in the place of the Antinous and Laocoon heads there was a mixture of those beloved of Domenichino and that of the Niobe; but the fair and lofty ideal of yellowish-white and brownish-red wax-figures in artificial and theatrical poses was still held in honour. That worse than mediocre opera of Paccini, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeji*, had given Brülov the first idea for his picture. And all his later career was a compromise. When he returned from Italy the opinion was that his best was still to come: it was expected that he would execute something grandiose and bold; the public was convinced that he was a genius of worldwide reach, whose every stroke would be a revelation. It made a mistake, for, defective as it was, "The Fall of Pompeii" remains the painter's masterpiece. The things which he produced afterwards were either banal Italian scenes, which scarcely suffer comparison with those of Riedel, or church pictures, such as "The Crucifixion" or "The Ascension of the Virgin," which might be the work of a third-rate Bolognese. Everything about them is correct, intelligent, well-intentioned, cleverly devised, but tiresome and inanimate all the same. Shortly after his arrival in St. Petersburg he began that colossal picture "The

Defence of Pskovs," in which he meant to surpass himself. He worked upon it more than ten years, yet the result was a badly painted patriotic stage-scene in the braggadocio style of Horace Vernet. However a few energetic portraits and unassuming water-colours have survived his tawdry historical pictures.

But none the less lasting and fateful was the influence which he exerted over the Russian art of his time. The incense offered to this prince of painters mounted to the heads of other artists. To be Brülov, to approach Brülov—since to outstrip him seemed impossible—was the aim of them all. Who cared any more about Orlovsky or Venezianov! What dwarfs were such disciples of the old Dutch masters beside the colossus who had vaulted to the highest peak of Parnassus with a single bound. From this time there was in all directions a constant search after strained effects of light and impossible poses. The exhibitions were flooded with huge compositions. The most varied periods were chosen from antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Bible, but less frequently from Russian history, and they were all illustrated with the same superficiality, the same glare of colour, and the same false idealism. Encouraged through purchases made by the Academy and the Emperor, who wanted a "grand art," like Ludwig I. and Friedrich Wilhelm IV., and welcomed by the enthusiastic applause of the great public, historical painters shot up in denser ranks. *Bassin*, *Schamschin*, *Kapkov*, and later *Flavitzky* and *Moller*, were idols looked up to upon all sides, though they were absolute nonentities, who, if they were all added together, would not yield the material necessary for one solitary artist of real personality. One of the most talented, *Hendrik Siemiradzky*, threw himself into panoramic representations of Greek and Roman antiquity, or spoilt his tasteful and sunny landscapes by the lifeless puppets with which he filled them in. *Bruni*, who is generally mentioned in the same breath with Brülov, became the Russian Hippolyte Flandrin. He provided church pictures, etc., in particular the ceiling-pieces of St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg, in which he added to the puritanic hue of Overbeck and the frigid Michael-Angelesque ideal of Cornelius a certain warm, piquant Neo-French elegance.

Neff, who was considered the greatest colourist after Brülov, painted with an enervating mawkishness bashful nymphs and holy saints, who even now have lost nothing of their candied freshness of colour. Every one of these men awakens a reminiscence, so that his pedigree can be guessed at once, and his name entered under the proper heading. They all bear the brand of the ruling tendency in Italy, France, Germany. And painting could only recover when Russia came to a consciousness that Brülov was not a colossus, and that "The Fall of Pompeii" was a strained operatic climax, provided with anæmic waxworks, and not a poem.

The first breach in the citadel of "grand art" was made by a few painters who move on lines more or less parallel with those of the English Preraphaelites. That notable man *Alexander Ivanov*, who has become known in Germany through a publication of the Berlin Archæological Institute, had conceived the idea of representing "The Appearance of the Messiah amongst the People" as early as 1833. In his earlier days Ivanov was a conscientious, industrious young man, who submissively followed academical precepts, and hardly dreamed of anything beyond an historical picture in the style of Bruni and Brülov. But he possessed too great a soul to remain on this smooth and easy path, he had too serious an idea of the mission of an artist; and so stereotyped idealism, balance of composition, and all those easily acquired matters, which led so many painters to fame in the age of Classicism, were not enough to satisfy him. He wanted to create a work which should place the great moment of history truthfully before the eyes of men; he wanted to embody the scene in real accordance with the spirit of the gospel. There was nothing which seemed too hard for him in the way of his attainment. With the zeal of a young man, Ivanov, who was then thirty, settled to his work: he read through everything he could lay his hands upon, sat whole days in different libraries, starved himself to buy books, and painted and drew without intermission. Nothing was to recall to any one's mind composition and plaster-casts, the stage or the academy. Landscape, human types, and

IVANOV: "THE APPEARANCE OF THE MESSIAH AMONGST THE PEOPLE."

underlying idea were to be all true to reality, faithful to the spirit of history. His work took him more than twenty-five years. With boundless patience and a faith entirely worthy of primitive Christianity, he laboured by means of fervid studies of nature to express everything to the last stroke, just as he had it in his mind. His effort to be authentic went so far that he had the intention of going to Palestine to get his ideas of the scenery upon the very spot, and to study genuine Hebrew types. As he had not the means for carrying out this plan, he repaired, without giving the malaria a thought, to the most deserted regions of the Campagna, to become familiar with the aspect of the wilderness; and every Saturday he went to the synagogue in Rome to hunt for the most pronounced Jewish countenances.

From the standpoint of the present day only a very small amount of truth has been reached, in spite of all his endeavours. Much of his work is academical, and, at the first glance, the picture hardly seems to deviate from other compositions constructed according to the Classical ideal and illuminated after

IVANOV: STUDY FOR THE HEADS OF TWO SLAVES IN THE "APPEARANCE OF THE MESSIAH."

the manner of Cornelius. But as soon as one looks into the detail one understands the artist's intention. There is no sentiment superficially borrowed from the old masters. Everything, even the awkward composition, bears the impress of truthfulness. From the sublime and inspired St. John to the stupid, hideous slaves the characterization of the different heads is wonderful, full of serious majesty, conceived in a large and convincing style, and free from every trace of academical beauty. There is something which is almost genius in the way in which Christ has been imagined: He is quiet and composed, by no means a beautiful Jupiter, but a hard-featured man, and at the same time a thrilling, superhuman figure, advancing towards the people with the lofty bearing of a spiritual presence, though His gait is none the less natural. The colouring is obviously the weakest part of the picture, and has a languid, dismal appearance beside the dazzling theatrical effects of Brülov. But the numerous sketches—they are over two hundred—which

SARJANKO: MRS. SOKUROVA.

Ivanov has left in the way of landscapes or studies of figures and drapery in oil and water-colours, throw peculiar light even upon his efforts at colour. In these studies he was one of the first to practise in some degree the principle of *plein air*, and in many of his open-air sketches he shows an understanding of light such as elsewhere only Madox Brown possessed in those years. But in the large picture he failed to attain harmony. The total effect is weak, there is a want of unity, and the orchestration of the tones is interrupted by discords. In spite of this, however, there is assured to him in the history of painting a place of honour amongst the earliest tough and knotty realists, a place of honour amongst the founders of the modern intuition of colour.

In the field of portrait-painting *Sarjanko* was inspired with similar principles. Every wrinkle, every little hair, the texture of the skin, and almost every pore are laboriously and slavishly reproduced in his likenesses with the pains of a Denner. As a result of this his works have often the spiritless effect of a coloured photograph. Nevertheless this austere and merciless pedantry essentially contributed to the gradual purification of taste. As a result of such work artists at last began to have eyes for true and simple nature, and, after the burden of spurious idealism had been got rid of, the national tendency, which was begun unobtrusively after the Napoleonic war, was gradually able to grow to its full strength.

Literature paved the way for it. In 1823 Gribojedov represented Russian society in his comedy *Woe to the Man who is too*

Clever, in highly coloured scenes and pithy, energetic verse. In 1832 Puschkin completed his *Eugen Onegin*. In the same year the great Gogol came before the public with his *Evenings at the Farm near Dikanka*, in which he gave Russian poetry the tendency towards modern realism in the representation of human life. It was in this work that he portrayed with a harmless sense of fun the officials, landlords, and popes of Little Russia, and their life which runs by so cheerfully in its narrow rounds. In 1836 his *Examiner of Accounts* was put upon the stage, a comedy which was likewise an objurgatory sermon. At the same time his *Russian Tales* appeared, as well as his novel *Dead Souls*: in these works he was thoroughly serious and bitter, giving in all its veracity, and with a terrible force, the very essence of Russian life in a genuinely Russian form of literature. Painting followed suit. Previously it was Crusaders, Italians, Turkish ladies, and views of Constantinople and Naples which had ruled in exhibitions by the side of the large historical pictures, but from the end of the thirties artists began to seek their materials upon Russian soil. It must be admitted that they did this, at first, only for the purposes of *genre* painting, which flooded Europe at the time with its plenitude of sentimental anecdotes. It was necessary to give pictures a jovial or didactic turn to attract the attention of the public from the captivating episodes in history, and the richly coloured and motley pictures of Italian women, in which people took delight. Gogol's intense feeling for beauty, and healthy, animated naturalism were weakened into swooning sentimentality which could be used in little *bourgeois* stories.

A beginning was, at any rate, made by *Sternberg*, who died in Rome at the age of seven-and-twenty. He portrayed peasant life in "Little Russia" with a good deal of rose-coloured sentiment but with a sympathetic gift of observation and great technical dexterity. *Stschedrovsky* represented types of street-life in St. Petersburg in a series of energetic lithographs. *Tschernyschev*, *Morosov*, *Ivan Sokolov*, *Trutovsky*, the pretty though superficial illustrator *Timm*, *Popov*, *Shuravlev*, and others also appeared with fresh and unassuming pictures of Russian popular life. And the

victory of *genre* painting was decisive when *Paul Andreevitsch Fedotov* appeared in the exhibition of 1849 with three pictures, "The Newly Decorated Knight," "The Major's Match," and "The Morning after the Wedding." These works have the importance for Russia which the works of Hogarth have for England.

Fedotov, the son of poor parents, was born in Moscow in 1815, and had been an officer in the army before he turned to painting. Even as a cadet he drew portraits of his comrades and parade and street-scenes, and when he retired he entered the class for battle-painting in the St. Petersburg Academy, and indeed it was the only section of the institution where pupils came into a certain contact with life. His works of this period, such as the large water-colour picture "The Admission of the Grand Duke Michael into the Finnish Regiment of Lifeguards in 1837," have a plain matter-of-fact style which is more or less paralleled in the paintings of Franz Krüger. He has drawn the rigid, self-satisfied soldiery, in their tight uniforms and absurd shakos, very vividly, and without satirical intention. Gogol's success induced him to make a transition from the painting of uniform to the representation of citizen-life, and his pictures in exhibitions were justly held to be a piquant pendant to the creations of Gogol.

In "The Newly Decorated Knight" he painted the room of a subordinate official who has received his first decoration, and given his colleagues a banquet, to celebrate the occasion, on the previous evening. This worthy cannot resist the temptation of pinning his new token of glory to his dressing-gown as soon as it is morning, though his maid-of-all-work holds up in triumph his worn-out broken boots which she is carrying off to black. The floor is strewn with broken plates, bottles, glasses, and remnants of the feast, and a tipsy guest, who has just come to his senses and is rubbing his tired eyes, is lying under the table. In St. Petersburg the picture created an immense sensation; such audacity in making mock at imperial distinctions was an unheard-of thing. And when the work was to have been lithographed the censorship interfered. The decoration had to disappear,

FEDOTOV: "THE NEWLY DECORATED KNIGHT."

and the harmless title "Reproaches in Consequence of a Festive Meeting" was substituted for the original.

Fedotov's second picture, "The Major's Match," to which he appended an explanation in a hundred and fifty lines of humorous verse, depicted two parties who want to overreach each other: a major with debts, who wishes to marry a fat merchant's daughter for the sake of her marriage portion, and a rich tradesman who is anxious to be the father-in-law of a noble. In honour of the day the bride has thrown on an exceedingly *décolletée* white silk dress, her father has arrayed himself in his best coat, and her mother, too, is majestically dignified. They are seated like this in the drawing-room, and are awaiting with beating hearts the arrival of the lofty guest. Suddenly the door is opened, and the lady who has been making the match rushes in, exclaiming, "The Major is here!" And thereupon there ensues one of those comical scenes of consternation in which Paul de Kock delighted. The daughter, who has sprung up blushing, wishes to make her escape, but is held back by her mother catching hold of her dress. The portly old father cannot succeed in properly arranging his fine raiment, which he is unaccustomed to wear; servants are bustling about bringing refreshments, and an old maid who has ventured to intrude is all eyes and ears. Meanwhile through the open

door the elderly and very threadbare figure of the *fiancé* may be seen in the ante-chamber, casting a critical look in the glass and giving his moustache a martial curl.

In the third picture it is the young man who has been hoaxed. He believes himself to have married a rich and guileless maiden who would give him a complete establishment. But on the morning after the wedding an officer of justice appears and makes a seizure of everything; the young wife kneels imploring pardon, and through the open door the step-mother may be seen in the bedroom wringing the neck of a dove, whose blood drips on the wedding bed.

"The Mouse-trap," "The Pet Dog is Ill," "The Pet Dog is Dead," "The Milliner's Shop," "The Cholera," "The Return of the Schoolgirl to her Home," arranged other episodes *à la* Hogarth in complicated scenes of comedy; but, although forcible contributions to the history of Russian manners, they are throughout more suitable for literature than for art. The colour is crude, and the characterization verges upon caricature. It is only the element of still-life that he often handles with charm, though here he almost approaches the "little masters" of Holland. In his later years he attempted to go further in this direction, but madness, followed soon afterwards by death, brought his plans to an end.

And those who came after him made no progress in this respect either. They stand to their predecessors as Carl Hübner or Wiertz to Madou and Meyerheim. The elder men regarded painting as a toy or an amusing comic paper, and could seldom resist giving their pictures a jovial or a smiling trait. All their scenes have a roseate tinge, and reveal nothing of real life—nothing of all the tragic and saddening miseries of Russia languishing beneath the yoke of serfdom. These humourists were followed by doctrinaire preachers. The "picture with a social purpose," which supplanted the optimistic painting of anecdote in the rest of Europe, found particularly fertile soil in the Empire of the Czar. The death of Nicholas I. and the accession of Alexander II., who had been long beloved and looked forward to on account of his Liberal opinions—"the angel

PEROV: "A FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY."

in human shape" he was called as Czarevitch—had freed Russia from a heavy and oppressive burden; men began to breathe freely, and a fresh breeze went through the land. The Government itself, with its great programme of reform, which began so energetically by the abolition of serfdom, summoned all the Liberal thinkers to its assistance; and, encouraged by these efforts at emancipation, ideas and views which had been hitherto concealed and suppressed came to light in all regions of intellectual life, with an official passport to justify their existence. Literature, which had been muzzled up to this time, muttered and thundered in a fearful manner: "Life is no jest and no light sport, but heavy toil. Abnegation, continual abnegation, is its inward meaning, and the answer to its riddle." Painting also, it was held, must become an educational influence, and take part in the great battle; it must join by taking up its parable and teaching. It was not created to soothe the senses, but to serve ends that were higher, more progressive, and

PEROV: "THE VILLAGE SERMON."

more ennobling to the world. The droll and farcical element of the earlier pictures was abruptly cast aside for more melancholy ideas. An argumentative, didactic painting, in alliance with the social programme, came then into existence, and as a result of these views, technique, the purely pictorial element, had to suffer. It was only necessary to have humane ideas, to dash off in colours mordant innuendoes and loud complaints, and to bring fresh evidence of the sad condition of the peasantry, the evils of the administration, the inebriety of the people, and the corruption of the nobles, to be praised, not merely as a good Liberal, but as a great painter too.

Perov is the most interesting of these painters with a complaint against society. It is not, indeed, that he had more talent or loftier ideas than the others, but he was the first to open fire, and he underlined his bold notions as heavily as possible. In his earliest pictures, with which he came forward in 1858—"The Arrival of the Official of Police" and "The Newly Nominated Registrar of the Board"—he chiefly aimed at the officials, the heartless and merciless oppressors of the peasantry. Later he attacked by preference the rural clergy,

whom he depicted incisively in all their brutal coarseness. "An Ecclesiastical Procession in the Country," in particular, is one of the typical pictures of this second period. The procession issues from the house of a rich peasant, where its members have been drinking freely, and pours into the street. Old rustics and young lads and girls are reeling in the mud with images and relics, while the priest staggers along behind, followed by the deacon. The host is leaning drunk against the door-post, and the rest are lying unconscious in the dirt. In 1865 he produced one of his best pictures—"A Funeral in the Country." A poor widow is seated in a miserable peasant sledge, with her head sunk forwards and her back against the coffin of her husband; two children—a little boy sleeping, wrapped in his father's great sheepskin, and his pining and crying sister—crouch behind her, but otherwise a sheep-dog is the only follower in the funeral train. In "The Village Sermon" the fat squire has fallen asleep, while his wife improves the occasion by whispering with her lover. Behind them stands the flunkey keeping the villagers at a respectful distance by blows and abuse. And in "The Troika" three ragged and half-famished apprentice boys are drawing a sledge, laden with a great cask of water; the ground is frozen hard, and the poor fellows are almost fainting with exertion. "A Woman who has drowned herself" is the epilogue to a tragedy, and "The Arrival of the Governess" the prologue to a drama—a poor, pretty girl coming to a fresh family and encountering the sensual glance of the brutal master of the house.

Over most of his contemporaries Perov has the advantage of standing upon entirely national ground, and displaying his own qualities instead of making a show with those of others. He is a man who has had real emotions in life, and has, therefore, something serious to express. In his hand the pencil changes into a probe, with which he has penetrated deeply into the diseased spots in his own nation. He despairs and hopes, fights and grows faint, has always a keen eye for the good of the people, accuses the rich, and deduces evils from the open condition of society, but while he points to its bleeding wounds he

offers it healing balm. And so his pictures betray a complex frame of mind, out of which tears or laughter may arise at any moment. He stands to his own people as a mother to a dearly beloved child. And as she chastens it with a rod and compels it to take the better part by severe admonition, and then presses it to her heart and covers it with kisses, Perov protects and idolizes the people, and in the next moment smites hard with the might of his satire. Like a severe judge, he unveils the misconduct of the great and the abuses practised by officials, tears the mask from the upper ten thousand, and reveals their withered faces. He turns to the poor like a kind father, like a man following the rule of the gospel, and praises their righteousness. He is at once the accuser of society and its physician, and his course of healing is to return to nature, righteousness, truth, and compassion.

One is grateful to him for his philanthropic intentions. But there is no enjoyment in looking at his pictures, for the schoolmaster is the assassin of the artist. What is properly pictorial comes off second-best in them, since he does not command the handicraft of art. In fact he might be most readily compared with Wiertz, and, like him, he exercised an evil influence upon a whole group of painters. It is not merely his contemporaries *Pukirev*, *Korsuchin*, *Prjanischnikov*, who have deprived many of their prettily painted pictures of artistic charm by lachrymose complaints against society or satirical didacticism, for *Savitzky* and *Lemoch* did the same afterwards.

The most familiarly known of the men with this bent is *Vassily Verestchagin*, an apostle of peace tinged with Nihilism.

The exhibition of his pictures which took place in the February of 1882 at Kroll's, in Berlin, will be remembered. They were not to be seen by day, but only under electric light. Concealed by curtains was an harmonium, upon which war-songs were played, accompanied by subdued choruses. And the hall was decorated with Indian and Tibetan carpets, embroideries and housings, weapons of every description, images and sacred pictures, musical instruments, antlers, bear-skins, and stuffed Indian vultures. In the midst of these properties the

painter—a little black-bearded man, like one of those Caucasian warriors who appear in Theodor Horschelt's work "From the Caucasus"—himself did the honours to the guests who had been invited.

Although still young, Verestchagin had already seen a great deal of life. After leaving the school of Gérôme in Paris, he accompanied the expedition of General Kaufmann against Samarcand. Horschelt, with whom he made acquaintance at the scene of war in the Caucasus, took him in 1870 for a couple of years to Munich. When the Russo-Turkish War broke out in 1877 he again accompanied the Russian troops, and even took an active share in the struggle: he was in the Shipka Pass, went with Gourko over the Balkans, was present at the siege of Plevna, and worked as the secretary of General Skobeleff during the negotiations of peace at San Stefano. And, having fought everywhere with the savageness of a Caucasian, he began to preach peace as an apostle of humanity.

"The Pyramid of Skulls—dedicated to all Conquerors past, present, and to come," was as it were the title-page to his thrilling works. In "Forgotten" a wounded soldier lay upon the field of battle with famishing ravens gathering round him, whilst his battalion was seen disappearing in the distance. In another of his pictures there was the Emir of Samarcand lost in agreeable contemplation of a heap of decapitated heads strewn at his feet. In another there stood a fair-haired priest blessing a whole crowd of mutilated Russians upon a steppe. Still more ghastly was the picture entitled "The Street after Plevna." It is an icy cold winter's day, and the desolate landscape and the bodies of those who have died upon the transport-car are covered with a light crust of snow. The artillery of later columns have driven with indifference over the dead, crushing them, and the crows and

Munich : Hanfstängl.]
VERESTCHAGIN: "THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS."

ravens thank the Lord for the richly spread table which has been prepared for them. In dense swarms they flutter down to the opulent banquet, and most densely of all where the wheels of the gun-carriages have made a way for their beaks. Then, thoroughly sated, they alight upon the telegraph wires to digest their meal in peace. Ghastly corruption reigns in "The Turkish Hospital before Plevna," a gloomy cellar where sick and wounded men welter in confused masses amid mouldy corpses. Near this hung the trilogy of pictures representing the sentinel freezing with cold. At the side of that was the picture of the Czar Alexander with his staff, regarding the battle raging around as though it were a stage-play. "Skobeleff in the Shipka Pass" brought the series to a conclusion. There he is, fat, and with a full, flushed countenance, dashing over the ground, which is covered with snow and strewn with corpses, as he good-humouredly summons his freezing comrades to a champagne breakfast, crying, "Brothers, I thank you in the name of the Emperor."

In spite of his Parisian studies Verestchagin's work in all these pictures was very crude—full in colour, but thin and uninteresting in technique. Moreover the ostentatious arrangements which he made for his exhibitions, and the cleverness with which he calculated the effect upon the great public, did not contribute to enhance his artistic reputation. And his coarseness and crudity when he works by legitimately artistic means may be seen in his ethnographical pictures from Turkestan and India, which stand in technique incomparably below similar

works by Pasini, and will lose what remains of their interest with the discovery of photography in colours. Nevertheless Verestchagin's significance for Russian art is great.

What had been hitherto produced in the matter of battle-pieces — Orlovsky's work excepted—is scarcely worth mentioning. *Sauerveid* and *Villevalde* were lifeless copyists of Horace Vernet. *Kotzebue*, the son of the well-known author, no doubt showed deftness in composition, grouping, and scenical accessories. There are swarms of soldiers in his pictures. Huge cliffs, ancient fortresses and houses tower picturesquely one above the other. But the men are made of lead, and the landscapes are stage-scenes, at once empty and banal. In fact he was merely an opulent *arrangeur* who was learned in uniforms, and the dramatic element of war escaped him altogether.

Munich: Hanfstängl.]
VERESTCHAGIN: "THE EMIR OF SAMARCAND VISITING THE TROPHIES."

Now Verestchagin struck out an entirely new path. A short time before his appearance Tolstoi's great novel *War and Peace* had been published, and there war had been for the first time depicted, not from the prejudiced standpoint of a patriot, but with the lucid spirit of a cosmopolitan author. The mere painting of horrors is avoided: it is a thing rather indicated than brought

out in detail; but the great figure of the Destroyer with his hyenas and his terrors is nevertheless the principal figure of the narrative. Even Tolstoi's patriotism sometimes mocks at itself, and from the midst of his representations of soldierly loyalty and the contempt of death there rises the heart-breaking cry: "To what purpose?" The painter continued the motives which the author had indicated. All who had gone before him—and not in Russia alone—were official illustrators who glorified the theme "Dulce et decorum est" in the service of victorious Governments. True to the principles of young Russia, Verestchagin became the accuser of the military system, by making the reverse side of martial splendour—all the misery and the sanguinary destruction of masses, with which glory is purchased—the subject of representation. In the one case war is represented from the standpoint of the regimental captain; in the other from one which is purely human. He wanted to paint war as it is, and not as a suitable embellishment for the Winter Palace. And here he is a pioneer on the path leading to truth, which assures him an honourable if not a lofty place in the history of the development taken by the modern principle in art.

This storm-and-stress period in Russian art came to an end with Verestchagin. It was impossible to be for ever laying on the scourge, uttering curses, and thundering against the evils of creation. After the storm there came a calm, and disillusionment after the revolt. Society became quiet again, literature laid down its arms, and painters also grew weary of forgetting their own calling in the service of progressive ideas. The sensational style of painting with a purpose and a grievance was thrown into the background, and all the greater weight was laid upon conscientious and harmonious execution.

In this battle to establish what was purely pictorial, landscape played the mediating part in Russia as in the rest of Europe. Russia possesses in Turgeniev's *Diary of a Sportsman* one of the most remarkable books in modern literature. Turgeniev discovered the forests and steppes of his country, and made them speak, and made them silent. He loves nature as though she

STSCHEDRIN: "SORRENTO."

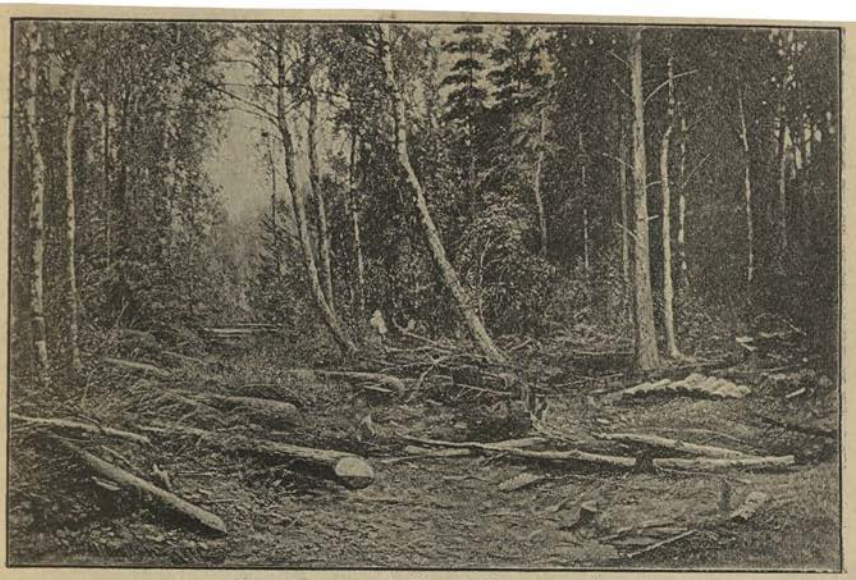
were a mistress, clings to her, and becomes so wedded to her that he feels in solitude like a fish in the cool tide. What a charming idyll of the forest it is when in the course of the day's sport he lies on his back and looks up into the cloudy sky, or when he roams of an evening through the fragrant meadow-land, or crouches at night beside a shepherd's fire and watches the sky from midnight to the glimmering of dawn; when he describes little farms where content and poverty are mingled, or those of the gloomy boundless regions in the interior of Russia, where everything is sad, like a vaporous, grey, rainy day. This strange mixture of love and dread, the fervour for nature and the horror of her, stands alone in the whole literature of the world. Every blade of grass lives; everything stirs, and the creative impulse is everywhere; the spirit of the steppe floats visibly over the earth, weird, mysterious, cold, dumb, and awful. And in art also landscapes are the most enjoyable productions which modern Russia has brought forth.

The founder of this Russian school was *Stschedrin*, who died at thirty-eight in Naples. He was a painter who was so simple

and had so much warmth and temperament that Europe could not show the like in the twenties of this century. His work towers over everything which was at that time painted by Bertin and Valenciennes, or even Rottmann and Koch. He was the direct successor of Dujardin, Berchem, and Pynacker, and their equal in spirit. His landscapes indeed, which are principally views of Naples, have great delicacy of colour, although they are sometimes heavy and bituminous in their shadows. Moreover they are so full of light and air, so splendid, and so finely and energetically painted, that it is astonishing to read the date 1820 underneath, for 1650 or 1660 might be more readily ascribed to them.

Lebedev, who also died young in Naples, was Stschedrin's energetic follower in the battle against Winckelmann's principles. Indeed, if he had lived a few years longer and returned to his native land, Russian painting would probably have been able to set up a worthy rival to the great European landscapists of 1830. Even his earliest little pictures, painted before his Italian journey —thin and grey views of St. Petersburg—give him a place amongst the first champions of *paysage intime*, and this in spite of their hard tone and their childish and awkward technique. And in Italy he and Blechen were the first who rendered the South without any strained effort at style. "Gradually," he writes, "I am setting myself free from all prejudices. Nature has opened my eyes, and I am beginning to be her slave. In my last works you will not find composition or effects, for everything is simple there."

But the period of historical painting led artists astray for some time. In Russia, as elsewhere, the polished exotic, picturesque views, cultivated for years by *Vorobiev*, *Rabus*, *Lagorio*, *Horavsky*, *Bogoliubov*, *Mestschersky*, and others, had their vogue. They all wished merely to see nature through a prism which would render her beautiful; they imitated Calame and Achenbach, sometimes adroitly and sometimes mechanically, indulged in platitudes which have been long outgrown, and are tedious and insipid, in spite of all their Oriental towers, Gothic castles, calm or agitated seas, rocky regions, and glaring effects of light.



SCHISCHKIN: "A FOREST LANDSCAPE."

Aivasovsky alone takes high rank amongst them, although he was a rapid painter, a *décorateur* for ever seizing upon loud, pyrotechnical effects *à la* Gudin. But in spite of their glaring and violent colours many of his sea-pieces reproduce with great cogency the grandeur and crash of the storm, and others the limitless peace of the sea; and in virtue of these he seems a forerunner of the later landscape of "mood."

This was, in fact, developed as soon as Russian landscape-painting returned to Russian soil. But, until the forties, painters were under the persuasion that their home, the flat, sad country where grey was harmonized on grey, could offer no subject worth painting, and that it was only richly coloured Southern prospects that were artistically possible. The brothers *Tschernezoff* and the copper-engraver *Galaktionov*, indeed, drew views of towns according to all the rules of the books of topography, but without higher pretensions.

Schischkin, however, recognized that the Russian painter could only love and understand Russian landscape, and reproduce it artistically. When he was sent abroad he begged to be allowed to return and paint without hindrance what was dearer to him

[*Artist sc.*

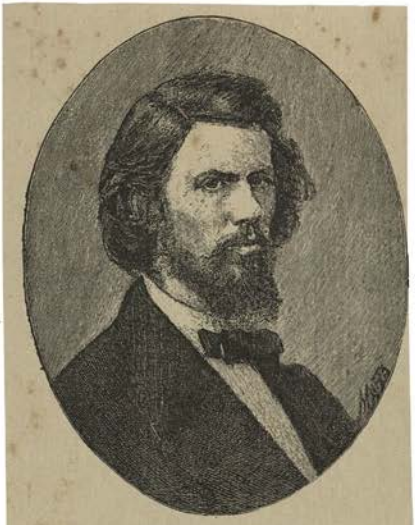
SCHISCHKIN: "A WOODY LANDSCAPE."

than all else beside. The north of Russia is a pallid, melancholy land. It is without great lines and imposing masses, and everything is lost in vanishing *nuances*. Nevertheless Schischkin succeeded in grasping the individuality of this scenery, and in rendering it in his drawings with unrivalled mastery—in drawings, for the life of colour was a thing alien to him throughout his life. All his oil-pictures are phlegmatically prosaic, paltry, and pedantically correct; but the fresh spontaneity and chromatic delicacy which he attained in his etchings and charcoal drawings are all the more striking.

His direct followers show no advance in technique. *Baron Klodt* had a certain proclivity for the picturesque, in consequence of which his pictures lost in plainness and intimacy, while *Orlovsky*, *Fedders*, *Volkov*, and others remained always hard in colour, arid, and pedantic. The stripling *Vassiliev*, who died at three-and-twenty, was, in fact, the first to prove that the landscape-painter did not need to be a photographer immortalizing this or that region in a superficial portrait, but

could become a medium between man and nature, an interpreter of that secret musical language through which nature in all places speaks to the human soul. With him the Russian landscape of "mood" was first born. There was no further requisition for Alpine peaks and ocean, and motley colours straining after effect, for the artist learnt tenderly and simply to celebrate the scenery of his native land. *Levitan* painted his "Quiet Monastery," a deeply moving picture full of feeling; *Kuindshi* painted Southern nights and bright birch-woods full of quivering air and moonlight or sunshine; *Savrassov* delicate spring landscapes impregnated with great poetic feeling; *Sudkovsky* interpreted gravely the majesty of the sea; *Vassnetzov* the sad waste of Siberia, its dark plains and endless virgin forests; *Albert Benois* produced brilliant pictures of the East, and delicate, sensitive Russo-Finnish landscapes; and *Svjetoslavsky* seized the character of Moscow.

And through these landscape-painters, who went their own way quietly and modestly, far from the tumult of philanthropical ideas, there rose an impulse to give artistic treatment to the figure-picture likewise. The sense of the purely pictorial was strengthened, and artists began to turn from narrative and didactic art and to represent simply what they saw around them, without ulterior designs. At first they did so feebly and laboriously, then with more energy and with increasing perception and ability. *Svertschkov* painted animal pictures, but could hit off the Russian peasant and the Russian proprietor very finely indeed. His representations of horses in particular—those poor little patient Russian horses, now sinking in the snow, now scorched by the sun or trotting merrily in the troika—are exceedingly truthful, animated, and sympathetic. *Peter Sokolov* produced hunting-scenes, funerals, and tavern-rooms—all in a plain and vigorous style, which was now and then cynical, though always striking. He is a painter of individuality even in his technique, for his pictures are a mixture of delicate aquarelles, heavy gouache colours, pastel, and ink. Through the most remarkable combinations he succeeds in attaining an impression which is



IVAN KRAMSKOI.

sometimes crude, but frequently exceedingly piquant and full of character.

But the principal advance was made by a phalanx of young artists who worked their way upwards during the sixties and seventies. In 1863 thirteen pupils completed their studies at the St. Petersburg Academy, and entered into competition for the gold medal, which took the place there of the *Prix de Rome*. Their leader was a somewhat older student, *Ivan Kramskoi*, a poor young fellow who could barely earn his bread as retoucher at a photographer's. The pictures which he had produced at the time of his death are few, and have long been surpassed by the performances of younger men. There are some portraits which for all their earnest veracity do not get beyond the arid effect of photography. And even his few figure-pictures, such as "Anguish that will not be Comforted" (a mother bewailing her son), only produce a mediocre effect in spite of their forcible realism and their sincerity, which is free from all forced vehemence. But in the history of Russian art Kramskoi has the importance of one who had a quickening influence. He served the young school with his head rather than his hand. He was an ardent spirit, an energetic agitator, and soon gathered all around him who were healthy, fresh in mind, and enthusiastic. And his ideas upon art and the loftiness of the artist's calling were worked out so completely, and he had the secret of laying them before his younger comrades with such conviction, enthusiasm, and impressiveness, that they all looked up to him as their standard-bearer. In Kramskoi's confined room, where the furniture consisted of a few broken chairs and poverty was a daily visitant, those seeds

of thought were developed which soon became the guiding principles of the new Russian painting.

When the Board of Professors at St. Petersburg refused to give the thirteen competitors free choice of subject for their prize exercise, wishing to compel them to represent "The God Odin in Valhalla," they one and all left the Academy in open feud. They were tired of having an official style prescribed to them by the accepted "school," and no longer cared to have a uniform forced upon their work. Imagination and creative energy were more to them than laws or code, for they wanted to be free men and not to purchase diplomas by convention and medals. Between academicism and individual purpose there was the same breach in Russia that took place sooner or later in every other country. "The Society for Wandering Exhibitions," which up to the present has remained the centre of the Russian national school, and which comprehends in itself all the young, animated, and promising men of talent in the country, was recruited from these seceding painters in 1870. And though it is a centre it is one that wanders through the entire land. The "Wanderers" have emancipated Russian painting from everything alien, anecdotic, didactic, and eclectic; they have placed it upon thoroughly national soil, endowed it with a new and independent technique, and within a few years they have won an honourable position amid European schools of art.

Meanwhile some of those thirteen students have forgotten their storm-and-stress period and become different men. Most of all is this true of *Constantin Makovsky*, who is now but a caricature of what he was when he painted his "Carnival in St. Petersburg" and the gloomy "Child's Funeral in the Country." All the decorative panels, visionary heads of maidens, musing "bojar" women, and indecently voluptuous bacchanals, which he turns out by the dozen, have an insufferable light rosy crust of colour; they have all the same weak drawing, and the same sensuousness unredeemed by a trace of taste. Even his pictures from the life of "bojars" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which are in great request in America, are

V. MAKOVSKY: "A BANKRUPTCY."

spoilt by sickly sentimentality or a misapplied air of distinction and *comme-il-faut.*

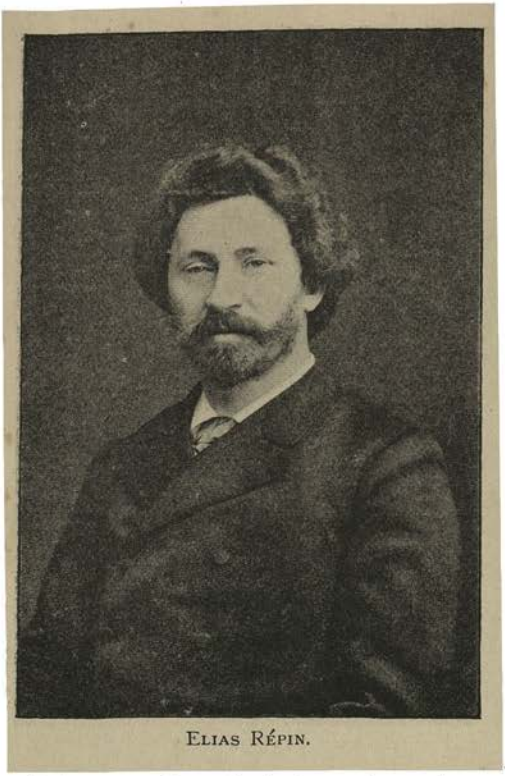
His younger brother, *Vladimir Makovsky*, has still a weakness for lachrymose anecdotes, aimed in a commonplace way against society; or in an effort at characterization he falls into obtrusive caricature *à la* Brütt. But in his smaller and less ambitious pictures, which are delicately painted after nature, he is tasteful, luxuriant, and really fine.

The greatest of them all, from the very first day, was *Elias Répin*, and he remains so still. In him was embodied the artistic power of contemporary Russia. His works, with those of Tolstoi, Turgeniev, Gontscharov, and Dostoievski, will hand down to later times a vivid and characteristic account of the Russia of the last five-and-twenty years in all its completeness—an account including all grades of society, from the nobles to the outlaws, the village clergy and the peasants.

Répin is now slightly over fifty years of age. Springing from an old Cossack stock, he was born in 1844 at Tschuguev in the department of Charkow. As the son of an indigent officer, he received his first instruction in the village school, which was

V. Makovsky: "A Duet."

carried on by his mother, being taught at a later period by the sexton of the parish church. Then he entered a military school, which was broken up when he was thirteen. A mechanical painter of saints of the name of Bunakov gave him his first knowledge of drawing. And at the end of three years he was already in a position to gain a livelihood by painting the pictures of saints, and three years after that he wandered to the distant imperial city upon the Neva to enter the Academy there. During the six years that he remained as an Academy pupil his talent developed rapidly. Even the picture entitled "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," produced for an Academy prize competition, revealed him in his power and energy, gleaming like a diamond amongst pebbles beside the other works sent in for competition. The medal, accompanied by a travelling scholarship of some years' duration, was awarded to him. So he went abroad to Paris and Rome, studying both the old and the modern masters. Yet he was not ensnared by foreign influences. In fact the best picture which he painted in Italy, "Szadko in the Wonderful Realm of the Sea," was based upon a national Russian saga. In a gulf of the sea penetrated by the sunshine, nixies and sea-nymphs, embodying the different feminine types of Europe, are vainly striving to catch the young and handsome Szadko; but it was



ELIAS RÉPIN.

only *Tschernavuschka* emerging vaguely in the distance that enchained him. And the painter himself was drawn homewards. Even before his scholarship had expired he begged permission to return, and in 1873 he completed his "Burlaki," the men who tow vessels along the Volga, the masterpiece of modern Russian art.

"In the blaze of the noonday sun, youths, men, and boys are tramping along, in the burning sand on the flat, unsheltered banks of the river, with the thick ropes round breast and shoulders, and their tanned, naked feet planted upon the hot ground. The hair falls in disorder upon their brownish-red brows, which are dripping with perspiration. Here and there a man holds his arm before his face to protect himself from the scorching rays. Singing a monotonous, melancholy, barbaric melody, they drag the high-masted barque laden with crops, up-stream, through the wide, deserted plain; their work was yesterday what it is to-day and will be to-morrow. It is as if they had been tramping like this for centuries, and would be pushing forward in the same way for centuries to come. Types they are of the life of serfs in Europe, types cast variously together from the North and the South and the East of the vast empire, by the hand of Fate: the children of different slave-races, most of them figures of iron, though there are some who seem feeble; some are indifferent too, whilst others are brooding gloomily,—but they are one and all pulling at the same rope."

RÉPIN: "MEN TOWING A SHIP ALONG THE VOLGA."

With this picture, an epic embodying the spirit of the Russian people, Répin stood out as a finished artist. He had looked upon these worn-out men, set to the work of brutes, with the eye of a philanthropist and the eagle glance of an artist; their sorrowful songs had moved him deeply, and he grasped the dreadful reality with an inflexible hand, and placed it with glowing colours upon the canvas in all its fearful veracity. A dumb sorrow overshadows the picture, all the pessimistic gloom that hovers over Russia. As yet no other work had expressed with all the resources of European painting the resigned suffering and that weary absence of desire which are the peculiarity of this race of people. And let him paint portraits, or rustic life, or pictures from Russian history, Répin remained, even in his later works, ever the same inherently forceful master.

An element of gloom, oppression, and debasement reigns consistently throughout. Even when he represents, for a change, the village youth in the joy of the dance, the merriment resembles inebriation. But the denunciatory narrative element has been finally cast aside. In place of the vehement extravagances of inartistic painting with a moral purpose, there is in Répin a mild fervour reconciled with suffering and subdued to a spirit of still humility. There rises from his pictures a heavy feeling that weighs upon the heart, and this simply because he painted so plainly what he saw. There is in them an ineffable

RÉPIN: "THE COSSACKS' JEERING REPLY TO THE SULTAN."

luxury of woe, a low yearning cry for the peacefulness of death, something of the resigned melancholy of Russian songs with their slow movement. There is in them, as in the works of the Russian authors, a profound compassion for the poor and miserable—the suffering, hopeless mood which weighs upon the country everywhere, the entire spirit of this strange nation, which is still young and in its prime, and yet sick in spirit, and looking faint and weary to a leaden sky.

In a large picture of 1883 a church procession may be seen upon its way forth. All the people from the neighbourhood of the village have set out, young and old, halt and sound. A troop of peasants, in torn furs and patched clothes, are panting as they carry along with stupid looks a heavy shrine, hoisted upon poles and festally adorned with ribbons. The crowd are pressing and elbowing behind—cripples and hunchbacks, a dirty sexton staring straight before him, and old women muttering prayers in a dull, smothered ecstasy. And a tall country gendarme is laying into them, right and left, with the knout, to make room for the clergy, the head of rural police, and the village elders. Then there are again masses of people, fluttering banners and crucifixes, an endless defile of

misery, hebetude, helplessness, and filth, and at the tail of the body another gendarme with a whip. Huge volumes could tell no more of the history of the country than this simple picture, in the centre of which the knout is whistling in the very midst of ecclesiastical banners.

Leipzig: Seemann.]
RÉPIN: "THE MIRACLE OF ST. NICHOLAS."

Amongst Répin's portraits, those of the poet Pissemski, with strange, vivid eyes; that of the composer Mussorsky, sketched a few days before his death; that of the novel-writer Vassevolad Garschin, who died young by his own hand a few years ago; and those of Count Tolstoi, are worthy of special praise. Tolstoi he has painted several times, representing him upon one occasion striding behind the plough.

At comparatively recent exhibitions some historical pictures of his made a sensation. After Russian painting had gone through the school of life, and bold naturalism had taken the place of classical abstraction, painters could venture to utilize national history without falsity or theatrical costume. The first attempt of this kind had been made by *Tschistjakov* in his picture "Sophie Vitotovna." In the sixties *Schwarz*, who died early, came forward with his energetic representations from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. *Jacoby* sought to catch the historical physiognomy of Russian Court life in the eighteenth century. With his "Puschkin" and his "Peter I." the portrait-painter *Gay* was very successful. *Surikov* produced his "Bojar

RÉPIN: COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

Woman Norosovna" and "The Execution of the Strelitzes," gloomy and thoroughly Russian pictures, bearing witness to an earnest attempt to live the life of the past. But in this field also Répin distanced all his predecessors, plunged into the past with most energy and freedom, broke with all tame compromise the most abruptly, and conjured up things long gone by with a terrible force of conviction, as though they had been seen and lived through. His "Ivan the Cruel, who has slain his Son in a Sudden Paroxysm of Fury," made such an impression at the exhibition of 1885 that the public stood before it horrified, while ladies were carried away fainting. It might have recalled the best modern historical pictures of Spain, except that Répin's work made a more gloomy, elemental, and barbaric effect. An old man, with his face spattered with blood and his savage features distorted with despair, kneels on the floor in the centre of a wide hall of the Kremlin: his eyes start from their sockets, dilated with horror, and stare vacantly in the torture of conscience; in his arms he holds the fainting figure of a youth, over whose countenance, which streams with blood, death casts its awful shadow.

Répin's picture "The Cossacks' Jeering Reply to the Sultan" is

a combination of magnificent military heads, a collection of figures conceived with a force recalling Gogol; they are figures that are really made of flesh and blood, and barbaric to the bone and marrow. No brilliant painting of material has been aimed at, no grace in line and composition. He makes use of historical painting merely to depict children of nature in their primitive passions. His picture of St. Nicholas preventing the execution of three innocent men who have been condemned to death has something butcherly in conception, and in execution something inherently thrilling. At once imperious and impressive is the gesture with which the saint strikes the arm of the brutal and astonished executioner, a man of muscular build, while the enthusiasm of the victims, in their gratitude to their good genius, is powerful and convincing. In technique, also, Répin is a great modern master, with a sharp decision in drawing and colour, and an earnest, almost ascetic simplicity, which admit only of what is indispensable and subservient to the designed effect of the picture. His "Ship's Crew" of 1873 was praised as the sunniest picture at the Vienna Exhibition; and from that time he has gone forward with a firm step. His works became lighter and brighter from year to year; and Répin found what Ivanov had sought in vain—sun, air, and life. To Russian art he is what Menzel is to German and what Manet was to French. He breathes the atmosphere of his own time and his own people, and since his appearance there has been a greater number of masters who have painted Russian life with a knowledge of all the resources of the new French technique, together with that feeling for nature and humanity which marks the most eminent performances of Russian literature. The secret song of the steppes, that song of boundless love and boundless sufferings, is becoming intelligible to painters at last. Their tale is not yet complete in the European sessions of art, and beside the Western nations they are "dead souls" as yet. But they began a great period of liberation in Russian painting, and when that man comes who shall arouse these souls from slumber, he may hope the best from their youthful vigour which has never been worked out.

CHAPTER XLIV

AMERICA

The previous history of American art.—The first Americans who worked in England: Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart Newton, Charles Robert Leslie.— The first portrait-painters in America itself: Gilbert Stuart, Charles Wilson Peale, Joseph Wright, Loring Charles Elliot.—The grand painting: John Trumbull, Washington Allston, Emanuel Leutze. — Genre *painting: William Sydney Mount.—The landscape-painters: Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, John B. Bristol, Frederick E. Church, J. F. Kensett, Sanford R. Gifford, James Fairman, the Morgans, William Morris Hunt.—The Americans in Paris: Henry Mosler, Carl Gutherz, Frederick A. Bridgman, Edwin Weeks, Harry Humphrey Moore, Julius L. Stewart, Charles Sprague Pearce, William T. Dannat, Alexander Harrison, Walter Gay, Eugène Vail, Walter MacEwen. — The Americans in Holland: Gari Melchers, George Hitchcock.—The Americans in London: John Singer Sargent, Henry Muhrmann.—The Americans in Munich: Carl Marr, Charles Frederick Ulrich, Robert Koehler, Sion Wenban, Orrin Peck, Hermann Hartwich.—The Americans at home.—The painters of Negro and Indian life: Winslow Homer, Alfred Kappes, G. Brush.—The founding of the Society of American Artists: Walter Shirlaw, George Fuller, George Inness, Wyatt Eaton, Dwight William Tryon, J. Appleton Brown, the Morans, L. C. Tiffany, John Francis Murphy, Childe Hassam, Julian Alden Weir, H. W. Ranger, H. S. Bisbing, Charles H. Davis, George Inness, junior, J. G. Brown, J. M. C. Hamilton, Ridgway Knight, Robert William Vonnoh, Charles Edmund Tarbell.—The influence of Whistler: Kenyon Cox, W. Thomas Dewing, Julius Rolshoven, William Merrit Chase.*

IN spite of its greater geographical distance America lies nearer to the artistic centres of Europe than Russia. It is only possible to become acquainted with Russian painting in the country itself, at its "wandering exhibitions," but the successes of the Americans are chronicled in the annals of the

Paris Salon. Their art is an exact echo of that of Europe, because they have learnt their technique in the leading European Academies. Indeed the drama of America is divided into the very same acts as that of Europe. The piece which has gone the round of the theatres of Europe is produced in America, though the names of the actors are not the same.

Up to the Declaration of Independence in 1776 there were neither painters nor sculptors in America. People ate and drank, and built, and reclaimed the land, and multiplied. But a large bar of iron was of more value than the finest statue, and an ell of good cloth was prized more highly than "The Transfiguration" of Raphael. Here and there, perhaps, there were old family portraits which some emigrant had brought with him from Europe, but these were not calculated to awaken a taste for art. As a rule public buildings were made of wood, or of brick at best, and they had no pretensions to style. The settlers were poor, and far too much occupied with getting fish and potatoes for their daily support to trouble themselves about problems of colour. In addition to this, art was repudiated by the Quakers as a bauble of the world. And it was only when the dollar began to display its might that enterprising portrait-painters, who had failed in Europe, occasionally crossed the ocean to make the New World happy with their dubious art.

Incited by these strangers, a few young men on the far side of the world cherished the belief that they could find a lucrative vocation by painting. But, since the ground was not yet ready for them at home, they first set to work in Europe. As soon as he was one-and-twenty, *Benjamin West*, the first artist born in the New World, went over to London, where he afterwards became the President of the Royal Academy. He was followed by *John Singleton Copley*, who opposed the Classical productions of the age by his vigorous representations of contemporary events of war, while *Gilbert Stuart Newton* and *Charles Robert Leslie* play a part in the history of English *genre* painting.

When, at the close of the revolutionary war, the population gradually came to know more of peace, artistic needs were

first felt in America itself; but a favourable field was at first only offered for portrait-painters, as was the case in England also. Born in Narraganset in 1756, *Gilbert Stuart* was notably active in Boston from the year 1793, after he had returned from Europe; and he, to begin with, is a man who might hold his own with honour beside the great British portraitists. He was a man of independent mind, who neither imitated his master, West, nor yet Reynolds and Gainsborough, nor borrowed anything from the old painters. "I mean to see nature," he said, "with my own eyes. Rembrandt looked at her with his and Raphael with his, and although they have nothing in common, both are marvellous." He was a masterly colourist, and in some of his portraits, such as that of Washington in the Boston Athenæum, or that of "Mr. Grant upon the Ice," stands immediately beside Gainsborough. The latter picture, in fact, was exhibited in England in 1878 over the name of Gainsborough, and was then first put to the credit of the real master.

In addition to Stuart, *Charles Wilson Peale*, *Joseph Wright*, *Chester Harding*, and, more particularly, *Loring Charles Elliot* acquired fame as incisive masters of characterization. Elliot, as a matter of fact, was one of the best of his age. A trait of greatness and of the most keen and fine characterization runs through his pictures. The people he painted are gnarled genuine types of that race which felled the woods, cultivated the wide and desolate lands, and in the space of a single century gave their republic strength to take a place amongst the foremost nations. One of these portrait-painters, *John Trumbull*, who had taken part in the War of Independence as Washington's adjutant, and who had been for a long time one of West's pupils when a political prisoner in London, made a transition from portrait-painting to the glorification of his country's deeds in war. Influenced by Copley's London pictures, he addressed a letter to the President of the Republic, offering "to preserve the memory of every national event by a monumental work." And evidence of his muscular energy is specially to be found in the series of mural paintings from the American War of Independence with which he

embellished the Capitol of Washington in 1817. Besides these there are to be seen in American collections historical pieces of his, such as "The Battle of Bunkers Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," "The Declaration of American Independence," "The Departure of the Garrison from Gibraltar," and other works of a similar kind, which in their healthy realism are more or less of a parallel to the pictures of Gros.

By the Romantic movement America was only moderately affected, for there were no knights or monks or bandits over whom it was possible to wax enthusiastic; and the tendency which reached its climax in Ingres and Cornelius only found a representative in *Washington Allston.* He was a many-sided man who had first studied under West, and then for some years in Italy, while from 1818 he painted in Boston representations from the Bible and from history, portraits, ideal figures, *genre* pictures, and landscapes. He was lauded for his poetic vein, and named the American Titian. Such enthusiasm on the part of contemporaries is, of course, invariably followed by a more chastened style of criticism, and Koehler, in his history of American painting, can find nothing to say to Allston's advantage. Nevertheless, so far as his principal works can be judged by reproductions, he seems to have been a strong and forcible artist. "The Two Sisters," "Jeremiah and the Scribe," and "The Dead Man raised after touching the Bones of Elisha" are favourable samples of his work. The drawing is noble and large, the idea simple and deep, and the figures betray something bluff, outlandish, and realistically angular, which brings him nearer the English Preraphaelites than the Idealists.

With Allston's death in 1843, however, his style became extinct, and the genius of grand painting departed from the New World for ever, while a German, *Emanuel Leutze*, went further on the path trodden by West and Copley. Born in Wurtemberg and nearly chosen as Director in Düsseldorf, he cannot altogether be reckoned amongst the Americans. And indeed his pictures from the War of Liberation are really American in nothing except subject; while it is, at most, the staid, virile trait in his work which distinguishes him from the Düsseldorfers.

However his "Washington crossing the Delaware" is a sincere and loyal historical picture, which in its quiet, matter-of-fact composition rather resembles an earnest artist like Copley than Lessing with his sentimentalism and exaggeration.

After Leutze had shown the way, Germany for a time took the place of England and Italy as a training-school for American artists. A whole troop—*Edward White*, *William Henry Powell*, and *Henry Peters Gray* amongst the number—followed him to Düsseldorf, and, after their return, endowed the world with historical pictures of a sentimental and academical cast. Even the *genre* painters in America differed little from their Düsseldorf contemporaries. Mention should be made of a pupil of Meyerheim, *Thomas Hill*, who was fond of making his Californian landscapes the stage for idyllic scenes of childhood, and there was *Daniel Huntingdon*, who at the close of his life, when he was President of the New York Academy, indulged in allegorical pictures, such as "Mercy's Dream," "The Sibyls," and the like. The place taken in England by Wilkie belongs in America to *William Sydney Mount*. Himself a farmer, he adapted the life of American countryfolk and negroes for facetious purposes. But though he made use of a studio upon wheels, with which he was able to go round the country, his pictures—"Bargaining for a Horse," "The Cheat," "The Little Thieves," and so forth—might just as well have been painted in England or Germany as in America.

Indeed the most original work produced in American painting in those days was done in the field of landscape. William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis* appeared in 1817, and this was a book which had the same significance for America as the works of Thomson and Rousseau had for England and France: soon afterwards "The Hudson-River School" began to rise, glorifying the marvels of the Rocky Mountains, the banks of the Hudson, and the American lakes, though at first only in the Classical style. The real initiator of the movement was *Thomas Cole*, who goes on lines more or less parallel with those of the Germans Koch and Reinhart, and in some of his works with those of Joseph Vernet. Poussin was his ideal, historical composition his strong point, and colour his weakness.

Then, for a time, German Romanticism with its lyrical temper and its sickly passion for moonshine became the determining influence. As Cole, who came from England, applied the principles of Wilson to American mountain scenery, *Albert Bierstadt*, who was born in Düsseldorf, introduced the Düsseldorfian manner of landscape into the New World. Having studied under Lessing on the Rhine in 1853, he took part in 1858 in an expedition of General Lander in the Rocky Mountains, and these wild regions of the West gave him henceforth the material for his pictures. Whole mountain chains stretch out like a panorama, and deep mountain lakes, and wild masses of shattered cliff, and headlong waterfalls and silent forests. Only a trapper, a cowboy, or an Indian riding bareback after buffalo gives occasional animation to the desolate wilderness. Matters of such ethnographical interest met with approval in Europe also, and quite naturally. At the time when Gude represented Norway, his native land, for the benefit of the European public, Bierstadt put into the market the boundless American prairies with their herds of buffalo, the defiant, gigantic forms of the mountain cliffs, and the valleys of California—pictures which united geographical accuracy with the effort to compass dazzling meteorological effects. *John B. Bristol* and *Frederick Edward Church* followed a similar course, representing with strong effects of light or mere photographic exactness views of Chimborazo, of tropical moonlight in Mexico, of the thundering falls of Niagara, and of the huge mountain masses of the West. The Alps were also popular, and the rich fields of Italy. *J. F. Kensett*, who is said to have had a fine feeling for the poetry of colour and to have painted admirably the lovely shores of the mountain lakes in America, enjoys the fame of being the best master of technique, while *Sanford R. Gifford*, an American Hildebrandt, who glorified all the phenomena of light in America, Italy, and the East, is reputed to be the most many-sided of this group. Amongst other landscapists of the sixties *George Loring Brown*, a sort of American Claude, *Worthington Whitredge* of Ohio, a pupil of Achenbach, *John W. Casilear*, *Albert Bellows*, *Richard W. Hubbard*, *W. T. Richards*, *F. Cropsey*, *Edward Gay*,

American Art Review.]
HUNT: "SHEEP IN A MEADOW."

and *W. Stanley Haseltine* may be mentioned; but it is impossible for one who is not an American to judge of their work. In general the career of American landscape seems to have been that, under the influence of European *paysage intime*, artists gradually came to lay less weight upon mere subject, and aimed at producing an effect by purely artistic means. Gracious studies of light, and intimate views of forest paths, and distant huts and meadowland, took the place of pompous dramatic efforts, wild mountain landscapes, and glaring fireworks. A knowledge of the English water-colour artists De Wint and Cox was communicated by *James Fairman*, who was by birth a Scot, while the three brothers *William*, *Peter*, and *Thomas Morgan* have been manifestly influenced by Turner in their strong sense of the effect of light. A couple of Dutch emigrants, *Albert van Beest* and *F. de Haas*, painted the first sea-pieces, and were followed by *Harry Chase*, who had gone to Holland in 1862 to study under Kruseman van Elten and Mesdag. These were no longer scenes with a dramatic intention—ships wrecked in a storm upon the cliffs or labouring against high-running waves—such as *C. Petersen*, *W. E. Norton*, and *A. T. Bricher* had a predilection for painting. On the contrary, they were quiet representations of the simple poetry of the sea. *James M. Hart* and *Hamilton Hamilton*, under the influence of the Fontainebleau school, turned to the portrayal of the American forests, resplendent in red and yellow foliage, and of animals lying on the rich meadows. The most important of these men was *William Morris*

New York: Appleton.]
MOSLER: "THE PRODIGAL SON."

Hunt, who from 1846 had been for some time a sculptor in Düsseldorf, and had undergone a long apprenticeship under Couture in Paris and Millet in Barbizon before he returned to settle down in Boston. In particular he has painted certain pieces with sheep which approach Charles Jacque in delicacy.

Such essentially was the result of the career of American art up to 1860. America had individual painters, but no formed school. But the ambition to stand on a level with other nations was gaining ground, and to do this it was necessary to study systematically abroad. Earlier artists had only left America on brief trips which left no permanent impressions; the next generation made itself at home all over Europe. Düsseldorf, to which Leutze and Bierstadt had directed attention, was no longer even thought of as a training-school. As for Munich, it wavered indecisively between Kaulbach and Piloty. But Paris enjoyed all the greater celebrity. Here, under Gérôme, *Lemuel Everett Wilwarth*, who was a teacher of the New York School of Art, had already gained the principles of knowledge with which he impressed his pupils. Hence had come *François Régis Gignoux* and *Asher Brown-Durand*, two French landscapists who made a great sensation in New York during the sixties. So Paris became for the American generation of 1860 what it had been for the Germans of 1850. And, treating the Parisian Americans alone, it would be easy to write a short history of French art, for they distinctly reflect the French methods of various epochs.

When the first Americans came to Paris the new seeds planted by Courbet and the Fontainebleau landscapists had not yet forced their way to the surface. The scholastic and externally brilliant painting of Couture was the centre of interest. Bouguereau had achieved his earliest successes, and the cold porcelain style of Gérôme was an object of admiration. And there was also the discreetly chastened peasant-painting of Breton, whose "Return of the Reapers" had placed him in 1853 in the front rank of French *genre* painters. To these masters the first Americans who came to study in Paris most naturally turned.

The old *genre* painting found its representative in *Henry Mosler*, who was born in 1840 in New York. His most lasting impressions he received in the years when Knaus made his successes in Paris, and when Breton came forward with his earliest pictures of peasant life. Mosler's works—for example, "The Tinker," "The Harvest Festival," "The Last Moments," and "The Prodigal Son"—are good *genre* pictures, which might be ascribed to Vautier or Bokelmann, or one of the French painters of the village tale, say Brion, Marchal, or Breton.

Bouguereau's scented Neo-Classicism with a tendency to be feebly fanciful had its satellite in *Carl Gutherz*, a Swiss by birth, who had come to Paris as a boy in 1851. One of his principal pictures, which was painted in 1888, was called "Lux Incarnationis." From the manger in Bethlehem there shone a beaming light. The air was filled with heavenly squadrons, spreading throughout space like gleaming and hovering clouds. In the foreground beautiful, slender young angels, with many-coloured wings, issued from the glittering throng, with golden aureoles crowning their young heads. There were nude little boy angels also, following them and scattering the flowers of heaven, which turned to rosy clouds. All these angels, however, were modernized French Cinquecento angels; they were feeble and mawkish every one of them, and suggested a monotonous atmosphere of perfume. "Ecce Homo," "Sappho," "The Temptation of St. Anthony," "The Golden Legend," and "The Midsummer Night's Dream," are titles of other pictures of his which are as motley as they are feeble.

New York: Appleton.

BRIDGMAN: "IN THE HAREM."

When translated into American, Gérôme means *Frederick A. Bridgman.* From 1863 to 1866 he was steel-engraver to an American company for making banknotes, and thus well prepared when he came to Gérôme, the hard Classicist, whom he resolutely followed to the East. He trod the soil of Africa for the first time in 1872, travelled through Algiers and Egypt, and then became the painter of these regions—and not alone of their present populations, but of their classical past as well. His "Burial of a Mummy" won the gold medal at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, and in 1881 he was able to bring together three hundred and thirty pictures of the East at an exhibition in New York. Under Gérôme Bridgman acquired great dexterity, learning from him all that was to be learnt; he is indeed a little more flexible than his teacher, though at bottom a hard Classicist also. White draperies, dark skin tints, shining marble and keen blue atmosphere, ethnographical accuracy and a taste for anecdote, are the leading characteristics of his pictures. He does not fail to specify that his negro festival, for example, takes place "In Blidah;" and when he shows a beauty

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

WEEKS: "THE LAST JOURNEY."

of the harem fallen upon by a sensual assassin in the series called "The Sacrifice of Virtue," he pays tribute to Gérôme's delight in executioners. His white, cold porcelain pictures are, like those of Gérôme, judiciously composed, deftly carried out, and exceedingly pretty in detail, but they are hard and motley, paltry and inexpressive of temperament.

After working under Gérôme, *Edwin Lord Weeks* (born in Boston in 1849) penetrated yet further into the East. The earliest pictures which he sent to the Paris Salon represented scenes from remote parts of Morocco. With caravans organized by himself he pressed into the hidden interior of this empire to paint the strange reality. Not to become monotonous, he then passed to India, which he explored in all directions, finding that scenery, architecture, and the ways of men provided him with a yet greater wealth of materials. With peculiar delight he lingered in the sacred city of Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, where pagoda follows pagoda and mosque follows mosque, and the steam of the funeral piles where the corpses of devout Hindoos are burning mounts into the air. The

[*Braun photo.*

STEWART: "THE HUNT BALL."

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streets swarm with figures clad in white and with white turbans, and protected from the rays of the sun by huge and gaudy umbrellas. Brown and half-naked men and women occupied in washing clothes squat upon the bank; and slender dark-skinned girls with fans of Indian palm walk along past dazzling marble palaces. In his studies from Hindostan Weeks has portrayed with great knowledge of Indian nature the pictorial and grotesque features of the Hindoos, and the splendour of burning sunlight shed over all their doings. The intense white tropical sun pours down upon the white marble temples, gleams upon the variegated silken costumes, broods upon the brown skin of the people, glitters upon the tails of peacocks and the gold-embroidered hangings of the elephants. And it is only Verestchagin's Oriental pictures which reach such a dazzling tropical effect.

A third pupil of Gérôme, *Harry Humphrey Moore*, turned to Japan, though before doing so he went through a second course of apprenticeship, for he worked under Fortuny in Rome. The latter gave him the pungency and sparkle of his painting, and as, some dozen years ago, the bold, capricious pictures

of the Spaniard were deemed worth their weight in gold, the refined Japanese studies of Moore, glittering in red and yellow, are at present much sought after in America.

Julius L. Stewart, a Parisian from Philadelphia, and the son of an American collector who possesses the best pictures of Fortuny, reversed the course of Moore—that is to say, he had been a pupil of Fortuny's pupil Zamacois before he placed himself under Gérôme—and the lively variety of colour and spirited improvization of his works bear witness to his artistic descent. In result of Fortuny's influence, Stewart has become a thorough man of the world, a painter of society, and one of captivating grace, whose "Hunt Ball" and "Five-O'Clock Tea" were amongst the most refined pictures of the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Straitened by no old artistic traditions, the Americans had not any occasion to do homage to conservative opinions in their painting. The words Classicism and Naturalism had no meaning for them. They merely repaired to the studios where they believed themselves able to learn most. Having given a preference in the beginning to academicians of the *École des Beaux Arts*, they were the first who afterwards went with the new movement in Paris which set in the direction of landscape and Naturalism. Even those who studied under Bonnat and Carolus Duran in the beginning of the seventies did not remain faithful to the method of their teachers, but with an astonishing instinct found out the masters to whom the future belonged. Counsel was sought from Manet and Monet, Bastien-Lepage and Dagnan-Bouveret, Millet and Cazin, in turn. In many of these Americans it is only their particular *métier* that is interesting, what the Parisians call *faire les Rousseau*, *faire les Carrière*, *faire les Bastien*. And in all one recognizes certain influences, whether they follow the landscapists of 1830, move in the train of Puvis de Chavannes or Besnard, or infest the neighbourhood of Giverny to study the bold atmospheric vibrations of Claude Monet. But as they never follow old-fashioned models, but invariably the most modern, they are characteristic, if not of American, at all events of the most novel tendencies of French painting, and that in a very striking way.

New York: Appleton.]

PEARCE: "THE SHEPHERDESS."

(By permission of the Artist.)

Charles Sprague Pearce of Boston, who came to Bonnat in 1873, when he was two-and-twenty, and has since lived on the Seine as one of the finest artists of the American colony, has a preference for Picardy. His shepherdesses, peasant girls, and women chopping wood or minding their herds, are the works of a man who acquired a forcible technique under Bonnat and studied Bastien-Lepage with understanding.

Then there is *William J. Dannat*, a broad painter, who began his studies in Munich, and then went to Munkacsy in Paris. Now he is a man upwards of forty, working as teacher at the *École des Beaux Arts*, and notable as a spirited observer of the pictorial peculiarities of Spain. He is a dandy of art for whom conventional beauty is a thing utterly thrashed out, a juggler of the brush who can do whatever he likes, and therefore likes to show all that he can do. His earliest pictures—"A Quartette," "A Sacristy in Arragon," and so forth—obviously

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

DANNAT: "SPANISH WOMEN."

(By permission of the Artist.)

owe their existence to similar works of Manet. At present Degas is his ideal, and the study of artificial light his field of experiment. The representation of a Spanish *café chantant* made him the *enfant terrible* of the Munich Exhibition in 1892. Six rouged and squalling Spanish girls, clattering castanets, and each more hideous than the other, are sitting upon a bench against a light grey background. The electric light falling full upon them makes a caricature of every colour, and plays upon their faces in violet, pale red, green, and blue reflections. The whole thing looked like an audacious tavern sign, and it was only noticed by those who were not disposed to lose their temper that the scene had been observed with the ready instinct of a Japanese, and painted *alla prima* with a sureness which only few living artists could command.

Alexander Harrison has made a close study of Besnard and Cazin. He has not painted much, but every one of his pictures was a palpable hit. The earliest and most unassuming, a small landscape, discreet and delicate in its effect, displayed a stream-

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

HARRISON: "IN ARCADY."

let and trees, in the midst of which a gap allowed the sight of a peaceful landscape in the light of evening. The second, "In Arcady," was one of the finest studies of light which have been painted since Manet. The manner in which the sunlight fell upon the high grass and slender trees, its rays gliding over branch and shrub, touching the green blades like shining gold, and glancing over the nude bodies of fair women—here over a hand, here over a shoulder, and here again over the bosom—was painted with such virtuosity, felt with such poetry, and so free from all the heaviness of earth that one hardly had the sense of looking at a picture at all. The luminous painting of Besnard had here reached its final expression, and the summit of classic finish was surmounted. His third picture was called "The Wave." To seize such phenomena of nature in their completeness—things so fickle and so hard to arrest in their mutability—had been the chief study of French painters since Manet. When Harrison exhibited his "Wave," sea-pieces by Duez, Roll, and Victor Binet were also in existence; but Harrison's "Wave" was the best of them all. The rendering of water, the crystal transparency

[New York: Appleton.]

GAY: "THE SEWING-SCHOOL."

of the billows with their changing light, was in this case so extraordinarily faithful that one was tempted to declare that the water of the others was absolutely solid, compared with this elemental essence of moisture. If one looked long at this heaving and subsiding tide, this foaming revel of waves, one almost felt a sort of giddiness, and fancied one's self riding upon the high-running crests of the billows over the bottomless sea. Air and the motion of waves were, during the following years, the chief objects of Harrison's study. In his picture of 1892 a greenish-yellow evening sky arched over a motionless stretch of green-yellow sea, where nude women were bathing in the full play of green-yellow reflections. The entire picture was almost one monotony of greenish yellow in its discreetly wavering hues; but with what delicacy were these varieties of tone differentiated! What play there was of light! how the sea flashed and glittered! and with what a bloom the bodies of the women rose against the air! Evening lay dreamy and darkling over a still woodland lake in his picture of 1893. A

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

MELCHERS: "THE SERMON."

skiff, with the naked figure of a young man in it, sailed in this far-off solitude. The effect was large and solemn, unostentatious and yet great.

A pupil of Bonnat, *Walter Gay* of Boston, seems to feel specially at home amongst the peasants of the west of France, and, with that rather tiresome frankness of Northern painters—a frankness which fails to express the temperament of the artist—he studies the manners of the people where they are primitive and naïve. Through large windows hung with thin curtains the bright daylight falls into the clean rooms of peasants, gleaming on the boards of the floor, the shining tops of the tables, and the white caps of the women, who sit at their work sewing; it is the familiar problem of light for which Liebermann, Kuehl, and Uhde have also a predilection. *Eugene Vail*, who was influenced by Mesdag and De Nittis, shrouds his Dutch sea-pieces and pictures of the port of London in a heavy, melancholy mist. *Walter MacEwen* of Chicago paints interiors with delicate light, moist sea air, and

Paris : Boussod-Valadon.]

HITCHCOCK : "MATERNITY."

monotonous dunes with labourers returning in the evening from their day's work.

Before migrating to Paris both of these painters had long worked in Holland, whither Liebermann had shown the way at the close of the seventies, and where Gari Melchers and George Hitchcock are occupied at the present time.

Gari Melchers, once a pupil of the Classicists Boulanger and Lefebure, has something thoroughly Dutch in his temperament, as indeed his name would indicate, only he lacks the peculiar tenderness of the Dutch. Like the Dutch amongst whom he lives, he paints scenes from the life of peasants and fishermen in Holland, and has discovered a peculiarly congenial field of study in the plain, whitewashed village churches of the country. His first effort of this kind, "The Sermon" of 1886, was painted in a very robust style, and seen with sincerity. A few peasant women, in their picturesque costume, are sitting piously following the words of the preacher, whom one does not see,

[*Bassano photo.*
GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

though the expression of the faces is painted so convincingly that one seems to hear him. Gari Melchers is, indeed, a sincere and quiet observer, and approaches nature with energy, though he looks into the world with the cold objectivity of a camera. His figures are heavy and motionless, his pictures arid and wanting in poetry; they are all flooded with the same hard Northern daylight. In the presence of his picture "The Lord's Supper," painted, as it is, in such a staid and matter-of-fact style, one almost feels compassion for people whose religion is so entirely without any sort of mystical grace. The church itself is bald and monotonous; and the dull blue, green, and grey colours of the dresses, which give the picture its peculiarly chill and arid tone, are in keeping with the church.

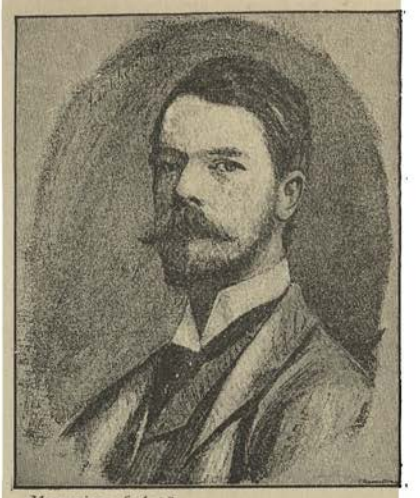
George Hitchcock, who also lives in Egmond, unites to the Dutch phlegm a certain delicate, English Preraphaelite *nuance*. One knows the Dutch spring, when, through the famous culture of flowers, towns like Haarlem and Egmond are surrounded with a dazzling, variegated carpet of tulips, dark and bright red, violet and sky-blue, white and bordered with yellow, when the air is filled with intoxicating perfume and the nightingales warble in the green woods. A picture like this, an actual picture entitled "Tulip Growing," was the foundation of Hitchcock's reputation in the Salon of 1885. In one of his later works a field of white lilies stretched along beside a green meadow. The flowers had shot up high and almost reached to the girdle of the young country girl who moved, grave and thoughtful, through the idyllic landscape. A faint circlet of beams hovered above her head; it was Mary awaiting the joyous tidings of the angel. The dunes, too, with their tall

Magazine of Art.]
SARGENT: "A VENETIAN STREET-SCENE."
(By permission of the Artist.)

grey-green grass and their damp and melancholy atmosphere, he had a delight in painting. Here stands a shepherdess — one with the name of Jeanne d'Arc — lost in thought beside her flock, and here young peasant wives, accompanied by their children, wend their way home from their work in the fields.

While these Americans at work in Holland acquire a certain provincial character, a cordial and phlegmatic trait, in harmony with their place of resort, those in London are accomplished men of the world, who have travelled much and are graceful, subtile, and scintillating. In Paris they have absorbed everything that is to be learnt there, and they combine with their Parisian *chic* a fragrant Anglo-Saxon aroma.

At their head stands *John Singer Sargent*, one of the most dazzling men of talent in the present day. Born in Florence in 1856, Sargent is still a young man. In Florence and in France he was brought up amid brilliant surroundings, and thus acquired as a boy what is wanting to many painters throughout their whole lives—refined and exquisite taste. Having copied portraits after the old Venetians, he began to study under Carolus Duran, and he is now what Carolus Duran once was—a painter of the most mundane elegance. Indeed, compared with Sargent's women, those of Duran are like village *belles*. Psychological analysis of character, it is true, is a thing as alien to him as it was to his teacher; but how thoroughly successful he is in reproducing the fragrant *odeur de femme*, and in catching the physiognomy, fashion, gesture, tone, and spirit of a dignified aristocracy! How vividly his women



Magazine of Art.]
SARGENT: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

stand out in their exquisitely tasteful dresses! No one has painted those professional beauties who consecrate everything to self-adoration with a more complete understanding of what he was about. No one is so triumphant in arresting the haughty reserve of a woman, the delicate complexion of a girl, a flitting smile, an ironical or timid glance, a mien, a turn of the head, or a tremor of the lips. No one has such a comprehension of the eloquent grace of delicate, sensitive hands playing with a fan or quietly folded together. He is the painter of subtile and often strange and curious beauty, conscious of itself and displaying its charms in the best light—a fastidious artist of exquisite taste, the most refined painter of feminine portraits of the present day. His portrait of Mrs. Boit made an impression of power like a Velasquez, and those of Mrs. Henry White, Mrs. Comyns Carr, and the group of the Misses Vickers, one of very great distinction. In the year 1887 he painted the portrait of Mrs. Playfair, a lady with a majestic figure, standing in yellowish-white silk with a dark green mantle in front of a white and red background; that of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth was painted in 1890.

But the smile of the modern sphinx is not his only theme, for he also renders the grace of high-bred children; and as a painter of children he is equalled by Renoir alone. The four little girls playing in a great dark hall in his "Portrait of the Misses F." were exquisite indeed, and painted with a veracity that was entirely naïve and novel; all the poses were natural, all the colours subtile, those of the furniture, the great Japanese vases, the bright vaporous dresses, the silk stockings. In a

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

SARGENT: "EL JALEO."

(By permission of the Artist.)

picture of 1891 a most enchanting young girl, seen full-face, sat bolt-upright upon a plain high wooden chair in front of dark wainscoting, looking dreamily and unsuspectingly before her, out of widely opened brown eyes, like those of a gazelle; while in the charming picture "Carnation Lily Lily Rose," which now hangs in the South Kensington Museum, a fine effect of light *à la* Besnard is united with delicate observation of child-life. The scene takes place at the hour of dusk in a pretty garden nook belonging to an English country place. Amid green leaves and rosy flowers growing thickly, two little girls, with the gravest faces in the world, are intent on lighting great Japanese lanterns, the light of which struggles with the twilight, casting tremulous reddish beams upon the foliage and the children's dresses.

Sargent is French in his entire manner, and, above everything, a painter for painters. Of poetry and inward absorption he has no trace. Like Besnard, he is a subtile virtuoso, though undoubtedly an artist who challenges the admiration of his fellows, while the great public stand in perplexity before his pictures. His *métier* interests him, and therefore he interests

SARGENT: "CARMENCITA."

others. His pictures, moreover, always show the work of the hand. Every stroke can be followed. Everything lives and breathes and moves and trembles. Some scenes from Venice and from Spanish *cafés chantants*, perhaps, show the full degree of his ability. Needless to state he has not represented the Grand Canal nor the Palace of St. Mark, for anything so banal and threadbare would hardly suit his taste. On the contrary, his views from Venice only contain scenes from dark holes and corners of the town, or from low halls where a sunbeam is coyly falling. Or a pair of girls, wrapped in dirty greenish-yellow shawls, are flitting through the streets in their little wooden shoes like lizards. In 1882 he painted a gipsy dance with a gallant *maestria* which would have delighted Goya. Degas alone would have rendered the movement of the dancing-girl, in all her melting lines, with such astonishing sureness of hand, and Manet alone would have rendered the *guitarrero* with so much naturalness. One of his later masterpieces, "Carmencita," a portrait of the Spanish dancer, dressed in orange and advancing

to the footlights with her hand resting upon her hip, has come into the possession of the Musée Luxembourg.

Together with Sargent amongst the London Americans, *Henry Muhrmann* has specially come to the front at recent exhibitions. Trained in Munich, he now works by preference in Hastings, and amid the dark cliffs of this old seaside town he has painted landscapes of a dim, melancholy, and earnest depth. With their fine instinct for novelty, their presage of the tendency of the future, the Americans are well able to estimate the value of European schools of art. For this reason they seek neither Berlin nor Düsseldorf amongst German centres of art, but only Munich, nor did they come even here until Munich had decisively joined in the great modern movement.

In Munich *Carl Marr* has acquired the reputation of being an artist of uncommon soundness. He cannot be called particularly spirited nor particularly intimate in feeling; and many young painters shake their heads with indifference when they behold his pictures—wearisome and sound, sound and wearisome. Marr is no stormy revolutionary; he is a worker, a born professor for an academy, whose talent is made up of the elements of will, work, study, and patience. He is possessed of an arid precision, to which it is not difficult to do justice, and through this quiet, sure-footed Naturalism, free from all extravagances, he has won many admirers—not indeed amongst epicures, but at any rate amongst the conservatives in art.

His large "Procession of Flagellants," by which he introduced himself to the artistic world in 1889, was a good, serious, historical picture, which had no false vehemence. One could not go into great raptures at seeing a bright historical painting taking the place of one which was brown, but it was impossible not to recognize the draughtsmanlike qualities and the courage and endurance requisite for illustrating so big a canvas. His next picture, "Germany in 1806," was more intimate and sensitive in feeling: in subject, indeed, it was not entirely free from features savouring of German *genre* and *Die Gartenlaube*, but from a technical standpoint it had interest, since it bore witness, for the first time, to the observation of twilight in an interior,

after a period in which brightness of painting had been insisted on in a one-sided fashion. Even in his "Summer Day" of 1892 he showed that he had the art of producing a *genre* picture intelligible to the great public with the resources of modern *plein-air* painting. The girls, and mothers and children, sitting under the leaves in the garden, were pretty enough to delight the Sunday crowd of sightseers, while the brilliancy of the sun rippling through the foliage, and the motes of light playing upon the ground and the human figures, were interpreted with consummate ability. In fact Marr has the capacity of satisfying every one. His pictures attract the most incompetent judges because they tell a story, and yet the soundness of their technique is so great that they cannot offend the most exacting.

Charles Frederick Ulrich, who was born in New York, and afterwards became a pupil of Löfftz and Lindenschmit, has found much that is pretty to paint in Italy. In fact he takes a place in the group represented by Ludwig Pasini, Zezzos, Nono, Tito, Cecil van Haanen, Franz Ruben, Eugene Blaas, William Logsdail, Henry Woods, and others. The richly coloured city of the lagunes is his domain—not romantic Venice, but the Venice of the day, with its narrow ways and pretty girls, Venice with its glittering effects of light and picturesque figures in the streets. Laundresses and women making bouquets sit laughing and jesting over their work—the same coquettish girls with black or red hair, pearly white teeth, and neat little slippers who move also in the works of Tito. What distinguishes Ulrich from the Italians is merely that he loves refinement and softness in making transitions, mild lustre of colour, and distinction and sobriety in general tone, after the fashion of the English water-colour artists, in contradistinction to the pyrotechnics of Fortuny.

Mention should be made also of the portraits and unpretentious sketches from street-life in Munich by *Robert Koehler* of Milwaukee, and of good landscapes and etchings by *Sion Wenban*. *Orrin Peck* attracted attention in 1889 by a picture named "From Him," a thoughtful piece of Düsseldorfian work with modern technique. And *Hermann Hartwich*, a pupil of

Löfftz, chiefly finds his subjects in South Tyrol and the North of Italy: interiors with grandmothers and children, laundresses upon sunny meadows, or winter landscapes with cattle-dealers and shivering animals.

True it is that all these painters reveal nothing American. They are, indeed, hardly to be distinguished from their French, English, and German colleagues. But the swiftness and ability with which America came to support herself upon European crutches in the matter of technique is all the more admirable. All these men have become good soldiers in the armies of foreign leaders. They have learnt to stand firmly on their feet in Europe, and that in itself is a great achievement. Even as late as the year 1878 Mr. G. W. Sheldon was able to write in an article upon American art published in *Harper's Magazine*: "The great defect of American art—to speak in the spirit of self-examination and soberness—is ignorance. American artists, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have not mastered the science of their profession. They did not learn early enough how to draw; they have not practised drawing persistently enough or long enough. . . . They have not clear ideas of what art is and of what art demands."

But now after less than twenty years exactly the opposite has come to pass. What is striking in all American pictures is their eminent technical ability. There is displayed in these pictures a strenuous discipline of talent, an effort to probe the subject as artistically as possible, a thoroughness seldom equalled even by the "thoroughness" of the Germans. And technique being the basis of every art, the groundwork for the growth of a specially American school has been thus created.

It is, of course, impossible for one who is not an American to make for himself any clear sketch of transatlantic art. But according to the accounts which reach us from the United States, a powerful artistic movement, expressing itself by the foundation of numerous galleries, art schools, and art unions, must have passed through the country during the last twenty years. In every really large town there are industrial museums and picture galleries, and sometimes these are of great importance; the modern section of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art,

in particular, is one of the best of the kind. Academies of Art have sprung up in all directions, the most distinguished being those of Boston, New York, Newhaven, and Philadelphia, beside which there are comprehensive private collections. Their illustrated magazines are supported by a most extensive circle of readers, and are sometimes periodicals of such high artistic character that Europe has nothing similar that can be placed beside them. *The Century* and *Harper's Magazine*, for instance, count amongst their illustrators men whose names are held in esteem in both hemispheres, such as *Edwin A. Abbey*, *Charles S. Reinhart*, *Howard Pyle*, *Joseph Pennell*, and *Alfred Parsons*. Moreover a new school for the art of woodcut engraving has come into being, with Frederick Jüngling, Closson, and Timothy Cole at its head, and these men stand to their European colleagues as a spirited etcher to a neat line-engraver in copper. And even as regards painting, the Paris Exhibition of 1889 and the Munich Exhibition of 1892 bore witness that an individual movement was already stirring in America, and that American art was no longer an appanage of European, but an independent growth, an organism which had set itself free from Europe. In the Paris Exhibition of 1855 the Americans had no section to themselves. In 1867, it is true, they had three sides of a small inner gallery, but only excited interest amongst their compatriots. In 1878 they were represented by a larger quantity of pictures and better quality. But in 1889 the American section was one of the most admirable in the World Exhibition. Not only were there painters who, after they had become known in Europe, had continued to work energetically according to the principles acquired in the old world, but there were likewise young artists who had completed their schooling across the ocean, and boldly went their own way, untouched by European influences. Moreover older artists were discovered, men whose relationship to our own schools it was by no means easy to establish, though they took a place beside the most individual masters in Europe.

And yet one is not brought into the "Wild West" by these American masters. Hordes of Indians, grazing buffaloes, burning prairies and virgin forests, gold-diggers, fur-traders, and Roman-

New York: Appleton.]

HOMER: "THE NEGRO SCHOOL."

ticism of the "Leather Stocking" order may be sought in their works in vain. The many-sided *Winslow Homer*, the painter of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is striking as the only one of them who represents in his subjects what we should understand as peculiarly American. He took an interest in the coloured population, and had the secret of kindling an interest for them in Europeans also. His negro studies, his representations of the land and the people, his pictures of the American soil with the race of men whose home it is, are often rather naïve in painting, but they are honest and sincere, baptized in American water. He was a vigorous realist who went straight to the mark and painted his open-air scenes in sunlight fluently from nature. Thus he was the first energetic representative of open-air painting in America.

Moreover *Alfred Kappes* has sometimes given felicitous renderings of negro life. *G. Brush*, on the other hand, borrows his subjects from the life of the Indians, while *Robert Blum* paints Japanese street-scenes full of sunlight and lustrous

New York: Appleton.]

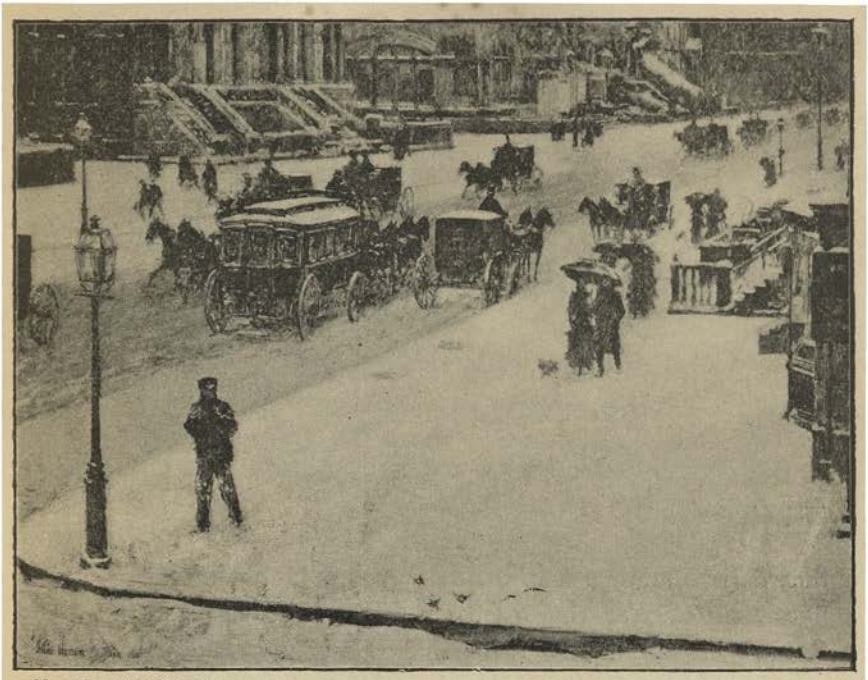
INNESS: A LANDSCAPE.

colour. For the rest, American art is a *résumé* of the art of Europe, just as the race itself is a medley of the civilized peoples of the old world. Of the peculiarity of life in the West it has nothing so original and unexpected to reveal as the things which Mark Twain and Bret Harte have told in literature. Yet it is an exceedingly tasteful *résumé*, and if America still counts as a convenient market for the commercial wares of Europe, this does not mean that there are no painters in the country, but merely that American painters are too proud to satisfy the demands of picture-dealers. This reaction found its weightiest expression in 1878, in the foundation of the Society of American Artists, the first article in whose statutes was that they did not accept Cabanel, Bouguereau, and Meyer of Bremen as their leaders, but Millet, Corot, and Rousseau. The founders of this society were *Walter Shirlaw*, who had come home from Munich, *George Fuller*, who had lived upon his farm in quiet retirement, far from the artistic life of capitals, *George Inness*, *Wyatt Eaton*, *Morris Hunt*, and *Thomas Moran*. It is the chief merit of these men that they

made the noble art of the Fontainebleau colony the basis of artistic effort in America.

George Inness made himself for the first time known in Germany in 1892 by three landscapes. "Sunset," painted in 1888, displayed a few withered trees upon a lonely heath, and a blue-black sky, where a deep red sun broke forth from the rent clouds. The second picture, "Winter Morning," represented a season which is dear to English painters likewise—the verge of spring before nature grows verdant, and when the trees and shrubs show their earliest buds, and a suggestion of coming blossom peeps through the remnants of the snow which still cover the fields with a dirty brownish grey. The third picture, "A Calm Day," displayed a few trees on the border of a lake in the dusk: the forms of nature here were merely a medium by which the painter represented the play of finely balanced tones.

It then became known that George Inness, a master whom his contemporaries had not known how to value, and who first received his laurels from the younger generation, was born as early as May 1st, 1825, in Newburgh (Orange County), near the romantic banks of the Hudson, where simple, rustic, and idyllic landscapes stretch hard by the virgin-forest scenery of America. When he began to paint, R. Gignoux, who had come from France and held the masters of Barbizon in great veneration, had just entered into the full possession of his powers. At his studio Inness beheld the first landscapes of the Fontainebleau school, and became more familiarly acquainted with their works through a residence in Europe extending from 1871 to 1875. In these later years he worked upon his most important creations. His life, like that of Corot, was a constant renovation of artistic power. Like Corot, he began with views from Italy. Simple pictures from the Roman Campagna alternated with straightforward representations of the Gulf of Naples. Then, for a time, he became a Romanticist, embellishing the wild woods of America with angels and pilgrims, monks and crucifixes. But in the sixties the marvels of light became his field of study, and some of the pictures



Munich: Hanfstängl.]

HASSAM: "SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK."

which he painted at that time—for example, the large work "Light Triumphant"—might have been signed by Turner. Grey clouds shift across the firmament, and behind them stands the shining globe of the sun; all the sky quivers like fluid gold; shining yellow is the stream which flows through the meadow; and sunbeams ripple through the branches of the trees and glance upon the brown glistening hide of the cattle and the white horses of the cowboys. Sad and sombre, and covered with thick darkness, was "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," with the distant cross upon which the body of the Saviour hung shining. But in these days this same Romanticist has purged himself and become quiet in manner, classic, like a painter of the Fontainebleau school whose name one cannot recall. He loves the world when it lies in a solemn dusk, rolling country with leafless boughs and withered bushes; though he also delights in the red, glowing splendours of sunset and

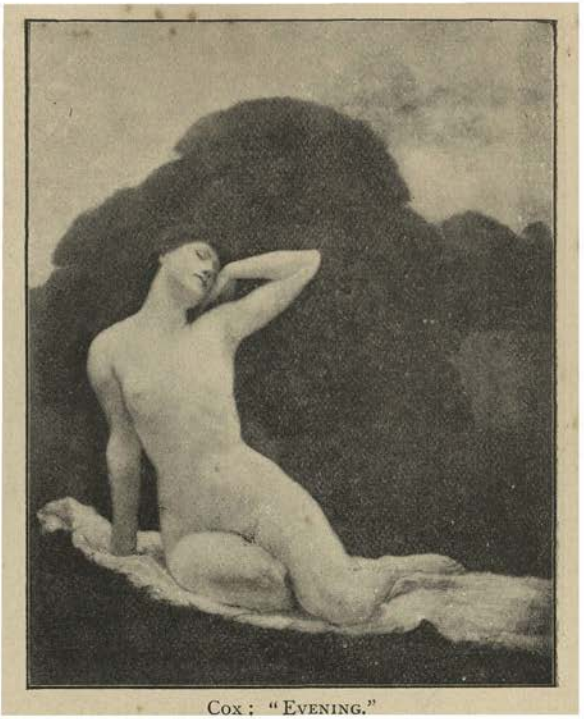
Munich: Hanfstängl.]

VONNOH: "A POPPY FIELD."

the dark thunderstorm. At times he is broad and powerful like Rousseau, at times delicate with the Elysian sentiment of Corot, here idyllically rustic like Daubigny, and here full of vehement lament like Dupré. All his pictures are tone-symphonies, broadly painted, deeply harmonized, and in perfect concord. And the history of art must hold him in honour as one of the most delicate and many-sided landscapists of the century.

Wyatt Eaton became the American Millet. Having been first a pupil of Leutze in Düsseldorf and then for many years in Barbizon, he began to paint reapers, wood-choppers, and peasants resting from their work—in fact all those country motives naturalized in art by the poetic genius of Jean François. Wyatt Eaton's talent, however, has not the robust largeness or the complete rusticity of the master of Gruchy; nevertheless it holds itself aloof from the manufactured elegance by which Jules Breton obtained admission into the drawing-room for Millet's peasants. His representation of country life is sincere and honest, though his painting, like Millet's, has a certain laboured heaviness. Men, and trees, and haystacks are touched by the same oily light.

A younger artist, *Dwight William Tryon*, who has been since



COX: "EVENING."

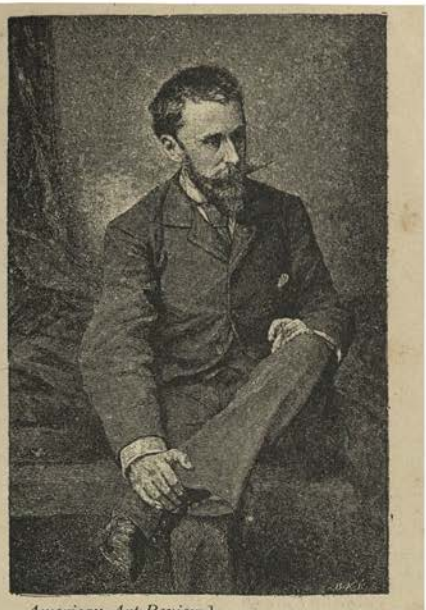
1885 the Director of the Hartford school of art, had his eye disciplined under Daubigny. There may be seen in his pictures, as in Daubigny's, a silvery grey atmosphere, against which the tracery of young foliage stands out in relief, green shining meadows and softly rippling streams, corn-fields, apple-trees, and fruit-gardens. In his delicate little picture "The Rising Moon," exhibited in the Munich Exhibition of 1892, the parting flush of evening plays over a bluish-green haystack with a dusky yellow light. His second picture, "Day-break," displayed a lake and a sleeping town, over which the grey dawn cast its hesitating beams. In his third picture, "December," he rendered a strip of sedge and a grey fallow-ground over which there rested, sad and chill, a grey heavy stratum of atmosphere, pierced by yellowish streaks of light.

J. Appleton Brown, whose works made a stir in the Salon as early as the seventies, is compared with Dupré by American critics. His favourite key of colour is that of dun-coloured sunset, and against it a gnarled oak or the yellow sail of a small craft stretches like a dark phantom. That admirable painter of animals, *Peter Moran*, turned early from Landseer to Rosa Bonheur and Troyon. One of his brothers, Thomas Moran, gave himself up to the study of landscape, and the other, Edward, to that of the sea and life upon the strand. They are

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

DEWING: "AT THE PIANO."

in every sense American artists, men who borrow their subjects from American scenery only, depicting it under a peculiarly brilliant light. In *Thomas Moran's* pictures from the virgin forests of the South all objects are enveloped in the golden haze of Turner. Waterfalls and glowing red, blue, and violet masses of cliff are bathed in sunny mist, in orange, tender blue, or light green atmosphere. *Edward Moran* painted fishermen and fisher-women at their toil or returning home: water and strand, people and vessels, vanish into a blue haze which decomposes all outlines. *L. C. Tiffany* established himself in the port of New York, and painted charming things which yield in nothing to those of Vollon: in the foreground are ships and men at work, and in the background the piquant outline of New York rising out of the mist, and reflected in the clear water of the ocean, gilded by the dawn. The works of *John Francis Murphy* are full of intimate feeling, and although his dark regions of wood, sedge-grown pools, and peasant cabins were painted on the Hudson, they have been seen, in their



American Art Review.]
WILLIAM MERRIT CHASE.

delicately toned poetry of nature, entirely with the eyes of a Fontainebleau painter.

The younger men passed from beauty recalling the old masters, and the clarity bathed in radiance which Turner loved, to the study of more complicated effects of light. Fire, lamplight, and sunlight strive for the mastery upon their canvases. *Childe Hassam*, who returned some years ago from Paris to America, has rendered the street-life of New York in fresh and fleeting sketches: snow, smoke, and flaring gaslight pouring through the shop-windows, quivering out into the night, and reflected in an intense blaze upon the faces of men and women. *Julian Alden Weir*, son of Robert Walter Weir, the American Piloty, worked in Paris under Gérôme, though he would seem to have made a far more frequent study of Cazin. His simple little pictures—field-paths leading between meadows, narrow rivulets rippling by the side of dusty roads—have that softly meditative and tenderly dreamy trait which is the note of Cazin's landscapes. Another of these painters, *H. W. Ranger*, loves the quiet hour when the lighted gaslamps contend against the fading day, and the electric light pierces the sea of smoke and mist hanging over the streets with its keen rays. As befits his Dutch origin, *Alexander van Laer* has in his sea-pieces more of a leaning towards Mesdag's grey tones. *Bisbing* paints large landscapes, saturated by light and air, with cows somnolently resting in the sun; while *Davis* has the secret of interpreting the greyish-blue effects of morning with great delicacy. And the younger *Inness* has a fondness for departing thunder-showers, rainbows, and misty red sunbeams penetrating

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

CHASE: "IN THE PARK."

in the form of wedges through a sea of mist, and resting upon wide stony fields.

Unhackneyed, desperately unhackneyed, unhackneyed to exaggeration are the figure-painters also. That enlivening artist *J. G. Brown*, indefatigable in portraying the street-arabs of New York; *J. M. C. Hamilton*, who based himself upon Alfred Stevens; the miniature-painter *Ignaz Marcel Gaugengigl*; and even *J. Ridgway Knight* of Philadelphia, a Bastien-Lepage transposed into the key of feminine prettiness; these, with their smooth, neat, conscientious painting, no longer fit into the general plan of American art. The younger men do not waste their time over such work of detail done with a fine brush, in addition to which the ordinary grey painting is too simple for them. Some of them, like *Eliuh Vedder* and *Frederick S. Church*, move in a grotesquely fantastic world of ideas. Others attempt the most hazardous schemes of colour, and often excite the impression that their pictures have not been painted with the brush at all. In this respect that bold colourist *Robert William Vonnoh* reached the extreme limit at the Munich

Exhibition of 1892. His gleaming and flaming picture of a field of poppies, where a girl was playing, while the glowing July sun glanced over it, is less like an oil-picture than a relief in oils. The unmixed red had been directly pressed on to the canvas from the tube in broad masses, and stood flickering against the blue air; and the bluish-green leaves were placed beside them by the same direct method, white lights being attained by judiciously managed fragments of blank canvas. Never yet was war so boldly declared against all the conventional usages of the studio; never yet were such barbaric means employed to attain an astounding effect of light. Even with portrait-painting the most subtile studies of light were combined: the persons sit before the hearth or beneath a lamp, irradiated with the light of the fire; hands, face, and clothes are covered with reflections of the flame. And *Charles Edmund Tarbell*, who, like Besnard, regards the human brain merely as a medium for perceiving effects of light, is in the habit of briefly naming his broadly executed pictures of girls "An Opal" or "An Amethyst" to suit the tone of the prevailing illumination.

But as the Americans were the first to follow Manet's painting of light, so were they also the first to adopt that lyricism of colour originated by Watts and Whistler, and now extending over European painting in wider and wider circles. *Kenyon Cox*, a pupil of Gérôme and Carolus Duran, who in earlier days painted large mythological pictures in the manner of French Classicism, had in the Munich Exhibition of 1892 a marvellous nude figure of a woman in front of a deep Titianesque group of trees—a work which might have been painted by a modern Scotchman, so full in tone were the chords of colour which he struck on it.

A pupil of Boulanger and Lefebure, *W. Thomas Dewing*, like Whistler, paints pale, slender women resting in the twilight, and one of his pictures—a young lady in black silk sitting at the piano before a silvery grey wall—had in its refined grey and black tones something of the brilliant, knightly verve which is elsewhere only to be found in Orchardson. *Julius Rolshoven*

who now lives in Cincinnati, after having long painted in Italy, exhibited pictures from Venice—girls kneeling before the image of the Virgin at the sound of the Ave Maria, views of the Doge's palace or of Chioggia—and in these pictures too there was nothing of the sunny play of light which modern Italians shed over such scenes; on the contrary powerful greenish-blue tones were spread out, with an effect of dark and solemn gravity.

William Merrit Chase has studied the symphonic harmonies of the great magician Whistler with the finest understanding for them. In the seventies Chase counted as one of the most original amongst the younger pupils of Piloty, and works of his belonging to that period, such as "The Court Fool" and the picture of the street-arabs smoking, were good *genre* pieces in the German style. But in 1883 he surprised every one by his vivid portrait of the painter Frank Duvenek, who was seated, with American nonchalance, facing the back of a chair, smoking a cigar, as also by his portrait of F. S. Church, and by some fine landscapes—Venetian canal pictures and desolate American cliffs. From being a pupil of Piloty he had become a bold painter in bright tones, revelling in the whitest sunlight. In the decade which has passed since that time Velasquez, whom he copied in Spain, and Whistler, under whose influence he was in London, led him forwards from mere bright painting to that beauty of tone which is now sought in all quarters of Europe by the most advanced men of the age. The present Director of the Art Students' League paints, when he is in the mood, in a very fine and delicate grey, as in the park-scene entitled "Two Friends." He is bright and full of bloom when he paints graceful children, slender girls with brown curling hair, walking in green sunny fields and clothed in dazzling white, playing at the edge of a pond or jumping about over gaily coloured skipping-ropes. He revels as a landscapist in deep chords of colour recalling Scotch painters, and makes a sombre and powerful effect in his portrait of Whistler.

So America has an art of her own. Yet even those Americans

who work in their native land betray an accent less national than the Danes, for example, or the Dutch ; and national accent they cannot have because the entire civilization of America, far more than that of other countries, is exposed to international influences. They possess no captivating intimacy of emotion, they know nothing of confidential revelations, but clearness of eye they have, and deftness of hand, and refined taste, and they understand admirably the secret of creating an illusion by technique. Let Europe or America be their home, they are children of the New World, the most modern amongst the moderns.

CHAPTER XLV

GERMANY

Retrospect of the development of German painting since Menzel and Leibl.—The landscapists had been the first to make the influence of Fontainebleau operative: Adolf Lier, Adolf Staebli, Otto Fröhlicher, Josef Wenglein, Louis Neubert, Carl Heffner.—The Munich Exhibition of 1879 brings about an acquaintance with Manet and Bastien-Lepage: Max Liebermann.—The other representatives of the new art in Berlin: Franz Skarbina, Friedrich Stahl, Hans Herrmann, Hugo Vogel, Walter Leistikow, Reinhold Lepsius, Curt Herrmann, Lesser Ury, Ludwig Dettmann.—Vienna.—Düsseldorf: Arthur Kampf, Kämpffer, Olaf Jernberg.—Stuttgart: Otto Reiniger, Robert Haug.—Hamburg: Thomas Herbst.—Carlsruhe: Gustav Schönleber, Herrmann Baisch, Friedrich Kallmorgen, Robert Poetzelberger.—Weimar: Theodor Hagen, Baron Gleichen-Russwurm, L. Berkemeier, R. Thierbach, P. Baum.—Munich: Bruno Piglhein, Albert Keller, Baron von Habermann, Count Leopold Kalckreuth, Gotthard Kuehl, Paul Höcker, H. Zügel, Victor Weishaupt, L. Dill, L. Herterich, Waclaw Scymanowski, Hans Olde, A. Langhammer, Leo Samberger, W. Firle, H. von Bartels, W. Keller-Reutlingen, and others.—The illustrators: René Reinicke, H. Schlittgen, Hengeler, Wahle.

GERMANY was longest in putting off the old Adam and joining in the great tendency which was flooding Europe; and yet the old Adam had been neither thoroughly French nor thoroughly German. As late as 1878 the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*—the journal best qualified to form an estimate upon works of art—in its article upon the World Exhibition, was able to summarize its judgment of the German galleries in these words: "There are one or two artists of the first rank and many men of talent, but in other respects German painting is still upon the level of the schools which had their day amongst us thirty

years ago; this is the solitary school of painting which does not seem to perceive that the age of railways and World Exhibitions needs an art different from that of the age of philosophy and provincial isolation." The pigtail, which in earlier days had been the mode in other countries, had been worn so long that it was now piously represented to be "the German national style." It had vanished out of all recollection that historical painting had been imported in 1842 from Belgium, whither it was brought from Paris in 1830. In the course of years it had become so dear to the Germans that they clung to it as to a national banner, and founded Art Unions to foster in Germany a thing which had been buried everywhere else. It was forgotten that the anecdotic *genre* had been borrowed from England in the beginning of the century, and had been in England, as in France, a mere cloak for artistic weaknesses, or a sop for a public not yet trained to appreciate art. But when this phase of the anecdote told in colours had been overcome elsewhere, it was a pleasant delusion to be able to praise humour and geniality as the peculiar portion of the Germans.

The Munich painters of costume, belonging to the close of the seventies, had taken an important step for Germany in setting painting, pure and simple, in the place occupied by painted history and painted anecdote; and their pictures met with the best reception in Paris. But the critic of the *Gazette* pointed out with perfect justice that they merely represented a stage of transition towards modernity. An ardent study of the old masters had assisted artists in learning once more how to paint, at a time when narrative subject was held of chief account and not painting at all. But the mischief was that everything was hopelessly well-painted in a way which did not further the historical development of art by one single step. Artists understood how to adapt the garment of the old painters in a masterly fashion, to let it fall in graceful folds, to trim it with joyous colours, but it was, none the less, an old garment, which, in spite of artificial renovation, was not rendered more beautiful than it had been when it was new.

The representation of genuine modern humanity began with

Menzel. During those years he held sway over an isolated domain of his own. Positive in spirit and keen of eye, he found material that he could turn to account wherever he was—in drawing-rooms, upon public promenades, in menageries and manufactories. He had no stories to tell, and introduced nothing humorous into his work, but simply kept his eyes open. And yet even in his method there was a certain narrative element, something with a savour of *genre*, an inclination to be discursive. He observed the physiognomies and attitudes of his fellow-creatures with the eyes of Hogarth; and the ceremonial laws of courtly splendour, when he renders account of them, make an effect which is more plebeian than aristocratic; the gaiety of watering-places, when seen by him, has an almost mournful comicality. He was a cold analyst, accentuating and defining acutely what he had first worked out with keenness in his own mind, but he was deficient in tenderness, quickness of feeling, and affection. There is something satirical in his way of underlining, something heartless in his calculated irony, which hardly lowers the rapier to spare helpless children and defenceless women. Few have seen more keenly into the spirit of their fellows; but he always stands unapproachably above them, and deals with them merely to turn spirited epigrams at their expense.

With Leibl German painting made an advance upon Menzel's piquant *feuilleton* style, and one which was in the direction of simplicity. Its method of interpretation was no longer that of scoring points: Leibl observes and paints. Moreover he paints exceedingly well, paints human bodies and articles of clothing so accurately as to create an illusion, paints all things tangible with such a fidelity to nature that one is prompted to lay one's hand upon them. The entire population of Aibling—peasants, sportsmen, and women—are the uncanny doubles of nature in Leibl's pictures, and are overwhelming in their resemblance to life. All his technical resources have a masterly sureness in their effect. One cannot but admire such handiwork, and nevertheless one understands why it was that later painters aimed at something different.

And landscape had reached the ideal which had floated before the younger generation, ever since the masters of Barbizon became more accurately known in Germany, just as little as figure-painting. A great advance was made when *Adolf Lier*, going back to Schleich, set up the Munich painting expressing the mood of nature in place of the painted Baedeker dear to the older generation. Lier had been in Barbizon. The forceful figure of Jules Dupré had been near him, and his first pictures were a revelation for Germany. And when art which was purely objective and geographical gave way before the impulse to represent native scenery in the intimate charm of its moods of light and air, there came of necessity an increasing and proportionate power of artistic absorption. Simple scenes from the neighbourhood of Munich, Schleissheim, and Dachau in moonshine, rain, or evening light, in spring or in autumn, were Lier's favourite motives. The rays of the setting sun in his landscapes are reflected in brown morasses surrounded by trees, or the evening clearness gleams over snow and ice, or the light of the noonday sun battles with the dust rising from a road, where a flock of sheep are passing leisurely forwards. *Adolf Staebli*, who was a Swiss, worked on the shores of the Starnbergersee and the Ammersee, attracted by their mighty clumps of trees, majestically grave in outline. His compatriot the late *Otto Fröhlicher*, who was most decisively impressed by Theodore Rousseau, painted in the neighbourhood of Dachau and Peissenberg wide plains in gloomy moods of rain, and gnarled oaks rising like phantoms against the sky; and, false and mediocre as he is in his studio pictures, he has left strong and virile studies breathing of the fresh and delicious fragrance of the forest. *Josef Wenglein* rendered the broad, flat, sandy bed of the Isar near Toelz, the sun struggling against the vapours rising from moor and meadow, the wooded spines of the hills fringing the river's bed, and the delicate outlines of the Upper Bavarian ranges, emerging out of the distance in shining silvery vapour. Poor *Louis Neubert*, who was buried alive, delighted in the lyricism of desolate places: silent coasts

where the weary waves subside, black autumn nights when the dark pastures slumber and the murmuring waters sing them a lullaby. *Carl Heffner* found congenial motives in the soft park-like scenery of England: quiet country-houses pleasantly hidden amongst trees, and lonely pools where lazily shifting clouds are mirrored.

But neither Lier himself in his later years nor any of his followers had the reverence for nature necessary for drawing full advantage from the doctrines of the Fontainebleau school. It was only in the beginning, at the first acquaintanceship with *paysage intime*, that the German painters found refreshment from this new source. In later times its waters were adulterated with unseasonable spices. In the days when the gallery tone, reminiscent of old masters, dominated figure-painting, landscape was likewise subjected to this influence. The warm golden light of Lier became a formula with the Munich school. "Beautiful" views were followed by a necessity for "beauty" of tone. Nature was still regarded with preconceived notions, and its simple poetry, which inspired the French, was gradually transformed into something the very opposite.

Things were in this condition when the Parisian Impressionists raised the cry after light and sun, and more accurate knowledge of their innovations was acquired through the French making such an imposing display as they did at the Munich Exhibition of 1879. Courbet had risen above the horizon in Germany in 1869, and now the French exhibitors of 1879 pointed out the way which led from Courbet to Millet, Manet, and Bastien-Lepage.

Soon after a certain change might have been noticed in German exhibitions. Amid the great historical pictures, and costume-pieces modelled on the old masters, and antiquated *genre* scenes, there hung, scattered here and there, exceedingly unassuming pictures, which rendered neither pompous dramatic scenes nor amusing pranks, but simple and unpretentious subjects which had been directly observed. They represented toiling humanity: shepherds, peasants, cobblers, women mending nets, men stitching sails or binding wire. Or they represented

people at their recreation in the beer-garden or in the enforced inactivity of old age. And the persons thus painted carried on no by-play with the public, as in earlier *genre* pictures; on the contrary they were absorbed in their occupation, and everything suggestive of a relation between the model and the artist, the figure and the spectator, was scrupulously eradicated. Moreover the inanimate, petrified element which vitiated the productions of the realists was also avoided. The wind was felt to be blowing strong around the figures; and the beholder not only saw peasants and blouses, but fancied that he could breathe the very odour of the forest and the earth.

Just as at this time it was the aim of modern drama to represent its personages, by all the resources in its power, as under the sway of their physical and moral surroundings, their real and habitual atmosphere, so atmospheric effect—air and light—had now become the chief field of study in painting. Here and there in the galleries of exhibitions there emerged little landscapes, the most unpretentious that could have been painted: monotonous plains, poor flat lands, vegetable gardens and weedy fields, and straight tulip-beds cut in broad stripes; and with great frequency the peculiarly iridescent bluish-red tones of certain species of cabbage-heads were to be remarked. As the figure-painters scorned to arouse an interest for art in those who had no real feeling for it by making points and painting anecdote, the landscape-painters disdained to stimulate a topographical interest by representing the scenery beloved of tourists, and were above creating the sentiment of landscape for their pictures by false sentiment. They devoted themselves to nature with complete reverence, turning their eyes only to the charm of atmosphere—the spiritual charm—which rests over quiet and unmolested nooks. German painting had grown more ideal and more elevated in taste since artists had given up working frankly for the picture-buyer; although it busied itself only with toiling and heavily laden humanity, and with potato-fields or cabbage-fields, it had become more exclusive and refined, for now it touched only tones that were discreet and low, and had no regard for those who did not care to listen to them.

As a matter of fact, however, the battle that had to be fought in Germany was almost severer than in France. Since Oswald Achenbach and Eduard Grützner the public had seen so many views of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, and so many humorous *genre* episodes, that it was almost impossible to imagine simple regions and serious men after these showy landscapes and laughing faces. In addition to this an uncompromising study of nature offended eyes which could only tolerate her when trimmed and set in order. The fresh rendering of personal impressions seemed brutal after that more glittering painting which made a dexterous use of the articulation of form and colour found in the old masters, adapting them for the expression of its own aims. The effort to express the values of tone with a renunciation of all narrative intention was looked upon as want of spirit, because the interest in subject, even the very rudest that has any relation to art, obstructed the growth of the sense for absolute painting.

But the science of æsthetics—which had hitherto been almost always obliged to take up a deprecatory attitude towards modern art—had now occasion to follow the nature and history of the opposition party with interest, and from the very first day. For it had to establish that their programme attacked the validity of those elements in the ascendant art by which it was fundamentally distinguished from genuine old painting. The new art aroused confidence because it no longer formed for itself a style out of other styles, but, like every genuine form of art, aimed at being the chronicle and mirror of its own age. It aroused confidence because, after a prolonged period of mongrel narrative art, it set forth a true style of painting, which stood in need of no interesting title in a catalogue, but carried in itself the justification of its own existence. And although the roots of the new tree were embedded in France, it almost seemed as if German painting, after so long deviating into romantic lines, were about to begin once more, with modern refinement of colour, at the point where Dürer and the "little masters" had broken off. To those reviewing the past it was as though a bridge had been cast from the present to that old

Graphische Künste.] [*Uhde pxt.*

MAX LIEBERMANN.

art of the Germans, Dutch, and English which in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries pressed ever onwards, opposing Romantic Eclecticism. The finest spirits occupied with the science of æsthetics began to champion the new ideas, after having sceptically held aloof from all modern art. And they were joined by a large number of the younger men. In 1888, twenty years after Manet had arranged that private exhibition at Durand-Ruel's which was so momentous in its results, the "New Art"—against which the doors of the Art Union had been closed even in Munich—was triumphantly established in the Crystal Palace, and at that time I began my articles on the great International Exhibition with the heading "*Max Liebermann.*"

He was the bearer of the Promethean fire that was kindled in Barbizon, and the initiator of the movement in Germany corresponding with that which had taken place in Fontainebleau. Whilst others who had been before him in Barbizon received no enduring impressions, Liebermann was the first to bring the unvarnished programme of the new style to his native land, and thus became one of those pioneers whose place is assured in the history of art. When he appeared he fared as badly as the French painters who had quickened his talent: he was decried as an apostle of hideousness. But now it is a different matter, and his works show that he has not altered himself, but has made a change in us. He went a step further than Menzel in adopting a style of simplicity, and endeavouring to lose himself in nature where Menzel had been content to hover over the surface of things in his brilliant way. And he went a step further than Leibl in no longer regarding it as the highest aim

Graphische Künste.] *[Halm sc.*

LIEBERMANN: "THE COBBLER'S SHOP."

of art to paint pictures which should be a wide and broad illustration of sheer downright perspicuity; on the contrary he attempted to grasp the very nature of things, their pulsating life and their fragrant essence. That art is an affair of feeling, knowledge, and discovery rather than of calculation, combination, and tortured effort was the revelation which he was the first to make to German painters.

Max Liebermann was born in Berlin on July 29th, 1849. Here he passed his childhood, went to the "gymnasium" or advanced school, and, at his father's wish, had himself entered at the university in the "faculty of philosophy." At the same time he studied in Steffeck's studio, where he made so much progress that at the end of eighteen months he was allowed to assist the master in his large picture "Sadowa." He painted guns, sabres, uniforms, and hands to the complete satisfaction of his teacher, but he was himself so thoroughly convinced of the inadequacy of his studies that in 1869 he made the experiment of entering the School of Art in Weimar. And there he worked for three years under Thumann and Pauwels, beginning pictures in their style, though not one of them was ever finished; and in 1872 he exhibited his first work, "Women plucking Geese."

Weimar was still the stronghold of Classicism, in spite of Lenbach having been there for some time. Genelli was fresh in the memory of all, and Preller was still alive. Upon such consecrated ground "Women plucking Geese" must have made a very plebeian impression, and one which was the more brutal

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LIEBERMANN: "THE SEAMSTRESS."

as even this first picture had the naturalness and simplicity which were characteristic of Liebermann's style. Here there was already shown a man who approached nature with resolution and impartiality. It was only the technique that was still heavy and material: at the beginning of his career, indeed, Liebermann was under the influence of Courbet, and he remained faithful to this sooty bituminous painting when he visited Paris at the end of 1872. Munkacsy, himself at the time under the influence of Ribot, confirmed him in his preference for heavy Bolognese shadows, so that one who afterwards became a "bright painter" was named by the Berlin critics "the son of darkness." It was only when he came to know the works of Troyon, Daubigny, and Corot that he liberated himself from the influence of the school of Courbet. The "Women preserving Vegetables," exhibited in the Salon of 1873—a number of women on barrels and wooden benches, preparing cabbage, artichokes, and asparagus for the next year—already showed greater lightness and clarity of treatment. The summer of 1873 he spent in Barbizon, and though he made no personal acquaintance with Millet, who died the following year, the works of the latter left a profound impression upon him. Under Millet's influence he produced "The Labourers in the Turnip-Field," his first masterpiece, and "Brother and Sister," which appeared in the Paris Salon of 1876. Whereas his works of the Weimar period made a dull and heavy impression (without having, however, the character of the *genre* picture at that time habitual in Germany), his taste now became purer and more refined. When Millet

LIEBERMANN: "WOMEN PLUCKING GEESE."

died he repaired to Millet's follower, Israels; and in Holland he did not study the old masters in the museums, but living men in the fishing villages, not the tone of the galleries, but the moist, bluish haze around the sun, and habituated himself still more to look at nature with a clear eye. Back in Germany once more, he remained from 1878 for a time in Munich, and made himself highly unpopular by his "Christ in the Temple," a belated result of his earlier studies of Menzel. The Bavarian Diet called him a rhyparographer, and the clergy complained of his picture as profaning religious sentiment. Yet a mere lover of art will admire its incisive painting and its penetrative force of characterization, though, upon the whole, he will not regret that this work has remained Liebermann's only attempt at the painting of biblical subjects.

In the same year, however, he found once more where his real talent lay, and never forgot it: he painted "The Children's Nursery in Amsterdam," and in 1881 "An Asylum for Old Men," which won a medal at the Paris Salon. In a leafy garden quiet, meditative old men are sitting beneath the trees, lost in

LIEBERMANN: "THE COURTYARD OF THE ORPHANAGE IN AMSTERDAM."

their memories and leisurely reverie. One would fancy that the painter had lived amongst them himself, and found pleasure in sitting on the bench, when the leaves rustled and the sunshine gleamed. There is not one of them whom he has sought to beautify, though, at the same time, he indulges in no pointed epigram upon their dulness; he has simply painted them all as if he were one of themselves, without even hinting at anything better or more lofty. For the first time the spirit of Millet had crossed the German border.

After this he produced, one after the other in rapid succession, "The Shoemaker's Workshop," "The Bleachyard," and "The Beer-Concert in Munich." Through these pictures he confirmed his reputation in Paris. He became a member of the "Cercle des Quinze," at the head of which were Alfred Stevens and Bastien-Lepage, and from that time exhibited annually in the Salon Petit, though as yet he was in a measure excluded from German exhibitions. In 1884 he settled once more in Berlin, where he still lives, mixing but little in artistic life,

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Artist sc.*

LIEBERMANN: "THE NET-MENDERS."

though he has dwelt there ever since, when not residing in Holland. For Holland, with its soft mist effacing the abruptness of contrasts, has become a second home for Liebermann; he has an affection for the country, and passes every summer in Zandvoort, the little village near Hilversum where Israels went through the complete renovation of his impressions upon art. Here he places himself in the direct presence of nature, studying it in its elementary simplicity, and transforming into colour its odour of earth. Here he does not paint stormy seas, old harbour buildings, and vast masses of cloud, like Andreas Achenbach, but the view of the dunes and the straight, monotonous distance, not what is merely objective, but light, the mist about the sun, and the silvery tone of the sea-air charged with moisture. Here he produces the pictures with which he gives us fresh delight with every year: old women in solitude, brooding in bare rooms, where whitish-green landscapes are seen through the great window-panes; the workrooms of artisans, weavers, and

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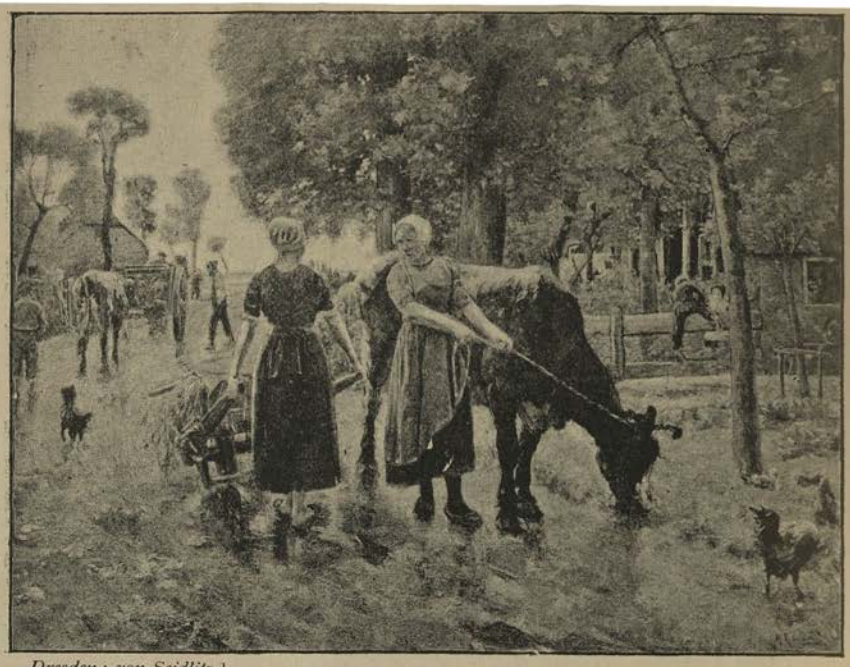
LIEBERMANN: "THE WOMAN WITH GOATS."

shoemakers, spare, raw-boned men devoted to their work without a thought for anything beyond it, and plunged in it with that air of absorption which is the most special and one of the most excellent features in Liebermann's paintings; hospital gardens, with old men lost in that contemplative inaction of the aged; fishermen by the sea; women gathered together beneath the moist sky of the Dutch coasts, mending nets or at the potato harvest; peasant families saying their homely grace at table; women sewing at the window in their wretched lodging, or women ironing and spreading large white sheets upon the greensward.

One of his finest pictures was "The Courtyard of the Orphanage in Amsterdam," painted in 1881. A *genre* painter of the earlier period would not have neglected to introduce some narrative episode, and would thus have robbed the scene of the simplicity, cordiality, and tender intimacy of feeling which it has in Liebermann. The sun stands high in the heaven, and the orphan girls, in a black and red costume with white caps,



Dresden: von Seidlitz.]

LIEBERMANN: "A VILLAGE STREET IN HOLLAND."

are passing to and fro, chatting together and doing work. They talk and move with such an unconscious air that they seem to have no suspicion of being painted. The soft light plays upon their pretty, expressive faces. There is, in truth, something sad and resigned in these children, who pass their life like nuns, without family, and strictly according to regulation: life has made them so staid and earnest within these walls.

His "Ropeyard," again, is an idyll of quiet work. If an earlier artist had painted this scene, the people in the picture would have been laughing, or whistling, or telling each other stories. In Liebermann they do nothing to excite laughter, but merely move backwards, working at the rope; its finely tempered reality is what gives the scene its quiet magic.

In his "Net-Menders," in the Hamburg Kunsthalle, he attempted a higher flight, and this work showed the full weight and energy of his personality. The vibrating light was heavily painted in "The Asylum for Old Men" and in "The Ropeyard."

Graphische Künste.]

LIEBERMANN: "THE FLAX-SPINNERS."

Looking at them one fancies the painter at his easel ardently toiling to arrive at truth. But here he has taken in a large scene at a single glance, and placed it palpitating with life upon the canvas with a bold hand: it is a hymn of toil and labour, of the struggle for life, of adverse winds and dark grey days of rain. There stretches a Northern plain, meagre and barren, of a green passing into grey, and shut in to the right by the dunes, which imperceptibly melt away at the horizon. Grey clouds are in the sky, which is swept by the storm. In this landscape, blown through by so strong a wind and itself so grandiose in its vacancy, women, old and young, are seen, standing, sitting, or upon their knees, unfolding nets and mending them: that one of them who is most in the foreground is life-size and painted in full light, whilst of those who are farther away only the grey clothes and white caps are indistinctly visible. Three of the women are erect, their broad outlines standing out against the horizon; the perspective seems wide and limitless. One feels the sea-wind blowing over the landscape, and fancies that one breathes the salt sea-air. One woman, laden with nets, steps towards the depth of the picture, bending backwards; she is tall and blond, and a gust is blowing through her skirt. All

LIEBERMANN: "LABOURERS IN A TURNIP-FIELD."

these movements have been boldly seized and set down with a powerful hand. Everything is strong and healthy, and some of the figures have a youthful grace and freshness such as Liebermann has seldom attained.

The Munich Pinakothek possesses a similar picture, "The Woman with Goats." In a grey, deserted region, upon a wild and lonely down, an old peasant woman is leading two goats upon a sandy, wind-swept slope. Here, too, the figures are composed in the expanse in such a large and impressive way that the picture does not seem a mere fragment of nature, but an entire reach of her presented, as it were, in a condensed form. The old woman, the goats, the sand, and the parched grass are not separate objects, but only one. The painter has seized the soul of this wide landscape, and placed it upon canvas. There is no need of another stroke, for everything has been expressed.

As he painted here the scanty grass of a scorched soil, so in his "Village Street in Holland" of 1888 he rendered the virgin charm of nature refreshed by rain. On her way to the meadow a dairymaid has stopped in the village street to talk to a peasant woman. A fertilizing summer rain has refreshed the land, the wind shakes the last drops from the boughs, everything sparkles with moisture; ducks are splashing in the puddles, hens picking worms in the grass, and the cow is dragging her

keeper impatiently forwards, in longing expectation of the joys which await her on the soft green pasture.

Among his interiors, "The Flax-Spinners," in the Berlin National Gallery, is probably one of the best. Such an astonishing effect was produced by the simplest means that the spectator hardly thought about the artistic workmanship, imagining himself to hear the hum and whiz of the wheels in the still workplace.

Recently he has painted portraits, of which those of his wife in a rocking-chair and of Herr Petersen, the Burgomaster of Hamburg, may be mentioned with special praise. The former is captivating through the fine feeling for the life and moods of the spirit which is shown in it, while the latter is large in its very plainness, like a modern Velasquez.

But his drawings, etchings, and pastels form the most important supplement to his big pictures. In his oil-pictures Liebermann is by no means what one understands by a dexterous master of technique. The world will never say, in speaking of his pictures, "What deftness!" but rather, "What insight!" He struggles with colour like Millet. There is a want of ease in his works. They are sometimes clumsy and laboured, harsh and crude, deadened and oily. And this makes itself felt in a specially unpleasant way in the smaller pictures with many figures—"The Commemoration of the Emperor Frederick in the Wood near Kösen," the "Dutch Market Scene" of 1891, the "Munich Beer-Concert," and others—where he encroached upon the province of Menzel. Although a brilliant conversationalist and a man of mobile and highly strung nature, he never reaches the pungency and sparkle of Menzel in the works where he attempts to paint the behaviour of an agitated crowd or the dallying play of sunbeams rippling through foliage. A certain unyielding heaviness and ungainliness are at odds with the flexible character of the subject represented.

Liebermann's salient feature is not pictorial piquancy, but monumental amplitude, a trace of something epical, the endeavour to embody what he has seen in large forms. As he himself writes, "I do not seek for what is called the pictorial, but I would grasp nature in her simplicity and grandeur—the

simplest thing and the hardest." For this reason his pictures of interiors are, in general, but little felicitous. Instead of being subtile and expressive, they often seem to be rough, lifeless, and chalky. It is as if his broad technique were cribbed and confined in a closed space. And he works most freely when he strikes the great chords of simple landscapes, seen in a large way, whence the outlines of toilers rise here and there into view. Where a medley may be found in Menzel, there is in Liebermann a powerful impression of nature, a noble simplicity. These sober plains of his touching the horizon in the far distance, these figures standing with such astonishing naturalness in the space—these are really "great art," monumental in their effect. And this sense for space, reminding one of Millet, is felt in his drawings and pastels with far more elementary force. Heavy and laboured in his oil-pictures, he attains here an astonishing softness of light; the figures stand out boldly from the background, and the space is filled with light air, giving the eye a vision of boundless distance. His etchings, of which there are about a score, have nothing like them except those of Israels. Israels alone has the secret of producing such a notable suggestion of colour, tone, and space by a simple combination of lines and strokes, disregarding all scholastic routine.

Finally Liebermann, like Israels, possesses that other quality which in art stands higher than the utmost virtuosity: he has honesty and the manly loyalty of conviction. Looking at his works it is impossible to imagine that he could or would have painted anything different from what, as a matter of fact, he has painted. His "Women plucking Geese" was executed over twenty years ago, and since then a cultivated Impressionism would seem to have outstripped him. Many an artist was overcome by a home-sickness for the realm of beautifully moulded forms; others were tempted to set what was pleasing, even what was coquettish, in the place of austere art. And many were the tentative, conciliatory experiments to put the new technique in the service of their old hankering after *genre* and melodrama. Many, also, began to pay homage in a style which was

Leipzig: Seemann.]
FRANZ SKARBINA.

frequently extravagant to the modern yearning for unearthly paradises. But Liebermann always remained the same. As in earlier days his pictures embodied the fearless creed of a man in the face of the old tendency, they do so now in the face of the very newest: "Here I stand, and I can do nothing else; God help me. Amen." He is a clearly defined personality — as Goethe would say, "a nature." And the history of art delights in such bluff spirits. Men of character it loves, but not men of compromise. And so the name of Liebermann will survive when many of his famous contemporaries are forgotten. A few years ago, when Paris held her Centenary Exhibition, Liebermann saved the honour of German art by his "Net-Menders." And I believe that a hundred years hence, when the balloon or the electric railway is carrying people from all parts of the world to a new Centenary Exhibition, the picture will be hanging there again, only it will be venerable then instead of being, as it is now, in the freshness of its youth. For Max Liebermann will be an old master then, and not one of the worst.

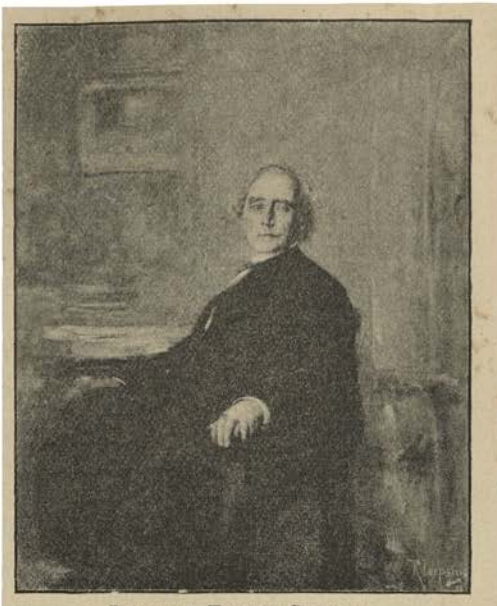
The further development of painting proceeded in Germany as elsewhere. By every revolution in art some new side of nature is brought forward, and a new task is set and has to be executed in a special way. The task of the generation of 1880 was the observation of the colours of natural objects under the influence of varying effects of light. Its execution began with the study of plain and ordinary daylight. At this period the peasant and artisan picture predominated in exhibitions, and fanatics thought that art should always move in wooden shoes amongst vegetable fields. The turn then came for harder

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

SKARBINA: "THE FISH-MARKET AT BLANKENBERGE."

and more complicated problems of illumination. Besides the brightness of day, artists now painted the misty freshness of morning, the still evening twilight, the sultry, misty atmosphere before the storm, the faint ripple of moonlight, and the wavering of dusk or artificial light in rooms. And the more painters learnt to express light in all its phenomena, the less one-sided did they become in choice of subject. The painting of rough scenes was supplemented by the painting of refined, the painting of everyday life by the painting of strange and out-of-the-way scenes. And, finally, there resulted the very same advantage which Goethe had secured a hundred years before, after the "storm and stress period" had run its course: "With greater freedom of form, a more rich and various range of matter had been attained, and no subject in wide nature was any longer excluded as inartistic." Nature is everywhere, temperament is everywhere, and light and colour are everywhere. "Art is embedded in nature, and he has it who can tear it out."

While Liebermann was the same from the beginning, *Skarbina*, the second representative of the new art amongst the painters



LEPSIUS: ERNEST CURTIUS.

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living in Berlin, has gone through very many changes. Born in Berlin on February 24th, 1849, a few months before Liebermann, he began with pictures from the life of Frederick the Great, in which he proceeded rigorously upon the path struck by Menzel. In 1878 he horrified the world by his "Awakening of One supposed to be Dead," a showpiece painted with great anatomical ability, and in 1885 in Paris he passed from costume-painting and rude Naturalism directly to Impressionism. There he produced many pictures, both large and small, representing life upon the boulevards, glances at Paris from the studio, life behind the scenes, and the like. He painted the coquettish grace of the *Parisienne*, the unwieldliness of Norman peasant women, chimney-sweeps coming from their work, ballet-girls dressing, old men in blouses and wooden shoes with baskets slung upon their backs, going to their daily labour. His earlier pictures are oily, but in these later works—"The Fish-Market at Blankenberge," "The Sailor's Sorrow," etc.—he succeeded in seizing the silvery, vaporous tone of the atmosphere in a masterly fashion. But when French painting turned from *plein air* to the study of the effects of artificial illumination, Skarbina addressed himself to more difficult tasks in the rendering of light. The original studies of half-light with which Besnard had been attracting attention for some years past, in particular, incited him to produce delightful little pictures, in which he painted the effect of lamps with coloured shades with fine pictorial feeling. And

he made the technique of water-colours a flexible medium of expression; and, indeed, it renders the impression of mutable and checkered moods better than oil-painting, which is more slowly brought to maturity.

Skarbina is as various as modern life—one of those artists of virtuosity produced by the culture of great towns. His works have, perhaps, a less personal accent, less inward force of conviction, than those of Liebermann, and one has a sense that, if the current of art should set to-morrow in an opposite direction, he would be splashing in the new stream as gaily as ever, and with the same success. But he supplements Liebermann by his eminent dexterity of hand, his great gift for quickness of grasp and luxuriance in execution. His technique, for the most part, shows brilliant ability; the *chic* which he displays in his pictures of women is entirely Parisian in taste; and his skill in rendering atmospheric effect has an aptitude which equals De Nittis.

Friedrich Stahl, who migrated some years ago from Munich to Berlin, is also an adroit virtuoso who has made modern society his domain without penetrating too deeply below the surface. Moreover he has the secret of giving artistic treatment to modern costume, the mastery of which was in earlier times such a source of difficulty to German painters. His seaside pictures are particularly amusing, and have been seen with a fine feeling for colour and executed with pointed spirit.

Then there is *Hans Herrmann*, who has painted the quays and market-squares, peopling them with figures and taking advantage of everything which the scenes afford to give them animation. He is specially fond of damp autumn days, when a mellow, light grey tone spreads over town and country, and the trees stretch their branches amid misty clouds. But he does not succeed in the reproduction of palpitating life, and his pictures seldom rise above the stiff impression of photography.

Hugo Vogel, who passed from historical erudition to modern society; *Walter Leistikow*, who, after painting in a rather conventional style, developed into a fresh landscapist; the portrait-painters *Reinhold Lepsius* and *Curt Herrmann*; *Lesser Ury*,

who made his appearance with some pictures full of talent; and the water-colour artist *Ludwig Dettmann*, most of them members of the "Society of Eleven," might be also mentioned. Berlin, as it seems, does not yet offer ground where a painter can develop—scarcely, indeed, ground upon which a matured painter can keep his footing. The numerous public commissions which are distributed at random, without understanding for the inward and vital conditions of art, now as ever justify the verdict which Goethe passed upon the cultivation of Berlin art in 1801 in the *Propylaë*: "Poetry is ousted by history, landscape by views, and what is universally human by what is patriotic." Generally speaking, too, the people of Berlin have not for growing and germinating tendencies that receptivity which has always been, and always will be, the fundamental temper of any society in which art is to blossom.

Vienna has been even less productive of effective champions for the new ideas than Berlin itself. Since Makart there have arisen in Vienna but few men of original talent qualified to follow that great development which has gone forward with seven-leagued boots. There has been a want of everything indicating distinction or spontaneity; petrified types in *genre* and historical work, vulgar motleyness of colour or the imitation of the tones of old pictures, rules of composition learnt by rote, tame and banal drawing, and systematic indifference for the frank poetry of nature—those are usually the characteristics of Austrian painting. Landscape and the painting of animals are the two solitary departments which have still life in Vienna, and are, perhaps, destined to pour fresh blood into its anæmic art.

Düsseldorf is the town where art is carried on by a corporation. The genius of the paint-box is a reflective spirit, with sufficient taste and insight not to despise novelty, but too timid to follow any path where others have not gone scatheless. The old artists go on painting in Düsseldorf as they have painted for years, and neither better nor worse. And young men have still before their eyes that "fear of doing anything foolish in paint" which Immermann once cited as the charac-

teristic of the school. *Arthur Kampf*, *Eduard Kämpffer*, *Olaf Jernberg*, and a few young landscape-painters, however, excited special attention at recent exhibitions.

In *Otto Reiniger* Stuttgart possesses a powerful landscapist, who has a preference for large cultivated fields, and in essential simplicity of technique does the utmost that is possible in this province of work; and in *Robert Haug* it has a popular painter of soldiers, who unites sound ability with a homely *bourgeois* talent for narrative.

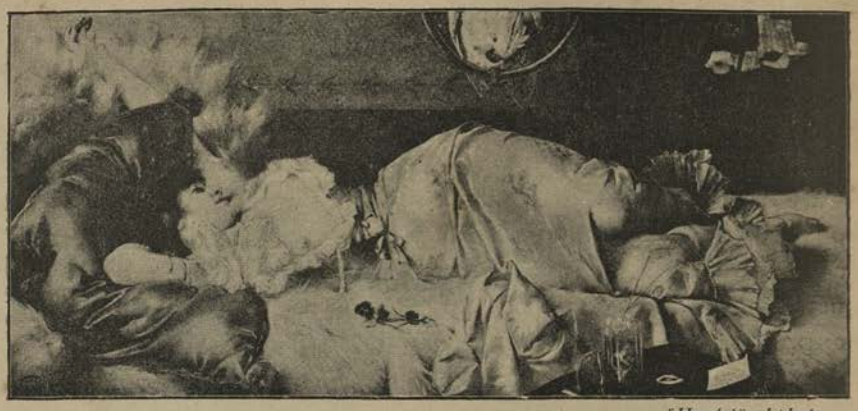
Thomas Herbst lives in Hamburg, known by few, though one of the most refined landscape and animal painters of the present age. The idyllic nooks about the old Hanseatic town and the green meadows near Blankenese have been painted by him with a tender gift of absorption and a delicacy expressive of the artist's temperament.

In the eighties Carlsruhe came to the front with astonishing vigour. *Gustav Schönleber*, a pupil of Lier, painted in Holland, rendering those delicate charms of flat landscape which even three hundred years ago quickened the feeling of the Dutch painters. Still streams, rippled by a light breeze, glide through fertile plains. Church towers rise in the yellow evening sky. Moist vapour trembles in the atmosphere, and envelops the old red and grey roofs. *Herrmann Baisch*, who worked for a time under Rousseau in Paris, discovered felicitous motives in the level land by the North Sea and in the wide plains bordering the Dutch coast. Grazing herds move in the rich pastures, where a windmill or a clump of trees rises; here and there herdsmen stand leaning upon their staffs, or dairymaids come to milk upon the meadow. The sky is clouded, and the sea-mist hangs in the greyish-green tree-tops. Deriving his impulse from Schönleber and Baisch, *Kallmorgen* usually enlivens his landscapes with dramatically pointed scenes of *genre*. A crockery market is thrown into commotion by a frightened horse, or a dashing rider passes through a village in the Black Forest. Or perhaps the place is visited by a flood. Ruined hedges and gardens and vegetable-beds smothered in mud emerge from the subsiding water. Children and women in the damp

BRUNO PIGLHEIN.

spring wind stand by in dull despair. But where there are no young men of enterprise pressing forward, older painters lack the best incitement to progress, and Carlsruhe seems to have come once more to a standstill. Schönleber has adapted the newly discovered method of expression to the needs of the drawing-room, and his pictures have become so *chic* that he rather resembles Oswald Achenbach than Liebermann. Baisch repeats the same subjects without renovating his talent, and whether that sensitive artist *Robert Poetzelberger* will succeed in creating an aftermath must be left for the future to decide.

Weimar presents the astonishing and remarkable phenomenon of an academy that for once exercises no retarding influence upon the efforts of a band of artists. Here through long years *Theodor Hagen* has fought for everything genuine and progressive, and, whether as a teacher or an artist, has opened the eyes of many a young painter. His pictures are homely and simple: cultivated fields and hills touched by the delicate bloom of the rising sun, or phases of evening when colours fade in the darkness and forms are veiled. Schiller's grandson, *Baron Gleichen-Russwurm*, was strengthened by Hagen to go with courage upon his solitary way. Even in the days when the geographical view was everywhere in the ascendant, he roamed over his fields as a landlord, noting the billowing wind in the tops of the trees that were growing green, and the play of light upon the narrow grassy ridges separating meadow from meadow, and painted his unostentatious pictures: green cornfields with blossoming apple-trees shivering in the evening breeze, green meadows with washing spread out to bleach. Beside Hagen with his liking for discreet, subdued tones,



[*Hanfstängl photo.*

PIGLHEIN: "LA DIVA."

Gleichen-Russwurm, seems more direct and downright. His painting is full and healthy, decisive and broad. Everything is flooded with the brightest and most unbroken daylight. Amongst younger artists formed by Hagen, Berkemeier and Thierbach are both noticeable. *Berkemeier*, a man of born talent, paints strand pictures from Holland, his native country, rendering an energetic analysis of the impressions of nature. *Thierbach*, an artist of homely simplicity, slightly recalling Thoma, has, in particular, discovered charming scenes in the Harz district. And in *Paul Baum* Claude Monet has found a satellite who is full of talent.

But the new art has its firm stronghold in Munich. The more Berlin has become the centre of actual life, the great city which levels all things, the more has Munich assumed the absolute and incontestable leadership in art. It would seem that there are currents from the sources of the Isar which neither the decrees of Ministers nor the power of gold can guide into the Spree. The Munich colony of artists have always admitted honourably how much there was to be learnt from foreign countries; they have never complacently rested upon their attainments, but have answered to all novel impulses with a delight in learning and fine comprehension. This gives the Munich school its great predominance; and this has rendered Munich the home of progress, the guiding centre of artistic

Ueber Land und Meer.]

PIGLHEIN: FROM THE PANORAMA "THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST."

creation in Germany. Of course it is impossible to pass final judgment upon these contemporaries, the more exact classification of whom must be the work of time alone. It is even difficult to make a just selection of artists, for the greatness of Munich art is that it does not rest upon individual masters towering over the others, but upon the vigorous strength and efficient drill of the whole band: the higher the general level rises, the more do the separate peaks seem to vanish.

ALBERT KELLER.

Amongst those older artists who have remained young, *Bruno Piglhein* claims the foremost place: he is a painter who did not join in affecting the outward symptoms of the new movement, and yet he could not grow old-fashioned, having always been of a modern spirit. A man of facile, improvising talent, Piglhein has painted the most various subjects and such as lie beyond the boundaries of the most obvious reality, and yet he has never done so as an imitator of the old masters nor as a *genre* painter. In all his work expression is given to personal taste which has been subjected to superior training. A pictorial and not an anecdotic idea guided him in everything. Attention was first drawn to him in 1879 by a picture of the Crucifixion, "Moritur in Deo." The angel floating down to the Saviour and receiving His spirit from His pale lips in a kiss was bold and magnificent in effect. Afterwards he acquired a certain reputation as the painter of Paganism and beautiful sin. His piquant pastels—his "Pierrette," his "Pschütt," his "Dancing Girl," or the idyll of "The Girl with the Dog"—might be taken for the works of a Frenchman, with such an audacious *bravura* and Parisian *esprit* were they painted. But while they were making his name in England

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

KELLER: PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

and America, Piglhein himself returned to far greater tasks. Panoramas are, as a rule, matters of indifference to art. A work of art is as different from those rough-and-ready representations of patriotic events, which have hitherto been almost exclusively adapted for panoramic pictures, as a poem is different from the report of a battle. It is not impossible that the report of a battle, whether in paint or print, might be consistent with art, but it is questionable whether such has been the case in actual practice. But in his "Crucifixion of Christ" of 1888 Piglhein opened a new course to panoramic painting. It was only a man of such eminent ability, such great imagination and refined feeling, who could have compassed an effect so thoroughly artistic in the form of a panoramic picture. Indescribable was the impression made by the landscape fringed with hills and groves of olive, a landscape which in some places revealed scenes which had been finely felt and which were grandiose in their effect. But the best of Piglhein is his unpainted pictures.

In science there are proud and lonely spirits, who never feel the need of expressing their thoughts through the medium of printer's ink—spirits to whom the diligent handicraftsman in the things of the mind is fain to look up to with a reverent awe, acknowledging that what he brings to light himself is a poor fragmentary result compared with the rich store of ideas hidden in the

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

KELLER: "THE SLEEP OF A WITCH."

minds of those great silent men. It is with similar feelings that one regards Piglhein. He is accorded high honours by the younger generation. Various as the opinions held about older men may be, in regard to Piglhein there is no difference of judgment. He is looked upon as one of those rare artists who could do all they wish, had they but occasion to display the full measure of their endowment. His Centaur pictures, "The Burial of Christ" with its grave and solemn landscape, the picture of the blind woman stepping through the blooming field of poppies feeling her way with a stick—all these are amongst the most effective pictures produced in Germany during the last decade; and yet, exhibited by Piglhein, they seem merely the minor investments of a vast capital, which would yield proceeds of a very different kind were it but rightly laid out. Germany is guilty of annually wasting large sums of money on the unprofitable purchase of oil-paintings which in a few years will merely crowd her galleries with so much daubed canvas. She has numbers of public buildings embellished with wall-paintings which, in the form of cheap woodcuts, would be far more effectual in answering the designed end of fostering a sense of patriotism. And in Piglhein it possesses a man of the first order of decorative talent. What he has been allowed to execute is little: a

KELLER: "SUPPER." [*Hanfstängl photo.*

"Bavaria," a few decorations in Hamburg and Wiesbaden—occasional works which have not taken him many weeks. But every one of these works was whimsical, imaginative, buoyant, and strange. They bore no trace of academical sobriety, but were everywhere full of life, pictorial inspiration, and irrepressible joy of the senses. Everything showed that in his imagination there are latent powers which only need a summons to reveal themselves in the most delightful manner. The history of German art in the nineteenth century is frequently a history of wasted opportunities. And it is to be hoped that Germany will not first recognize Piglhein's significance when it is too late.

Albert Keller, also, was a pure painter, at a time when only historical and *genre* painters were otherwise to be found in Munich. He never gave himself up to making coarse broth, and on that account he had to renounce popular fame; but, on the other hand, he never ceased to be interesting in artistic circles, and in this restlessly progressive age of ours it is a rarity in itself that a man of fifty should be of interest still. Keller's range of subject is limited in only one point: he has a vast contempt of banality, and the reproduction of other men's work or of his own. Every subject must give him the opportunity for introducing special models, and such as have not as

Munich: Photographic Union.]

BARON VON HABERMANN: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

yet been used, pictorial experiments and new problems of colour. In all that he does he expresses an original artistic physiognomy, something boldly subjective in conception, and he possesses temperament to the very ends of his fingers. White satin dresses, vases with lilac elder flowers, spirited arrangements of colours, and heavy silks, cushions, and bearskins—such are the accessories in Albert Keller's portraits of women. There is no one else in Germany who can render pale, delicate faces and finely shaped lids with so much comprehension, no one who can drape rustling dresses with such perfect taste or place them upon canvas with such a capricious grace. The fragrance of *salon* and *boudoir* escape from those pictures of his which have the mistress of the *salon* as their subject.

Sometimes these likenesses are groups giving rise to such

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

HABERMANN: "A CHILD OF MISFORTUNE."

works as his charming "Supper," which he had in the exhibition of 1890. In Johansen's works which hung there at the same time the subdued radiance of the lamp was seen to shine, but in Keller's there were candles gleaming like faint bright spots in the atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of cigarettes. In Johansen the men had old-fashioned coats, and the women were over-dressed in a provincial way. But Keller painted a fashionable scene of smart life with the most refined *chic*.

Or his sensibility to colour is combined with an interest in hypnotism and spiritualism giving rise to such pictures as "The Raising of a Dead Woman" and "The Sleep of a Witch." In the picture of the raising he found occasion to utilize as a background antiquity with its delicately graduated hues and the East with its delight in colour. His theme "The Sleep of a Witch" allowed him to gather into a beautiful bouquet the motley and richly coloured costumes of the Middle Ages, over which there

rose the lustrous mother-of-pearl tone of a nude woman's body. In each case, however, a modern psychological problem was united with the scheme of colour. The earnest and absorbed portrayal of the girl whose spirit falters dreamily back into life out of the night of death, and the enthusiastic ecstasy of the witch suffering a death of fire with a smile of rapture would never have been painted if Charcot and Richer had not about that time created an interest in hypnotic researches.

COUNT LEOPOLD VON KALCKREUTH.

But a temperament rejoicing in colour, like Keller's, is not seen at its best in finished pictures, but rather in sketches; in the latter the original, creative, and individual element is displayed with greater force than is the case in works where it too easily evaporates in the course of elaboration. The privilege of the *gourmet* is to have a palate so fine that in contact with dainties it gives him sensations which escape others. Keller works for artistic *gourmets* whose eyes are similarly sensitive to the pleasures of colour. What he represents is a matter of indifference—pleasant interiors with children, girls seated at the piano or reading or occupied with their toilette, religious subjects or mythological; in each case the figures and subjects are developed from the scheme of colour, and the chords which he strikes are voluptuously toned. Every sketch of his is a refined and coquettish jewel, a trinket of alluring charm. He saw the artists who delighted in grey or bituminous tones pass by his window, but he remained always the same: a *charmeur* in colour, a painter of sparkling grace belonging to the noble family of those spoken of in the eighteenth century as *peintres des fêtes galantes*—men like Alfred Stevens, Decamps, Isabey, and Watteau.

Munich: Albert.]

KALCKREUTH: "HOMEWARDS."

In *Baron von Habermann* this sensibility to colour is combined with a stronger leaning towards *décadent*, or, as Nordau would say, degenerate art. He is an *esprit tourmenté*, a Sybarite, who has spoilt his taste for ordinary fare, and finds savour only in the strong spice of strange and unfamiliar matters. Standing at first beneath the influence of the Piloty school, and beneath the sway of ideals reminiscent of the old masters, he even then displayed an astonishing sureness and most notable taste. A tinge of melancholy, and a bitter pessimistic view of the world, entered into his later pictures, where medicine bottles, basins, and surgical instruments took the place occupied by settles and folios in the earlier historical pieces. At times he has moments when a general disgust of everything traditional moves him to the painting of regular *gamin* pictures of girls, in which he is most perverse; but of late years work with an allegorical strain is what seems to have interested him chiefly. It is possible that the originality of Habermann may seem slightly perverse to later generations; but for any one who would know

Graphische Künste.]

KUEHL: "LÜBECK ORPHAN GIRLS."

the feelings of our own age he is one of the most captivating figures.

Amongst those who have chosen the naturalistic range of subject without qualification, *Count Leopold von Kalckreuth* is one of the most powerful. It was in grey Holland that his eyes were opened, and melancholy, lowering, sunless phases of atmosphere predominate in his pictures. In 1888 he painted the old seaman on the strand watching the boats running out, and gazing sadly after them. The sky was grey, and grey the strand, and the form of the old man in his rough red frieze shirt and loose dark grey trousers rose powerful in the foreground amid the flat coast landscape. The exhibition of 1889 contained "Homewards," two great farm-horses, with a labourer seated upon one of them and talking with a sturdy country girl —a picture which has nothing like it as a realistic study. A second picture was named "Summer." In the sunny evening summer air, which none the less prognosticates a storm, a peasant woman, with a sickle in one hand and the other resting

Munich: Hanfstängl.]
KUEHL: "A CHURCH INTERIOR."

against her pregnant body, is seen to pass along the ripening corn lost in dull brooding thoughts. A gigantic energy, something at once athletic and monumental, is in Kalckreuth's austere and mercilessly realistic works. If he paints rustic life, the heavy odour of the earth streams from his pictures; if he executes likenesses, they have a plainness and force of expression such as only Leibl possessed amongst previous artists.

Gotthard Kuehl takes his origin from Fortuny. His earliest piquant Rococo pictures had the same dazzling virtuosity as the works of the Spaniard, and this artistic descent from Fortuny is to be seen in him always. There is something sparkling and coquettish in the way in which sunbeams fall upon blond hair, and metal, and the crucifixes and altars of old Rococo churches, in the pictures of Kuehl. The Dutch purity of Liebermann is united with a certain *esprit* recalling Menzel—with a love of all that sparkles and flickers, of splendour and of ornament. "Lübeck Orphan Girls," painted in 1884, was the name of the first picture in which he followed Liebermann. Four young and pretty sempstresses are seated in their workroom with soft light playing over their figures. Clear, cold tones are here in the ascendant, and it is only the red of the clothes and of the tiles of a roof seen through the open window which gives animation to the light harmony of colours. In other pictures there sit men stitching sails, or there are old women at work; while through

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

HÖCKER: "BEFORE THE HEARTH."

the slits of the jalousies the light falls broadly, flashing and dazzling upon the polished boards. But the gay Rococo churches which remain intact in Munich, Bruchsal, Lübeck, or Hamburg continued to be his favourite study. Girls in white dresses play upon the organ. Choristers in red and black move in front of the bright plaster walls. Or, perhaps, the church is empty; the light glances upon splendid altars with spiral marble pillars, upon the curved gable ceiling, where the eye of God is glowing in golden rays, upon the gorgeous reliques sparkling in precious tabernacles. In the sportive and pointed treatment of such matters Kuehl displays a peculiar adroitness.

In the pictures by which he first became known in 1883, *Paul Höcker*, another of the many artists inspired by Holland, usually represented kitchens in the homes of Dutch fishermen, kitchens with tiled fireplaces, painted delft plates, and bubbling kettles. The crackling fire throws its golden-reddish glow in all directions, chasing away the shades of dusk. Before the hearth sits the young *huisvrouw*, lost in still reverie, with her face turned to the blaze which tinges her cheeks with a warm flush, whilst a smart little white cap covers the upper part of her visage. It is true that he does not reach an intimate effect transcending the mere impression of a picture, like Johansen,

ZÜGEL: "IN THE AUTUMN."

but it is none the less true that his works have a fusion of colour which is soothing to the eye. In later days he painted sea-pieces or meditative nuns, and when mysticism came into vogue he showed an eclectic taste in joining the movement.

In Heinrich Zügel and Victor Weishaupt the Munich school possesses two animal painters who compare with the great Frenchmen in inherent force. Indeed *Heinrich Zügel*—who is full of genuinely pictorial talent, and touches nature as few others have done—is admirable in the painting of cattle of all kinds, and not less so in rendering light, air, and landscape. As a rule there may be seen in his pictures sheep grazing upon blue and sunny summer days over fresh pastures clothed with tender green, while the sunbeams glance upon their fleecy backs. His most impressive picture of oxen was in the exhibition of 1892. With a mild and cool light the autumn sun fell upon the brown field turned up by the ploughshare. A magnificent pair of dappled oxen yoked to the plough stepped forwards, casting broad shadows upon the steaming clods. That powerful and energetic master *Victor Weishaupt* is usually more dramatic.

His brutes engage in combat or rush wildly over the wide plain. But in his idyllic landscapes he renders the freshness and blithe serenity of rustic life.

Ludwig Dill is best known as the painter of Venice, of the lagunes and Chioggia, but besides his forcible and energetic sea-pieces he has painted landscapes, intimately felt and represented with sovereign power: little strips of shore where the waves subside, familiar garden nooks with flowers growing in gay confusion, lonely moonlight nights, dimly blue, and filled with a silvery, tremulous starlight.

A vigorous pictorial talent animates the work of *Ludwig Herterich*, who moves with facility in the most various fields, without any marked tendency to brooding speculation; and he is, at the same time, an excellent teacher, who has opened the eyes of many a younger artist. *Waclaw Scymanowski* makes a rough, it might almost be said a crude and barbaric effect; but every one of his pictures, from the wild and agitated "Fight in a Tavern" down to "The Prayer" of 1893, is an earnest work, sustained with artistic force of conception. *Hans Olde*, who, after his apprentice period in Munich, settled in a sequestered nook of Holstein, has found charming things to paint amid the cool, sparkling air of the North: tilled fields in the fresh dew before sunrise, with labourers going to their work, or silvery winter landscapes where the snow is like crystal, white flocks of sheep, trees covered with icicles, and glittering beams pouring over the diamond crust of the ice in waves of blue light.

All the work of *Arthur Langhammer* is exceedingly delicate, sincere, and expressive of the artist's mood, and felt with manly tenderness. In *Leo Samberger* a new Lenbach seems to have risen in the Munich school, though one with less piquancy and a largeness which is more austere. *Walter Firle* was successful with a series of fluent pictures, in which he followed the leaders of the school as a dexterous disciple. *Hans von Bartels* is a luxuriant water-colour artist who represents, almost with too much routine, the pictorial charm of the Northern sea, the gleaming floor of the waters with the damp atmosphere above, the restless throng of human beings in the port of Hamburg,

and the interior of smoky taverns where seamen gather. And *Wilhelm Keller-Reutlingen* has the art of reproducing in a masterly fashion the charm of a level landscape with its subtile gradations of colour and all the plenitude of light shed through the great vault of the sky. The Dachau plain was a special source of inspiration for his beautiful summer landscapes. The names of other painters who would demand more detailed consideration if they lived in any town less rich in artists than Munich are *G. Ankarcrona, Martin Aster, Fritz Baer, Benno Becker, E. Becker-Gundahl, Peter Behrens, Tina Blau, Josef Block, H. Borchardt, B. Buttersack, Louis Corinth, Alois Delug, Otto Eckmann, H. Eichfeld, Otto Engel, Alois Erdtelt, Friedrich Fehr, Georg Flad, Heinz Heim, Thomas Theodor Heine, Hubert von Heyden, O. Hierl-Deronco, A. Hoelzel, Theodor Hummel, H. König, E. Kubierschky, M. Kuschel, R. Lipps, G. von Maffei, P. P. Müller, Hermann Neuhaus, Ernst Opler, Geza Peske, F. Rabending, W. Räuber, M. von Schmaedel, L. Schoenchen, Paul Schroeter, Alfred von Schroedter, F. Strobentz, O. Ubbelohde, W. Velten, C. Vinnen,* and *C. Voss.* And to this long list there might be joined a whole series of young men of talent. But as yet they are too much in a state of development for the historian to dwell upon them, though they are of all the more importance to the lover of painting who has the artistic eminence of Munich at heart; for in art, to speak candidly, the younger generation are of prime significance, since they alone assure the future, and without a worthy future the past itself must speedily decay.

That the art of illustration took a new and higher development under the influence of the earnest study of nature which had entered into painting is a truth of which *Fliegende Blätter* gives sufficient proof. Here, also, the vagueness or extravagance of early days was transformed until it became refined, discreet, and animated. Spirited comedy took the place of burlesque farces, and vivid street or drawing-room studies that of droll figures separately displayed. *René Reinicke* especially, and also *Hermann Schlittgen,* mark the furthest extreme to be attained by modern caricature as opposed to the stereotyped distortion of former epochs. With incisive strokes, the effect of which

has been fully calculated, they understand how to render the world of fashion and pleasure in the streets and in the *salon*, in ordinary attire or in uniform, in ball-dress or in the skirts of the ballet. Every line is made to tell; every one of their plates is a spirited *causerie*, fresh, light, and sparkling. And *Hengeler*, *Fritz Wahle*, and others have likewise produced charming pictures, elaborated with an astonishing technique, pictures from which later generations will gather as much concerning the physiognomy of the end of the nineteenth century as the delicate Rococo masters have taught the present generation in regard to the civilization of the eighteenth. *Franz Stuck*, whose rise has been so brilliant, leads from this art rejoicing in reality to the last phase of modernity, the New Idealism.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

BOOK V

THE NEW IDEALISTS

CHAPTER XLVI

THE NATURE OF THE NEW IDEALISM

After Naturalism had taught artists to work upon the impressions of external reality in an independent manner, a transition was made by some who embodied the impressions of their inward spirit in a free creative fashion, unborrowed from the old masters.

ARTIST, thou art priest: art is the great mystery, and when thy labour results in a masterpiece, a ray of the Divine descends as though upon an altar. O veritable presence of Deity, thou who shinest upon us from the sublime names of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Wagner!

"Artist, thou art king: art is the true kingdom. When thy hand has executed a perfect line, the very Cherubim come down from heaven and behold themselves in it as in a glass.

"Drawing full of spiritual meaning, line inspired with soul, form that has been inwardly felt, thou hast given body to our dreams: Samothrace and St. John, Sistine Chapel and Cenacolo, Parsifal, Ninth Symphony, Notre-Dame.

"Artist, thou art mage: art is the great wonder and the evidence of our immortality. Who has doubt any longer? Giotto has touched the stigma of St. Francis, the Virgin appeared to Fra Angelico, and Rembrandt demonstrated the raising of Lazarus. Of all pedantic subtilties there has been absolute confutation: men doubt of Moses, and there comes Michael Angelo; men deny Jesus, and there comes Leonardo. Men profane all things; but sacred and unchangeable art continues in prayer. O ineffable, serene, and lofty sublimity, Holy Grail for ever shining, pix and relique, unvanquished banner, omnipotent

art, Art-God, thee do I honour upon my knees, thou last ray from above, falling upon our corruption! Imbecile kings, who have lost their crowns, die upon the pavement of the towns where once their race held sway. A stupefied nobility only lives in the stable in these days, and false priests soil their cloth. All is tottering, all is over, the *décadence* yawns and shakes the rock upon which Jesus built His Church. Weep, O Gregory VII., mighty Pope, who wouldst have saved all, weep in heaven over thy Church fallen into darkness; and thou, old Dante, catholic Homer, rise from thy throne of glory, and mingle thy wrath with the despair of Buonarotti. Yet behold —for a ray of sacred light is visible, a pale lustre is shed abroad—O miracle of miracles! a rose lifts up its head and opens its chalice wide, clasping the holy cross with its leaves: and the cross beams in heavenly splendour; Jesus has not cursed the world, for He receives the adoration of Art. The magi were the first who made a pilgrimage to the Divine Master, and at the last the magi will be His children. The austere enthusiasm of the artist survives the lost piety of olden days. Miserable moderns, halt upon your course to the nirvana, sink beneath the burden of your sins, for your blasphemies shall never slay faith. You may close the churches, but what of the galleries? The Louvre will read the mass if Notre-Dame is profaned. Strauss, surely, has denied, but Parsifal has borne witness, and the archangel of Fra Angelico drowns with his sublime voice the godless old wives' twaddle of Ernest Renan.

"Humanity, O Saviour, will always go to Thy mass when the priests are Bach, Beethoven, and Palestrina. Miserable moderns, you will never conquer, for St. George slays the monster ever afresh, and Genius and Beauty will always be God. Brothers in Art, I give the battle-cry: let us form a sacred band for the rescue of Ideality. We are a few, with all against us; but the angels are fighting upon our side. We have no leader, but the old masters are guiding us to Paradise."

Such were the words with which Sar Joseph Péladan, in the spring of 1892, prefaced the catalogue of the "Rosicrucian"

Exhibition in Paris, which, by the way, was not called "catalogue," but *Geste Esthétique*, and had at the top the motto *Non nobis Domine, sed nominis tui gloriæ soli. Amen.* The exhibitors called themselves magi or æsthetes, and were moreover mediæval Catholics who had chosen the Gothic Rose as their emblem, and revived once more the Order of the Rose-Garland. They painted, but likewise held themselves to be musicians, and they exorcised spirits at the midnight hour. Before the great public they posed as hierophants, and depicted themselves in their catalogue as Chaldean magi devoted to cabalistic studies. To display their piety to the whole world, upon the opening day of their Salon they had a mass read for its prosperity, and arranged that the Celebration music in *Parsifal* should be played upon the organ. When the last note had died away they drew of a sudden from their breasts the roses which they had worn in their buttonholes upon varnishing day, crossing them in the air with daggers, to the great amazement of the workmen and humble dames who attended early mass in Notre-Dame. At any rate their prayers were not without result. On the opening day—March 10th, 1892—the premises of the picture-dealer Durand-Ruel contained over eleven thousand eager spectators, in spite of the high price charged for admission. The great mage Péladan—a man with pale features, a black beard, and long flowing black hair, clad in a fantastic costume of satin—did the honours of the house, to the amusement of the visitors. The programme of the Rosicrucians was as follows: Everything contemporary, every representation which has as its object dead nature, inanimate landscape, animals or plants, or "any other sort of absurdity," was to be rigorously left on one side, likewise everything realistic, however perfect in technique, even portraits so far as they did not "achieve style." "For technique," they said, "is nothing, and substance, thought, and style everything." Their object was to paint all the beautiful myths of the world, and to permeate this mythical element with the tender sentiment peculiar to our own generation, carrying it to the point of mysticism. It was only such works which could enrich the

aggregate of our emotions, and give us sensations we should not otherwise have had. Amongst the works exhibited there were pictures which recalled the art of the ancient Assyrians rather than that of modern Paris, so helplessly childish were they in line and colour—so archaic, Chaldean, and metaphysical. One artist had painted a flight of spirits, another an "anæsthetic trance," a third the angel of the Rose-Garland, and a fourth a communicant rapt in ecstasy; a Swiss, named Trachsel, portrayed in a series of water-colours the feelings and passions of a humanity "surpassing our own in the intensity of their sensibilities." In the evenings choruses from *Parsifal* were heard resounding from invisible depths, and fugues by Sebastian Bach. Later a mass of Palestrina was performed and a *pastorale Chaldéenne*. And "*The Son of the Stars*," *a Wagnerian comedy in three acts, by Sar Péladan*, was also represented. *Ad rosam per Crucem, ad Crucem per rosam, in ea, in eis gemmatus resurgam.*

Granting that this exhibition was a bizarre aberration of taste on the part of novices who wished to advertise themselves, it was, none the less, in its essence, the issue of a significant tendency of spirit, serious symptoms of which had been perceptible for several years. Even in this paradoxical display it gave, as it were, official confirmation of the transition of art from Realism to Transcendentalism, of its joining the aristocratic and idealistic current which had long been sweeping over literature. Realism had been the child of that period which had seen the rise of Comte's philosophy. Its standard-bearers belonged to a positive, sober generation, inspired rather by epical than lyrical emotion. In all departments of intellectual life those throve best who were best able to complete their work with clear vision and made the fewest demands upon sentiment. As the analysis of modern manners ruled over the theatre in Augier, Dumas, and Sardou, so, in the hands of Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, the novel also made a return to its true function of painting manners, after the Romanticists had made it a pretext for lyrical outpourings and descriptions glowing with colour. There arose in France the most marvellous constellation of

sculptors who had appeared since the Renaissance. And in criticism and science Positivism unrolled its banner more proudly than ever: Comte, Littré, Taine, and Sainte-Beuve were in the height of activity. All metaphysical researches were thrown into the background as unscientific. In the presence of mythology and religion the world had recourse to parody and scepticism with Offenbach and Renan. Nor were the passions known any longer. Taine and Zola entrench themselves behind an earthwork of objectivity, and seldom allow any glimpse into their inward spirit. With them man is the product of his circumstances, like everything else, and as such he has the right to be what he is. Science should take the place of morals, religion, and philanthropy. And as science stands unimpassioned in the face of nature, painting would conquer her through mere clearness of eyesight and with as little passion.

In the exhibitions, whichever way one turned, there was the fresh pulsating life of our own time, which had gradually been made, in all its phases, a wide field of observation for the artist. Upon all sides the portrayal of the modern man had taken the place of artificial efforts to breathe life into vanished ages of civilization. After a long period of alienation from the world painting came back at last to its chief task—that of leaving a counterfeit of its own time to posterity.

The purely artistic result was as important as the historical. The art of the nineteenth century had begun with a decayed Idealism which could only keep its ground by leaning upon the old masters. In the majority of instances works were grounded upon the basis of canonical forms established by the Greeks and the Cinquecentisti. By opposing this imitative and eclectic art, Realism opened a path to a new and independent view of nature, after a period of external imitation. Discipleship and the tyranny of set form were overcome, and thus the foundation of a new Renaissance was created; for every independent period of art has begun with making a transcript of nature, a reproduction of reality.

Realism, however, could not be the permanent expression of the total life of the present. Many as were the "human

documents" created by the Zola school, it depicted only a part of modern life: its bareness, its lack of poetry, its struggle for existence, its dominance of the masses, its rough plebeian breath, and its broad and unconstrained gesture. Zola's characters are men of the crowd, intelligent members of the proletariat; he had no vision for the subtile contradictions and curious states of soul in reflective personalities, for the representation of the tangled life of thought. And the aim of the painters who went upon parallel lines with him was an exclusively outward truth; it was mere reality. Their intention was to place this upon canvas in its bluff nudity or its refined elegance, exactly as it was, and without embellishment or addition. They were positivists who noted down with accuracy all the events and agitations of life. We had from them a great quantity of documents on the existence of peasants and handicraftsmen, public amusements, society, and the family. With an exhaustiveness which nothing could daunt, the record was given of how people fish and dine, what people do upon a country holiday in the sun, how they frequent concerts, and behave at weddings and during the revels of the Carnival, or in the studio and in the drawing-room. We beheld the *Parisienne* at the theatre, the *Parisienne* driving to a *soirée*, the *Parisienne* coming back from a *soirée*, the *Parisienne* crossing a bridge, the *Parisienne* with a parasol, and the *Parisienne* with a bouquet. And ultimately we were exceedingly well instructed upon the whole matter.

But did these pictures give expression to the inner life of the nineteenth century, the secret pangs and hopes that move our unstable age? It is not alone the entire fashion of outward existence that has altered since the days of the old masters. We have discovered novel emotions, as science has discovered new colours; we have created a thousand hitherto unknown *nuances*, a thousand inevitable refinements. It took a long time before we became the children of our own age, but now that we are on familiar terms with it, we are all the more conscious of its monotonous prose. So we have the need of living not merely in the world around us, but in an inward world that we build up ourselves, a world far more strange and

fair, far more luminous than that in which our feet stumble so helplessly. We feel the need of rising into the wide land of vision upon the pinions of fancy, of building castles in the clouds, and watching their rise and their fall, and following into misty distance the freaks of their changing architecture. The more grey and colourless the present may be, the more alluringly does the fairy splendour of vanished worlds of beauty flit before us. It is the very banality of everyday life that renders us more sensitive to the delicate charm of old myths, and we receive them in a more childlike, impressionable way than any earlier age, for we look upon them with fresh eyes that have been rendered keen by yearning. We have also grown more religious and prone to believe. Positivistic philosophy excited the lust after knowledge, but did not satisfy it, and the result is a tendency towards the supernatural.

Various names have been invented for all these anti-realistic inclinations, according to the land where their source oozed from the soil: religious reaction in popular life; mysticism, spiritualism, and theosophy in the intellectual world. But they have the same character throughout: the long-repressed life of the inward spirit needed expression, and the emotions rebelled against science. Under this influence all regions of spiritual life received, at one and the same time, a new stamp. Music, which holds sovereign power over the emotions, has suddenly become the central point of interest. Even France, which had known nothing higher than the theatrical aptitude of Meyerbeer, which had laughed with Offenbach, never understood Berlioz, and hissed German music—even France is falling under the symphonic sway of Richard Wagner.

Language, hitherto of architectonic structure and marble coldness, is becoming fine in shades of expression, morbid in its personal accent of feeling. Form dissolves and vanishes. Thought, once so rigid and unyielding, is growing mobile and fluent; style is becoming more flexuous, and the vocabulary of cultivated men widens its boundaries, to follow with pliancy all the agitations of the spirit and comprise the most fleeting *nuances* which almost defy expression.

The age of Realism had spoken of lyrical poetry as though it were a mere pastime for boys and girls, a shallow outpouring of insipid emotion, not to be tolerated unless charged and freighted with the results of exact science. At the present day it wakes to new life. Symbolists, *décadents*, or whatever they may call themselves, all aim at taking from music its most intimate, intangible qualities — its profound dreaminess, its diffuse harmony, its swooning languor. Poets of the preceding generation spoke with such correctness that the ribs of grammar were felt in their phrases, and employed words as literally as if they had just looked them up in the columns of the dictionary. But these new poets would create a lyrical poetry of dreamland, and set what is mystically veiled, visionary, and unfathomable in the place of that clear perfection of form which belonged to the Classicists; and by the mere chime of words they aim at attaining a suggestive effect resembling music.

In the novel, many of the older writers, not yet fully accepted, suddenly became celebrities; above all the brothers Goncourt, who had been in advance of their age, just as amongst the Romanticists Balzac, who was in advance of his own contemporaries, first received his sceptre from the following generation of Realists. But now there is no longer asked from a novelist either the objectivity of the Realists or the rhetoric of the Romanticists; what is sought is a thinker, and still more a dreamer, who will give a glimpse into that *au-delà* where the spirit passes with rapture from one mystery to another. Zola and the other Naturalists, who depicted the outward world, *les états des choses*, have been succeeded by Huysmans and Rod, who look into the inner life, *les états d'âmes*; giving up all pretension to plot, they seek with the more accuracy to represent the spiritual life, the restlessly surging sensations of complex individualities. The negation of passion is giving way to an intense and vibrating life of the nerves; and atheism to plaintive yearning after simple faith. Paul Bourget devotes himself to a kind of intensified Christianity which he calls "*la religion de la souffrance humaine.*" Léon Hennique proclaims a "spiritualistic

Gospel," the chief tenet of which is the old doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

The new watchwords were first transferred to the province of the drama by Maeterlinck and the other Belgian symbolists. Soon afterwards there came into vogue in Paris those sacred legends and pious mystery-plays in which Sara Bernhardt attained her most recent triumphs. The story of the faithful Griselda is listened to with suspense, and tears of pity are wept over the fate of St. Cecilia.

Even in science there are tokens of a reaction against the positivistic spirit which ruled in former years. After the drawers of cabinets have been arranged, data collected, and details confirmed, a movement in the direction of subjectivity and subtile speculation is taking the place of arid enumerations and pedantic parchment erudition. Methodical students and sober, prosy writers are being succeeded by artists and psychologists, who bring their own vivid temperament into play by their own might. In England it is no longer Macaulay but Carlyle who counts as the greatest historian. France, the native land of Comte, has fallen under the sway of German philosophy. And Germany has begun to become enthusiastic for the haughty, triumphant Individualism of Friedrich Nietzsche. The cult of great personalities is on the increase. And character and individuality are the most potent watchwords.

For painting such a process of spiritual fermentation is far more difficult than it is for literature. For while the written word can pliantly turn with the finest windings of fancy, familiarize itself with the most distant regions, and give ductile expression to the most soaring ideas and the most deeply seated feelings, painting has to translate, to transform, and to cast afresh. It must fashion a sensuous garment for the strange impressions which are bursting in upon it; but before they can be arrayed in any such garment, the ideas must have first taken firm shape. The significance of an age must be stamped with a certain distinctness and must have definite relations to be made the subject of a picture. For this very reason it was that art, at the beginning of the century, took refuge in the past,

since the present, in its unreadiness and its wavering between the old order and the new, offered the painter no firm and tangible form. It was only when, about the middle of the century, the character of life, as a whole, began to take a more distinct impress, that it was possible for art to seize the outward physiognomy of the age. And it will be yet more difficult for it to find sensuous expression for all the intellectual and spiritual contradictions which the century has brought forth now that it is ebbing fast, for the inexpressibly transient moods affecting the nervous system in these modern days, for all the variously tinted sensations of this strange century and their prismatic radiation in all directions. But that art has addressed itself to this task may be perceived even now.

It was a characteristic symptom of this fermentation that painters interested themselves more intensely in certain specified periods of the artistic history of the past: it was not the majestically flowing line and outward form of the school of Raphael, but the angular archaism of the Quattrocento and its spiritualized sentiment which attracted them. The primitive artists, the Byzantines, the "miniature-painters" and the sculptors of the Middle Ages, became a subject of study. The mysterious smile of the Mona Lisa enchanted men once more, and the tender Virgins of Carlo Crivelli, in all the comely hieratical grace of their gestures, and the childish melancholy of Botticelli's Madonnas, with their nymphlike glance gazing into the infinite, seemed as near akin to ourselves as if they moved amongst us still. Even amongst the older modern painters the most vibrating and idealistic came into sudden favour: the fame of Corot increased and outshone the celebrity of the other great landscape-painters of Barbizon. Of all the work of Millet the picture which fetched the highest price was his one idealistic painting, "The Angelus." Germany discovered Schwind. The confessions of a pure and tremulous virgin soul were recognized in his paintings; it was believed that there was to be found in him that blitheness freed from all melancholy which we know no longer and yearn after with so much ardour. Was it not possible to attempt to fill in the crevices which Realism had left,

to crown and supplement it? Impressionism itself made the transition possible. After Courbet's doctrine of the *vérité vraie* had been supplemented by the addition that the representation of any portion of reality only became art through the temperament brought to bear upon it, and that the essential element in art was not any document in its photographic platitude, but the man who used it as a vehicle for expression, it was already possible to lay stress altogether upon personality, splendid in itself, and of itself creating all. For what is reality? We know nothing of it. Our mental impressions are all that we know. And are the things which live in the imagination of a true artist less real than the objects before our eyes? It is merely a question of their being embodied in a credible fashion, so that they can be communicated to others as though by suggestion; and yet only that man who has already become a master of nature is capable of creating such a new world out of himself. It is only the achievement of technical mastery that gives even genius the means of showing its spiritual power. This condition seemed now to be fulfilled. Zola's *documents humains* could be made subjective—not counterfeits of external reality, but witnesses to the spiritual life of their creator. Naturalism was no longer looked upon as the aim of art, but as "the sound training-school" from which to rise into far-off realms of fantastic creation. It is a course of development which has been already run a score of times in the world's history—the same, indeed, which Holland went through at the time when Rembrandt made his appearance.

And the historian is always a falsifier of the truth whenever he is compelled for purely external reasons—"clearness of arrangement," for example—to divide into periods, because in reality periods flow imperceptibly into one another, and it is fortunate for art that they do; the most various currents cross each other and have an equal right to their course. It would be most lamentable if the "New Idealism," denoting a guild, were to become the theoretical watchword for the conquest of Naturalism, which has also a practical importance. A powerful Naturalism is the Alpha and Omega of all art, and without that

it falls into weak and sickly aberrations. And with all the metaphysical tendencies of the present Naturalism must remain the link between fancy and reality. Only so long as the capital of Naturalism is intact will the interest of it permit some few mortals to make successful journeys into the more ethereal and unearthly regions.

The Realists had painted modern life, and the New Idealists, supplementing them, paint modern emotion. Fancy shakes her shining blossoms into the quietude of everyday life. Thus, in accordance with the predisposition of their natural temperament, there are some who have a longing for fairy poetry like that of Schwind, for sagas and for visions:—

> "Einmal lasst mich athmen wieder
> In dem goldnen Märchenwald."

Others find pleasure in the tender mysticism and renunciation of the Gospel. And beside Christian religious tendencies there are leanings towards ancient Asiatic conceptions and forms of fancy. All manner of occult, supersensuous enthusiasms make formulæ for themselves and seek satisfaction. The enchantments of the Middle Ages, the riddles of hallucination, and the marvellous old doctrines arising from the earliest home of mankind have an incessant charm for painters. And the legends of chivalry stir men also, the tales of that fantastic world so brilliant to the eye, that world where love, war, adventure, magnanimity, and asceticism were united. Beautiful people in rich garb carry on their traffic in marble palaces and gilded halls; peaceful Madonnas rest upon the blooming meadows and feel the joy of motherhood. Once more the world listens in wonder to the mystical voice of nature in old ballads, to fading tones echoing from vanished worlds of glamour; and it loses itself once more in old myths and legends wreathed with blossoms. Even Greece, Hellas, compromised as it is by Classicism, has again become the fairyland of the mind, and the romantic side of Hellenism an essential element in the newest art.

This yearning after far-off worlds of beauty is combined

with a demand for new delights of colour. And even in its conception of colour modern painting has moved in a steep line of ascent. At first entirely unpictorial, it provided modern erudition with imposing illustrations, only attractive for the substance of thought which was in them. Then it emancipated itself from the service of science, and learnt to recognize colour as its peculiar medium of expression. Slowly it began to train its vision upon the old masters, and, at length, having completed its study in the galleries, it began to liberate itself from the yellow tone of varnish, to renew itself, and to cast its slough. There then followed a revision of painted nature upon the basis of real nature. And now, after "bright painting" has taught a more differentiated method of seeing colour, after every power has been exerted to compass the most difficult elements of the world of phenomena—light, air, and colour—ending in extreme imitation of reality, the last and most decisive step is being accomplished: a transition is being made from the more objective reproduction of impressions to a free, purely poetic, and symphonic handling of colours. They hide themselves no longer with such bashfulness beneath a brown crust; they cast their grey veil aside, and stand out making their own claims to independence. A new and specifically modern method of colour is arising. As imagination takes refuge from sober reality in a marvellous Beyond, so the eye dreams of other colours more subtile or more intense than those to be seen in our poor world. By some the forms of nature are used merely as a material for the expression of ideas, by others the hues of nature merely as a medium for orgies of colour. Some revel in effects of light, in full and impetuous tones, in all the imaginable and unearthly joys of colour. Others divest their work of colour, avoid all lustre and power of tone, to languish, like true *décadents*, merely in soft, blanched, delicately pallid, and mistily indistinct hues.

> "Car nous voulons la nuance encore,
> Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance;
> La nuance seule fiance
> Le rêve au rêve et la flute au cor."

But the common characteristic is that, instead of the objectivity of Realism, the pleasure of emotion has now the central place; and we have art able to give that inward thrill demanded by nerves which have themselves become finer and more complicated than of yore.

Moreover, since the etching pen is far more pliant than the brush in following the spirit into the domain of fantasy and legendary dreamland, etching and lithography, which have been hitherto pursued in a merely desultory fashion, are now suddenly becoming of prime importance. Here the strongest emotions can be crowded into the smallest space; here may be embodied the boldest visions, things which could scarcely be represented by painting. The poetical element in the nature of drawing, which renders things as visions rather than as bodies, the possibility of working without a definitely localized background, even the limitation to black and white, give far more room for the sport of fantasy. The advantages which the pallet has in varied colours are compensated in engraving by its unlimited capacities for the artistic representation of light and shadow; and these in themselves make it possible—as Dürer, Rembrandt, and Goya have shown—to conjure up a world more rich in colour than the real one, a world of poetry and mysticism.

And even the forms of art which had been in full flower during the realistic period went through a process of change under the influence of the new conceptions.

The landscape-painters of the previous decade delighted in quiet intimacy of feeling and accurate reproduction of the ordinary nooks of the earth in their usual mood. When summer came, and the grass shot up thick and lush in the meadows, and the grain waved in the wide fields, painters probably declared that it was a beautiful time of year, and painted their landscapes; but they were not men of peculiarly poetic temper, and knew neither indefinite longing nor day-dreams. But the most recent landscape-painters supplement the work of their predecessors by laying far more powerful stress upon the element of individual mood. They revel in the thousand subtile shades of colour that nature shows, and carefully

note the impressions which have the finest charm for the eye. Nature attracts them where she is strange, and they neglect her where she becomes commonplace. Cold, unflattering daylight is no concern of theirs. The occult element in nature has the same degree of fascination as the occult element in the life of the spirit. The world looks forth from the darkness of night and the veil of mist with more mysterious eyes, and creates the surmise of deeper and stranger backgrounds. Thus the most refined and sensitive artists have a deeply seated love of the phenomena of mist. Above all, they delight in evening, when colour is on the point of vanishing and ghostly shades emerge, when a soft film of vapour rests over the earth, and a mysteriously plaintive humour would seem to find expression in the landscape.

Even portrait-painting has received a fresh *nuance*. In the likenesses of the previous period people are fully revealed in their ordinary mood, and trenchantly characterized. But the most recent portraitists delight in a strange dusk. Form, and reality, and what is material, recede. And something supersensuous, the presentiment of another, unknown world, into which the forms float and out of which they issue, is what the spectator is intended to feel. The figures glimmer dreamily as if through veils of mist, like those of dear and distant persons whom one beholds with closed eyelids, journeying to meet them in the spirit.

Yet it is chiefly in the region of monumental painting that the troops have banded together. Hitherto art has been almost exclusively taken up with oil, pastel, and water-colour painting, and the execution of decorative commissions left to eclectics of the second rank; but now it is precisely the most advanced artists who are making their way from canvas to fresco painting. The definition that art is nature seen through a temperament is no longer completely valid. A very considerable part of art has become purely decorative. Wall-painting, in its most essential and monumental form, that of frescoes, can alone give an opportunity of testing upon a grand scale the independence won by painting—opportunity, moreover, of expressing the spirit

of the age with greater fulness of tone than would be possible upon canvas.

Down to the appearance of Manet, decorative painting had either been derivative—in other words, a tasteful employment of tradition—or else prosaic—arid didacticism, attracting the attention of the crowd by a discursive representation of shipwrecks, sieges, assassinations, and battles. Then Naturalism became ascendant even here. The endeavour of artists was devoted to rendering heroic the events of daily life, and bestowing upon them the highest honours in the power of the brush. In France, as in Germany, attempts were made to decorate public buildings with scenes from the life of artisans or of humble citizens. But in these days the subjects which inspire large representations in painting are the same as of yore: religion, mythology, and allegory. At the same time all traditional compositions and "sujets" in a banal sense have been renounced. Painting leaves to the erudite the task of elucidating such matters as the fall of Troy or Nineveh, or the great events of Roman history. Instead of engaging the intellect or satisfying a thirst for knowledge, it merely aims at exciting the emotions and inviting tender reveries. Instead of placing before us the rough and toilsome life of every day, it would rise above it and waken a solemn Sabbath in the spirit. The simple elements of this new symbolically decorative painting—which is, perhaps, destined to become a dominant and guiding influence, as in the great periods of art—are delightful groves and flowery fields, peopled with blithe and peaceful men and women, revelling in happy idleness or at rest in careless meditation; and everything is bathed in silvery atmosphere, and in light, vaporous colours, affecting the nerves like subdued music played upon high-pitched silver strings. It is not enough that our artists should have again taken up the conception of *L'Art pour l'Art*. For the possibility must be likewise given to them of doing something that the world needs with the capacities they have developed. Without this basis their art remains, with all its richness of endowment and ability, a superficial and empty art. It is just the sense of an aimless expenditure of strength, such as the best artists must have, that has brought,

in so many ways, a trace of nervous strain and the sterile fancifulness of the studio into modern creations.

But wall-painting may have a conciliating effect by giving art a feeling for what is great, simple, enduring, and the invigorating sense of a definite aim. The view that architecture, painting, and sculpture must be allied together, that every separate art is in need of the others to attain its full height, the conversion of a spacious hall into a work of art, was the ideal of all the ages which have been famous as "flourishing periods." The nineteenth century has so far a style of architecture, a style of sculpture, a style of painting, a reproductive art and a decorative art—all separate arts which have been developed and flourish more or less apart from one another. But the great and total expression of its life is still to seek. By mural painting alone can any aggregate effect of all the plastic arts, corresponding to that which Wagner attempted and realized in his musical dramas, become a matter of attainment. It alone can be the test as to whether modern painting has finally stripped off its character of mere discipleship, whether it has within itself the strength to execute tasks which bring it into direct competition with the works of classic masters, whether, now that the days of imitation have been overcome through Naturalism, a special nineteenth-century style has been minted. And, in this respect, there is still a period of transition to be gone through.

Of course there is a great difference between the works of the new painters and those earlier "Idealists" who have attempted decorative painting. Not only has the ability become far greater than before, but there is a freedom of sentiment. The men of the elder generation never got beyond mummy-like art in their works, because they set themselves in opposition to their age, attempted to feel with the nerves of a long-vanished race, toiled to produce imitations bearing the mark of style, and to work on subjects from the antique or the Renaissance in the sentiment of those ages; but the blood of the present pulsates and its nerves vibrate in the works of the new artists. The former were copyists, calligraphists who executed school exercises after the old masters; the latter use the language of the

nineteenth century, our own intellectual dialect. The blithe joy of existence and a sure and vital peace are expressed in the works of the old masters. But the character of modern sentiment is essentially melancholy. The great visionary of Zurich, a full-blooded, an heroic nature, lives into the present in his overflowing strength and sunny joyousness, solitary, like a rare and extraordinary creature, a survival of the vanished Hellenic race. All the others are consumed with romantic longing, though in place of the Byronic spirit of revolt known to bygone days there is a sentimental sense of the sorrow of creation, in place of grand thrilling effects a low vibration of feeling. The Romanticists gathered together gigantic legends, piled up dream upon dream, explored Greece, Arabia, and the East, overburdened the human imagination with colours from all latitudes, introduced distorted and terrible countenances amid darkness and lightning. The men of to-day are quiet dreamers who pine sadly for the lost ideals of bygone times, tired spirits who only luxuriate in "golden languors," in the tremor of mysterious, subdued, tender, and melancholy emotions. The earlier Romanticists sought to drag the mass of men along with them, to bring blazing flames, storm, and passion into the drab of ordinary life, and they therefore revelled in great heaven-storming gestures, complicated lines, and glowing colours. But the men of these days are aristocrats who fear contact with the multitude, and are therefore scrupulous in avoiding everything which could excite a banal emotion. As the poets of our day despise rhetoric, the novelists intrigue, the musicians melody, so the painters disdain interest of subject, agitation, to some extent even colour. Through everything there runs that languid resignation and *profonde tristesse épicurienne* which, in the absence of satisfying ideals, has taken hold of our own generation. Even where it is a question of humanitarian ideas, the austerity of the antique spirit is tempered by the melancholy of the modern intellect. Painters tell the ofttold legends of old Greece as never a Greek would have told them—tell them in relationship with problems, moods, and passions of which the Greek spirit never dreamed. They fill Olympus with the light, the mist, the

colour, and the melancholy of a later and more neurotic age, the moods of which are more rich in *nuances*—an age which is sadder and more disturbed by human problems than was ancient Greece.

It is only the articulation of forms that is in many ways confined in the old limitations. In the endeavour to find sensuous means of expression for the new ideas, which are often exceedingly overwrought, counsel has been sought once more from the old masters; and artists have turned for help to the Quattrocento, which in its fresh Naturalism and its profound intensity of expression, attained by purely psychical means, appeals far more to an age concerned with the inward life, and no longer recognizing a special cult of plastic beauty, than the vainglorious Cinquecento with its dignified figures, whose entire expression is usually to be found only in their gestures. Some, however, succeed in making these borrowed forms the ready vehicles of a novel burden of emotion. But with those whose modernity is not strong enough to enable them to pour new wine into old bottles, this archaic tendency may easily lead to an eclectic want of independence. The works of Courbet and Leibl will have an effect upon all ages, even the most distant, so long as they exist. But the latest tendency is calculated to foster a certain disposition to coquet with an exceedingly cheap inspiration, and one which presupposes but little ability. Just as many of the Impressionists fell into vulgarity and a dry reporter style, so the most modern of the average painters have, perhaps, too great a leaning towards strange melancholy, search out forms which aim at being mysterious, pose with languor, and approach a kind of intellectual snobbery. There is often something irritating in a far-fetched *hautgoût* which dresses up the simplest motives for the æsthetic epicure. The pale, subdued Gobelin tone, used by some of the leading men of the movement, is exaggerated and watered down by the rank and file; the effort to produce simple tones and heraldic lines has fostered a certain tendency towards merely industrial art. These are perils which every school of painting brings with it when it goes beyond nature. Amongst

a thousand writers a genuine poet is as much a rarity as a genuine "Idealist" amongst a thousand artists. And it is very possible that when the tendency by which we are swamped at present has run its course, and led us, perhaps, back into the old picture-galleries instead of forwards to a new Parnassus, exceedingly few of those who are admired in these days will hold their place. But for contemporaries their works are a source of refreshment, because they give a fair and captivating form to a mood of our own time, which struggled for expression, and the cravings of which mere Naturalism had not been able to satisfy.

CHAPTER XLVII

ENGLAND

From William Blake through David Scott to Rossetti.—Rossetti and the New Preraphaelites: Edward Burne-Jones, R. Spencer Stanhope, William Morris, J. M. Strudwick, Henry Holliday, Marie Spartali-Stillman.—W. B. Richmond, Walter Crane, G. F. Watts.

HOW is it possible that England should have taken the lead upon this occasion also? How is it possible that the very newest idealistic and romantic tendency of European art should have taken its origin thence, this art for Mandarins which has produced all that is most delicate in the painting of the nineteenth century? Can an Englishman, a matter-of-fact being who finds his happiness in comfort and a practical sphere of action, be at the same time a Romanticist? Is not London the most prosaic town in Europe? Yet, without a question, this is the very reason why the New Romanticism found its earliest expression there, although it was the place where Naturalism had reigned longest and with the greatest strictness. There was a reaction against the prose of everyday life, just as, in the earlier part of the century, English landscape-painting had been a reaction against town-life. To escape the whistle of locomotives and the restless bustle of the struggle for existence, the choice intellects take refuge in a far-off world, a world where everything is fair and graceful and all emotions tender and noble, a world where no rudeness, no discord, and nothing fierce or brutal disturbs the harmony of ideal perfection. These artists become revellers in a land of fantasy, and flee

from reality to an inner life which they have created for themselves, wander from the foggy London of railways to the sunny Italy of Botticelli, take their rest in the land of poetry, and bring home lovely pictures and harmonious moods of spirit.

Moreover they find in the primitive artists that simplicity which is most refreshing of all to overstrained spirits. Having produced Byron, Shelley, and Turner, the English were artistic *gourmets*, sated with all enjoyments in the realms of the intellect, and they now meditated works through which yet a new thrill of beauty might pass through the imagination. In the primitive masters they discovered all the qualities which had vanished from art since the sixteenth century—inofficious purity, innocent and touching Naturalism, antiquated austerity, and an enchanting depth of feeling. Jaded with other experiences, they admired in those naïve spirits the capacity for ecstatic rapture and vision—in other words, for the highest gratification. If one could but have in this nineteenth century such feelings as were known to Dante, the gloomy Florentine; Botticelli, the great Jeremiah of the Renaissance; or the tender mystic Fra Angelico! Surfeited with modernity, and endowed with nerves of acute refinement, artists went back in their fancy to this luxuriously blissful condition, and finally came to the point where modernity was transformed once more into childish babble, and the unbelieving materialism of the present age into a mystical and romantic union with the old currents of emotion.

The earliest symptoms of this new spirit had been long proclaimed in poetry and art. In the National Gallery in London there are two remarkable little pictures bearing the numbers 1110 and 1164, one of them described as "The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth," and the other representing, in a strange, unearthly, and dreamily transcendental fashion, "The Procession from Calvary." The painter of them is a man who, in the *Lexicon of Artists*, is simply disposed of as being mad, though by others he has been celebrated as the greatest dreamer, the profoundest visionary, of the century: this is the Swedenborg of painting, *William Blake.*

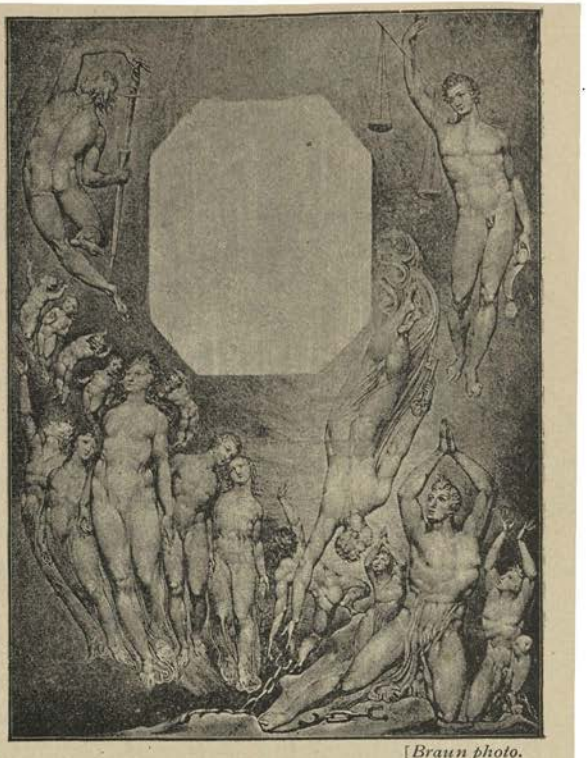
The youth of this remarkable man fell in the years when

Sir Joshua Reynolds reigned over English painting with undisputed authority, but even with regard to Sir Joshua, Blake did not conceal that he had higher conceptions of the nature of art. The British Museum possesses a copy of the famous *Discourses* of Reynolds, the margins of which are scribbled over with notes in pencil by Blake. In these same notes he declared true art to have been degraded by the reputation of Reynolds' *Discourses* and pictures. Painting, as Reynolds understood it, corresponded to the needs of the day; and Blake worked throughout his life without other thanks than the appreciation of a few superior and solitary minds. The importance of his work was overlooked, and, perhaps, it can only be treated with justice in this age devoted to the worship of individualities. What Blake recognized as the basis of art was, in the first place, imagination and poetic force. Every conception of his he believed to be a vision; his mind only touched upon high and sublime themes, and busied itself with profound and abstract problems; he never undertook the representation of a barren and trivial subject, and troubled himself exceedingly little about the actual world. As a matter of fact, he possessed a mind of great power, containing an entire universe in itself; but different from other "thinking artists" of his time, he remained a painter in spite of all his poetic qualities. His strangest visions were embodied in precise forms, which expressed all that he had to reveal. "Invention," he wrote, "depends altogether upon execution or organization. As that is right or wrong, so is the invention perfect or imperfect. Michael Angelo's art depends on Michael Angelo's execution altogether." And this is an opinion which most essentially distinguishes the "mad Englishman" from his erudite brother-artists at that time in Germany. But even some amongst his contemporaries perceived in him this strange combination of a visionary teeming with ideas and a powerful realist. In the preface to one of Blake's books Fuseli declared that, so long as there remained a taste for the arts of design, the originality of the conception and the masterly boldness of execution belonging to this artist would never be without admirers. The

[*Braun photo.*
BLAKE: "THE QUEEN OF EVIL."

German painter Götzinger, who lived for some time in England about this period, writes: "I saw many men of talent in London, but only three of genius—Coleridge, Flaxman, and Blake—and of these Blake was the greatest." When the painter-poet William Blake was born in London on November 28th, 1757, the vast city on the Thames received one of the strangest inmates, and one of the most eccentric personalities that ever dwelt within its walls. His intellectual life, as one of his biographers has written, is a mine of marvels and problems, few of which can be thoroughly investigated and cleared up.

His education was of an exceedingly primitive description, for he was hardly able to read, write, or reckon. On the other hand, he began to draw young, and was, as Cunningham writes, an artist at ten years of age and a poet at twelve. A contemporary declares that as a boy Blake was in the habit of singing his verses to his own music, "which was singularly beautiful." At any rate he had begun to compose his earliest poems, afterwards published amongst the *Poetical Sketches*, in his twelfth year, and his gift as a draughtsman became evident at the age of fifteen, immediately after he entered a school for drawing in London. About this time he fell in love with a pretty girl, who did not care for him, and made him exceedingly jealous. He told his grief to another girl, the daughter of a gardener, with whom he lodged. This latter maiden offered him her sympathy. "*Do* you pity me?" said Blake. "Yes," she answered, "I do, most sincerely." "Then I love you for that."



[*Braun photo.*

BLAKE: FROM A WATER-COLOUR AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"And I love you too," she replied. This duologue ended in Blake's marriage, and Kitty Boucher was the right wife for him, for she believed in his visions as firmly as he did himself, and did not disturb his intercourse with invisible spirits. For Blake was a medium of the purest water, a hundred years before any one had heard of modern spiritualists. Homer and Dante came and sat round him for his portraits. Once he saw a tree full of angels; and at another time he prophesied that a man who had met him casually in the street would be hanged, which came to pass after many years. Or he held intercourse with Christ and the apostles. He took himself for Socrates or a brother of Socrates, and in later years he had really something Socratic in his appearance. Moreover, Milton, Moses, and the prophets were peculiarly frequent in their visits to Blake, and he describes them as majestic shades, grey, although shining, and taller than ordinary people. When his brother Robert died, he saw his soul fly to heaven, "clapping its hands for joy." Once as he sat naked, reciting *Paradise Lost*, in a summer-house with his wife, he admitted a friend without hesitation, receiving him with the words, "Come in; it's only Adam and Eve, you know." At the same time he did not in any way give the impression of being morbid or

over-excitable. On the contrary, he was a stout, thickset man of robust health, and his large, brilliant eyes were clear and observant in their look.

Blake regarded his poems as revelations, and believed that in writing them he did not create, but merely acted the part of an amanuensis, and that the authors were in eternity. He wrote his verses, according to his own profession, from dictation, often pouring out from twenty to thirty lines at a sitting, without premeditation, and even against his will. And these books of his, furnished with his own illustrations, brought him in a moderate income. "I don't seek profit," said he; "I want nothing, and I am happy." In 1821 he removed to his humble abode—consisting, indeed, of two rooms—in Battersea, where he died seven years later, on August 12th, 1828.

The chief basis of Blake's artistic gift is that which gives his poems their peculiar position—a vast power of intuition. He is an enthusiast at the mercy of the creatures of his own imagination, and wasting himself in troubled hallucinations. All reality evaporated into something spectral; every thought was agitating; a stream of wild faces came rushing into his seething brain, and a series of pictures rose before him in mingled froth and splendour.

As no special school of painting existed in England in Blake's youth, he chose his own method of instruction for himself, and at Basire the copper-engraver's he found an early opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works with which he was most in sympathy. He united a fine appreciation of Dürer with an admiration for Michael Angelo. He based himself upon the study of this great Italian, though without falling into direct imitation. He lived amongst his ancestors, indeed, as other artists amongst their contemporaries. The present in which his body moved did not exist for him; and he placed himself outside of his century, in the society of those who were kin to him in spirit. Visions of heaven and hell were more actual to him than the world around; he caught voices from the land of spirits more distinctly than the dreary hum of life at his feet.

An early work published by this painter-poet was an illustrated edition of his own poems, *Songs of Innocence*, 1789, which, even in technique, is one of the most curious books of illustration known to the history of art—a work where everything, except the paper, has originated from the artist himself. The verses are his, and so are the drawings; and he even engraved the verses himself in copper, and coloured the pictures with his own hand. The succeeding books, illustrated in the same way—and accessible in the Department of Copper-Engraving in the British Museum—show how Blake's genius gradually unfolded. The *Prophetic Books*, in particular, have between the verses drawings of exquisite beauty, rich imagination, and refined taste. And in the plates which he produced in 1794 for Young's *Night Thoughts*, plates which he himself was wont to call "his frescoes," he has risen to his full height. The method of arrangement is always the same. In the middle of every page is the text of the poem, and around it the drawings suggested by the poet. The vague diction of Young, who treated sublime themes without being sublime, is what suits Blake best. His imagination is always affected through and through by a sensuous conception, and transforms the misty and indistinct verses of the author into visions which have been clearly seen. All ideas, even the most abstract, come to him clothed in firm bodily outlines. Even the most unearthly things take a vivid, physical shape. Where the book treats of the punishments of hell, Blake draws groups of men and women twisting in a confused coil, and suffering convulsive tortures, in the spirit of Michael Angelo, though without imitation. Where reference is made to the blast at the last judgment, he shows an angel descending to waken the dead with the pealing notes of the trumpet. Upon all that concerns death, its hopes and its terrors, he had loved to brood from his youth upwards, and when he illustrated Blair's poem *The Grave* in 1805, he gave the journey across the grave all the colour and appearance of life.

Blake's works combine the creative force of a man with the faith of a child. They are a terrible dream to which clear

artistic expression has been given—the product of a ripe imagination. All the vacant space of the earth and the air seemed to him to be trembling beneath the beat of spirits' wings and shaking beneath the tread of their feet. The flowers and grass, and the stars and stones, spoke to him with actual lips, and gazed upon him with vivid eyes. Hands emerging from the shadow of material nature reached forth to seize him, to guide him or restrain. What are hallucinations to other people were actual facts to him. Upon his path and before his easel, in his ears and beneath his eyes, there moved, and gathered, and shone, and sang an endless world of spirits. All the mysterious beings, hovering diffused in the atmosphere, spoke to him, and consoled or threatened him. Beneath the damp mantle of the grass, and in the light mist rising from the plain, strange faces grinned and white hairs fluttered. Tempters and guardian angels, fetches of the living and phantoms of the dead, peopled the breeze around him, and the fields and mountains which met his glance.

Two series of illustrations—one to the Book of Job and one to Dante's *Inferno*—which were undertaken in his last years were not brought to completion, yet the tone which he had struck did not die with his death. His spirit was reborn in fresh incarnations, and first of all in the Scotchman *David Scott*.

Scott's pictures alone would not have been sufficient to maintain his name. Like so many historical painters of the first half of the century, he has wasted his best strength in covering voluminous spaces of canvas with oils, under the impression that he was producing "grand art."

Residence in Italy, whither he repaired in 1833, was his destiny also. Only for a short time did his Northern temperament attempt to defy the great impressions peculiar to the country. He wrote at first that Titian was an unimaginative old man, Tintoretto a blind Polyphemus, and Paul Veronese only the attendant of a doge. Michael Angelo seemed to him monstrous, and he regarded the Loggias of Raphael as childish. But his opinion soon changed, and he fell under the spell of the mighty

dead. The result of his studies in Rome was his gigantic picture "Discordia," which he brought to Scotland in 1834. In substance this is a true product of English painting of ideas: the rising of the son against the father was something like a Titanic battle between the past and the future, the new order which overthrows the old; while in form it showed the eclecticism of a man who had studied the "Laocoon," the muscular figures of Daniele da Volterra, and the Mantuan frescoes of Giulio Romano only too accurately. When he did not meet with the success of which he had dreamed, he felt himself a martyr, like Wiertz, and fell more and more into the wildest extravagances. In 1845 he contributed to the Scotch Academy a "Raising of the Dead," the figures of which—and they were more than life-size—were intended to outvie Signorelli an Terribilità. Weary of dun shadows and pallid light, he launched out in another picture, the "Triumph of Love," into incredible and barbarically crude green and blue orgies of colour. In short, as a painter, he was one of those "problematic natures" so frequent in the history of the nineteenth century—men who accomplished but little, through pure Titanic ambition—one of those vain dreamers who are full of ideas and designs, but bring nothing to completion; and history allowed him to fall into oblivion, like others of his kind, until it began gradually to be perceived that Scott had other claims to consideration besides these ambitious attempts.

David Scott, son of a Scotch engraver, Robert Scott, was born in 1806, in Edinburgh, amid the frost and snow of a Northern winter. His father, an earnest, God-fearing man, already far advanced in years—the very type of a stern old Scotch Puritan—was burdened with five children, and lived in the strictest economy and abstinence in a solitary manner, far beyond the limits of the town, to avoid all temptation to extravagance. After David's birth he fell a prey to religious monomania, his four elder children having been snatched from him swiftly, one after the other, by an epidemic. Three others came in their place, and, in William Bell Scott's book, it is touching to read how the poor mother, who was also mentally afflicted,

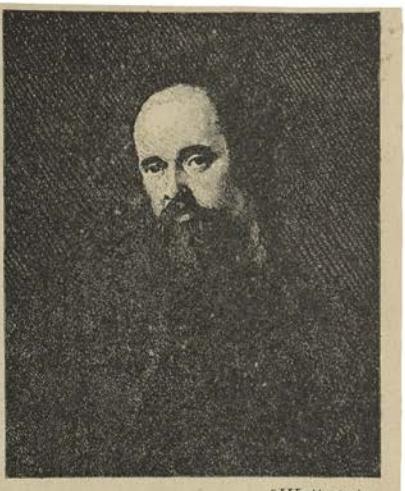
Mag. of Art.] *[Hunt del.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

always called these later children to her by the names of their elder brothers who were dead. In this austere family, where cheerfulness was almost regarded as lunacy, David grew up, quiet and occupied with his own thoughts, in melancholy solitude. It is related as one of the first characteristic traits of his boyhood, that once when he wrapped himself up in a sheet to play at being a ghost, he was so much terrified by his own reflection in the glass that he fainted, suffering afterwards from a severe nervous fever. His imagination was morbidly active, like that of Theodor Hoffmann—who was overcome with horror himself as he wrote his stories by lamplight—and it was feverishly heated by Blake's illustrations. From his youth the idea of death had excited his mind, and on one occasion, when he was persuaded by his brother Robert to compete for a prize poem, he composed such a dark and mystical ode to Death that it gained him the prize, a guinea.

The laborious technique of colouring was naturally a hindrance to such a visionary, such a glowing, feverish, and poetic genius; and it was only as a draughtsman that he felt himself competent to express everything that moved his imagination. In 1831 he published a series of six remarkable compositions verging on the manner of Max Klinger, under the title "The Monograms of Man." The first is named "Life:" the creative Hand of God descends from heaven, giving life to everything it touches—the sun, the stars, and human beings. The second plate shows how man stands out lofty and glorious in all the pride of his strength, like an angel of the Apocalypse with one foot on the earth and one on the sea, in this fashion giving evidence of his lordship over the world. Other deep allegories on knowledge, earthly

power, and the end of all things follow in succession. And all these grand or bizarre fancies are boldly expressed with firm strokes, and executed with a sureness which reveals not merely a strange dreamer, but one who is altogether an artist. And still more singular is the union of vivid reality and forceful imagination in his second series, published in 1837, comprising twenty-five large sketches to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. This ballad is an eerie tale of a haunted ship, the terrors of which owe their origin to a sailor having been so wanton as to slay an albatross—the hallowed bird of seamen—which had taken refuge upon the ship. The entire crew, excepting himself, are punished for this act of inhospitality by death, whilst he is tormented by the ghostly figures who have perished through his fault. Scott's drawings, executed during the frost of long winter nights, are thoroughly impregnated with the weird spirit of the ballad; they have something of the profound imagination of Scotch poetry, something of Ossian and the heroic greatness of the Middle Ages, something of those mysterious and infinite notes which murmur complainingly in the old bardic songs.



[*Watts pxt.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

It was only Rethel in Germany who lent the fantastic dreams of fever such puissant expression. The series of eighteen illustrations for Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens*—mystical interpretations of astronomical subjects, again displaying all the profundity of a mind absorbed in metaphysical speculations—belong to his last period, when his nerves were shattered. And forty drawings for the *Pilgrim's Progress* were first published after his death—plates which, in conjunction with the diary and letters of the unfortunate artist, show that the fate of this morbid *décadent* was merely due to his having been born too early.

THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS
from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri
translated by D. Gabriel Rossetti.
London. Smith, Elder & Co. 1861

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

ROSSETTI: THE TITLE-PAGE TO "THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS."

(By permission of the Publishers.)

A direct line passes from Blake through David Scott to *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. How highly Rossetti honoured Blake may be gathered from the sonnet which he wrote upon this strange mystic, as well as from other sources. With the works of David Scott he became familiar through his friendship with that artist's brother, William Bell Scott. And under the influence of Scott and Rossetti English Preraphaelitism now entered upon a new and entirely different phase.

Although Rossetti was the soul of the earlier movement, he was a man essentially different from whose temperament was even then that of his comrades Millais and Hunt, who founded the Brotherhood with him in 1848. Even the two works which he exhibited with them in 1849 and 1850 make one feel the deep chasm which lay between him and them. In the former year, when Hunt was represented by his "Rienzi," and Millais by his "Lorenzo and Isabella," Rossetti produced his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin." In the following, when Hunt painted "The Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary" and Millais "The Child Jesus in the Workshop of Joseph the Carpenter," Rossetti came forward with his "Ecce Ancilla Domini." "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" was a little picture of austere simplicity and ascetic character; it was intentionally angular in drawing, and possessed a certain archaic bloom. The Virgin, clad

Portfolio.]

ROSSETTI: "ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI."

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ROSSETTI: "LILITH."
(By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.)

in grey garments, sits at a curiously shaped frame embroidering a lily with gold threads upon a red ground. The flower she is copying stands before her in a vase, and a little angel, with roseate wings, is watering it with an air of abashed reverence. St. Anne is busy by the side of the Virgin—both being, respectively, portraits of the artist's mother and sister — and in the background St. Joachim is binding a vine to a trellis. And several Latin books are lying upon the floor. The second work, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," is the familiar picture which is now in the National Gallery—a harmony of white upon white of indescribable graciousness and delicacy. Mary, a bashful, meditative, and childlike maiden, in a white garment, is shown in a half-kneeling attitude upon a white bed. The walls of the chamber are white, and in front of her there stands a frame at which she has been working; and a piece of embroidery, with a lily which she has begun, hangs over it. Before her stands the angel with flame rising from his feet, in solemn, peaceful gravity, as he extends towards her the stalk of the lily which he holds. A dove flies gently in through the window. Now in spite of their romantic subjects the work of Hunt and Millais is lucid and temperate, while Rossetti is dreamily mystical. The two former were straightforward, true, and natural, whereas the simplicity of the latter was subtilized and consciously affected. It was due to

Portfolio.] *G. W. Rhead sc.*

ROSSETTI: "BEATA BEATRIX."

(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

the vibrating delicacy of his distempered, seething imagination that he was able to give himself a deceptive appearance of being a primitive artist. The creative power of the two former is an earnest power of the understanding, whereas in the latter there is a vague dreaminess, a tendency to luxuriate in his own moods, an efflorescence of tones and colours. In the one case there is an angular but single-minded study of nature; in the other there is the demureness and embarrassment of the Quattrocento, a demureness breaking into blossom and an embarrassment full of charm—a romanticism which cherished the yearning for repose in the childlike and innocent Middle Ages, and clothed it with all the attractions of mysticism. Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, and Millais were realists in their drawing, men who wanted to represent objects with all possible accuracy, to be faithful in rendering the finest fibre of a petal and every thread in a fabric. Rossetti's picture was a symphonic ode in pigments, and he himself was one of the earliest of the modern lyricists of colour. This distinction became wider and wider with the course of time, and as early as 1858 he found himself deserted by his earlier comrades. Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, and especially Millais, in their further development, tended more and more to become Naturalists, and were finally led to completely realistic

Pageant.] [*Swan photo sc.*

ROSSETTI: "MONNA ROSA."

(*By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.*)

ROSSETTI: "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

subjects from the immediate present by the inviolable fidelity with which they studied nature. On the other hand, Rossetti became the centre of a new circle of artists, who directed the current of what was originally Naturalism more and more into mysticism and refined archaism.

In 1856 *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was founded as a monthly periodical. There were several contributions by Rossetti, and in this way he became so well known in Oxford that the Union accepted an offer from him to execute a series of wall-paintings. Accordingly he painted several pictures from the Arthurian legends, making the sketches for them himself, and employing for their elaboration a number of young men, some of them amateur artists and students at the University. In this way he came into connection with Arthur Hughes, William Morris, and Edward Burne-Jones. These artists, afterwards joined by Spencer Stanhope and Walter Crane, both of them younger men, became—with George Frederick Watts at their flank—the leading members of the new brotherhood, the representatives of that New Preraphaelitism in which interest is now centred in England.

Their art is a kind of Italian Renaissance upon English soil. The romantic chord which vibrates in old English poetry is united to the grace and purity of Italian taste, the classical lucidity of the Pagan mythology with Catholic mysticism, and the most modern riot of emotion with the demure vesture of

Portfolio.]
ROSSETTI: "SANCTA LILIAS."

the primitive Florentines. Through this mixture of heterogeneous elements English New Idealism is, probably, the most remarkable form of art upon which the sun has ever shone: borrowed and yet in the highest degree personal, it is an art combining an almost childlike simplicity of feeling with a morbid *hautgoût*, the most attentive and intelligent study of the old masters with free, creative, modern imagination, the most graceful sureness of drawing and the most sparkling individuality of colour with a helpless, stammering accent introduced of set purpose. The old Quattrocentisti wander amongst the real Italian flowers; but with the New Preraphaelites one enters a hothouse: one is met by a soft, damp heat, bright exotic flowers exhale an overpowering fragrance, juicy fruits catch the eye, and slender palms, through the branches of which no rough wind may bluster, gently sway their long, broad fans.

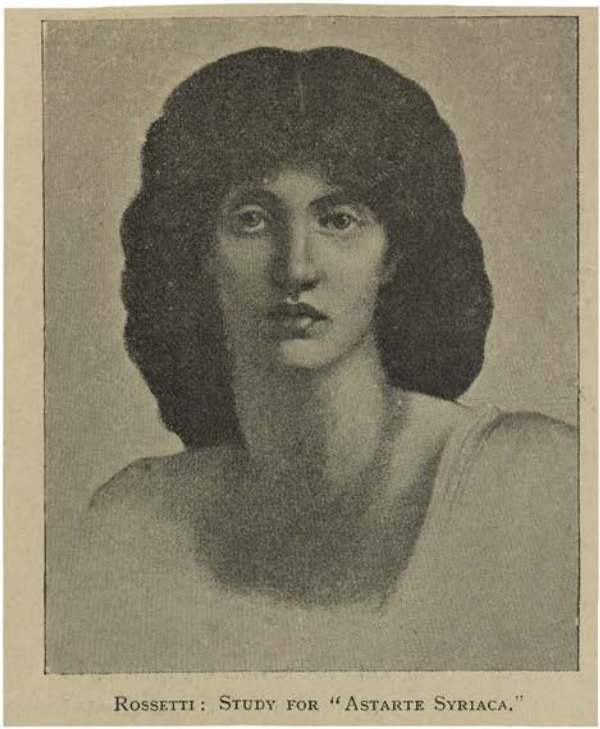
Professor Lombroso would certainly find the material for ingenious disquisition in Rossetti, who introduced this Italian phase, and came of an Italian stock. And it might almost seem as if a soul from those old times had found its reincarnation in the lonely painter who lived at Chelsea, though it was a soul who no longer bore heaven in his heart like Fra Angelico. In his whole being he seems like a phenomenon of atavism, like a citizen of that long-buried Italy who, after many transmigrations, had strayed into the misty North, to the bank of the Thames, and from thence looked

Portfolio.]

ROSSETTI: "SIBYL."

in his home-sickness ever towards the South, enveloped in poetry and glowing in the sun.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a Catholic and an Italian. Amid his English surroundings he kept the feelings of one of Latin race. His father, the patriot and commentator upon Dante, had originally lived in Naples, and inflamed the popular party there by his passionate writings. In consequence of the active part which he took in political agitation he lost his post at the Bourbon Museum, escaped from Italy upon a warship, disguised as an English officer, settled in London in 1824, and married Francesca Polidori, the daughter of a secretary of Count Alfieri. Here he became Professor of the Italian language at King's College, and published several works on Dante, the most important of which, *Dante's Beatrice*, written in 1852, once more supported the theory that Beatrice was not a real person. Dante Gabriel, the son of this Dante student Gabriele Rossetti, was born in London on May 12th, 1828. The whole family actively contributed to scholarship and poetry. His elder sister, Maria Francesca, was the authoress of *A Shadow of Dante*, a work which gives a most valuable explanation of the scheme of *The Divine Comedy*; his younger sister, Christina, was one of the most eminent poetesses of England; and his brother, William Michael Rossetti, is well known as an art-critic and a student of Shelley. Even from early youth Dante Gabriel Rossetti was familiar with the world of Dante, and brought up in the worship of Dante's wonderful age and an enthusiasm for his mystic and transcendental poetry. He



ROSSETTI: STUDY FOR "ASTARTE SYRIACA."

knew Dante by heart, and Guido Cavalcanti. The mystical poet became his guide through life, and led him to Fra Angelico, the mystic of painting. Indeed the world of Dante and of the painters antecedent to Raphael is his spiritual home.

He was barely eighteen when he became a pupil at the Royal Academy, studying a couple of years later under Madox Brown, who was not many years older than himself. Even then Rossetti had an almost mesmeric influence upon his friends. He was a pale, tall, and thin young man, who always walked with a slight stoop; dry in his manner, silent, and careless in dress, there was nothing captivating about him at a transitory meeting. But his pale face was lit up by his unusually reflective, deeply clouded, contemplative eyes; and about his defiant mouth there played that contempt of the profane crowd which is natural to a superior mind, while the laurel of fame was already twined about his youthful forehead. In 1849, when he was exhibiting his earliest picture, he had published in *The Germ*, to say nothing of his numerous poems, a mystical, visionary sketch in prose named *Hand and Soul*, which was much praised by men of the highest intellect in London. Soon afterwards he published a volume entitled *Dante and his Circle*, in which he translated a number of old Italian poems, and

[*Brothers photo sc.*

ROSSETTI: "ASTARTE SYRIACA."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

ROSSETTI : STUDY FOR "DANTE'S DREAM."

rendered Dante's *Vita Nuova* into strictly archaic English prose. Reserved as he was towards strangers, he was irresistibly attractive to his friends, and his brilliant, genial conversation won him the goodwill of every one. A man of gifted and delicate nature, sensitive to an extreme degree, a sedentary student who had yet an enthusiasm for knightly deeds, a jaded spirit capable of morbidly heightened, exotic sensibility and soft, melting reverie, one whose overstrained nerves only vibrated if he slept in the daytime and worked at night, it seemed as though Rossetti was born to be the father of the *décadence*, of that state of spirit which every one now perceives to be flooding Europe.

His later career was as quiet as its opening had been brilliant. After that graciously sentimental little picture "Ecce Ancilla Domini," Rossetti exhibited in public only once again; this was in 1856. From that date the public saw no more of his painting. He worked only for his friends and the friends of his friends. He was famous only in private, and looked up to like a god within a narrow circle of admirers. One of his acquaintances, the painter Deverell, had introduced him in 1850 to the woman who became for him what Saskia Uylenburgh had been for Rembrandt and Helene Fourment for Rubens—his type of feminine beauty. She was a young dressmaker's assistant, Miss Eleanor Siddal. Her thick, heavy hair was fair, with that faint reddish tint in it which Titian painted; it grew in two tapering bands deep down into the neck, being there somewhat fairer than it was above, and it curled thickly. Her eyes had something indefinite in their expression; nothing,

Magazine of Art.] [*O. Lacour sc.*

ROSSETTI: "DANTE'S DREAM."

(By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool, the owners of the picture.)

however, that was dreamy, mobile, and changeable, for they seemed rather to be insuperable, fathomless, and unnaturally vivid. All the play of her countenance lay in the lower part of her face, in the nostrils, mouth, and chin. The mouth indeed, with its deep corners, sharply chiselled outlines, and lips triumphantly curved, was particularly expressive. And her tall, slender figure had a refined distinction of line. In 1860 they married. Some of his most beautiful works were painted during this epoch—the "Beata Beatrix," the "Sibylla Palmifera," "Monna Vanna," "Venus Verticordia," "Lady Lilith," and "The Beloved"—pictures which he painted without a thought of exhibition or success. After a union of barely two years this passionately loved woman died, a still-born child having been born a short time before. He laid a whole volume of manuscript poems—many of them inspired by her—in the coffin, and they were buried with her. From that time he lived solitary and secluded from the world, surrounded by mediæval antiques, in his old-fashioned house at Chelsea, entirely given up to his dreams, a

Portfolio.]

ROSSETTI: "ROSA TRIPLEX."

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stranger in a world without light. He suffered much from ill-health, and was sensitive and hypochondriacal, and, indeed, undermined his health by an immoderate use of chloral. His friends entreated him to bring out his poems, and all England was expectant when Rossetti at length yielded to pressure, opened the grave of his wife, and took out the manuscript. The poems appeared in the April of 1870. The first edition was bought up in ten days, and there followed six others. Wherever he appeared, he was honoured like a god. But the attacks directed against the first pictures of the Preraphaelites were repeated, although now transferred to another region. An article by Robert Buchanan in the *Contemporary Review*, and published afterwards as a pamphlet, entitled *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, accused Rossetti of immorality and imitation of Baudelaire and the Marquis de Sade. Rossetti stepped once more into the arena, and replied by a letter in the *Athenæum* headed *The Stealthy School of Criticism*. From that time he shut himself up completely, never went out, and led "the hole-and-cornerest

ROSSETTI: STUDY FOR "THE SALUTATION OF BEATRICE."

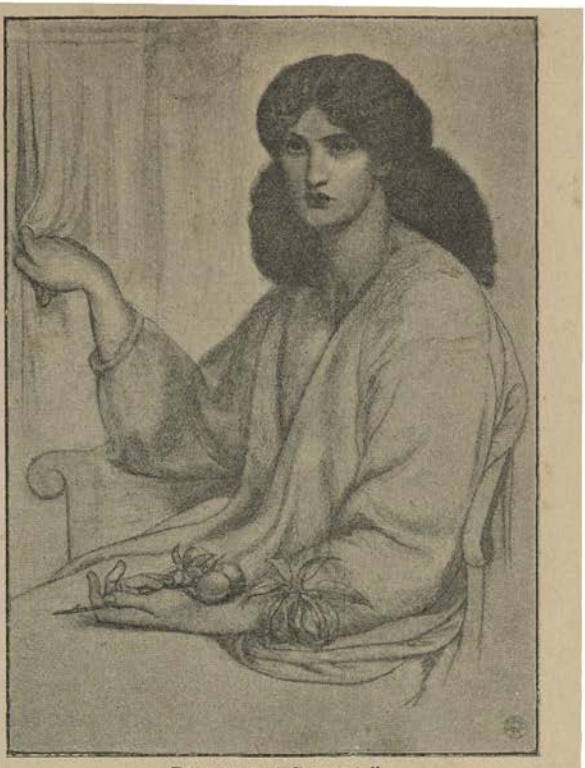
existence." He considered himself as the victim of a widely ramified conspiracy, which aimed at tormenting him to death; he had hallucinations, took morphia, to which he became so accustomed that at last he procured himself a few hours' sleep with three doses of four grammes every time; his eyes grew dull and languid; he shuffled in his gait and stooped, grew eccentric in dress; he was paralyzed, his eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, and his hollow "grassy green" cheeks assumed a hectic flush; almost every evening he suffered from a dull, throbbing headache, which in later days alternated with palpitation of the heart; and at night he fancied that he was suffocating in bed, and on the point of fainting.

In 1881 he published a second volume of poems, chiefly composed of ballads and sonnets. And a year afterwards, on April 9th, 1882, he died, honoured, even in the academical circles in which he never mingled, as one of the greatest men in England. The exhibition of his works which was opened a couple of months after his death created an immense sensation. Those of his pictures which had not been already sold straight from the easel were paid for with their weight in gold, and are now scattered in great English country mansions and certain private galleries in Florence. The only very rich collection in London is that of an intimate friend of the artist, the late Mr. Leyland, who had gathered together in his splendid house in the West End probably the most beautiful work of which the East can boast in carpets and vases, or the early Renaissance in intaglios, small bronzes, and ornaments. Here, surrounded by the quaint and delicate pictures of Carlo Crivelli and Botticelli, Rossetti was in the society of his contemporaries.

Pageant.] [*Swan photo sc.*

ROSSETTI: "MARY MAGDALENE AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE."

(*By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.*)



ROSSETTI: "SILENCE."

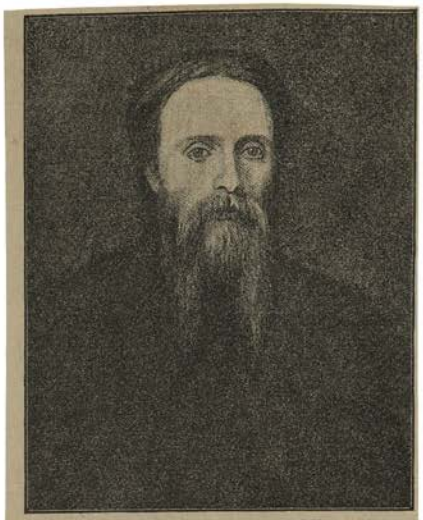
His range of subject was not wide. In his earliest period he had a fancy for painting small biblical pictures, of which "Ecce Ancilla Domini" is the best known, and the delightfully archaic "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" one of the most beautiful. But this austerely biblical tendency was not of long continuance. It soon gave way to a brilliant, imaginative Romanticism, to which he was prompted by Dante. "Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante," "The Salutation of Beatrice on Earth and in Eden" (from the *Vita Nuova*), "La Pia" (from the *Purgatorio*), the "Beata Beatrix," and "Dante's Dream," in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, are the leading works which arose under the influence of the great Italian. The head of his wife, with her heavily veiled eyes, and Giotto's well-known picture of Dante, sufficed him for the creation of the most tender, mystical poems, which, at the same time, show him in all the splendour of his wealth of colour. He revels in the most brilliant hues; his pictures have the appearance of being bathed in a glow; and there is something deeply sensuous in his vivid and lustrous green, red, and violet tones. In the picture "Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death" the poet kneels at the open window which looks out upon Florence; he has been drawing, and a tablet is in his

hand. The room is quite simple, a frieze with angels' heads being its only ornament. Visitors of rank have come to see him—an elderly magnate and his daughter—and have stood long behind him without his noticing their presence. For he has been thinking of Beatrice, and it is only when his attention is attracted to them by a friend that he turns round at last. The "Beata Beatrix," in the National Gallery in London—a picture begun in 1863 and ended in the August of 1866—treats of the death of Beatrice "under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice, seated in a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven." In accordance with the description in the *Vita Nuova*, Beatrice sits in the balcony of her father's palace in strange ecstasy. Across the parapet of the balcony there is a view of the Arno and of that other palace where Dante passed his youth close to his adored mistress, until the unforgotten 9th of June, 1290, when death robbed him of her. A peaceful evening light is shed upon the bank of the Arno, and plays upon the parapet with warm silvery beams. Beatrice is dressed in a garment belonging to no definite epoch, of green and rosy red, the colours of Love and Hope. Her head rises against a little patch of yellow sky between the two palaces, and seems to be surrounded by it as by a halo. She is in a trance, has the foreknowledge of her approaching death, and already lives through the spirit in another world, whilst her body is still upon the earth. Her hands are touched by a heavenly light. A dove of deep rose-coloured plumage alights upon her knees, bringing her a white poppy, whilst opposite, before the palace of Dante, the figure of Love stands, holding a flaming heart, and announcing to the poet that Beatrice has passed to a life beyond the earth.

"La Donna Finestra," painted in 1879 and to be counted amongst his ripest creations, has connection with that passage in the *Vita Nuova* where Dante sinks to the ground overcome with sorrow for Beatrice's death, and is regarded with sympathy by a lady looking down from a window, the Lady of Pity, the human embodiment of compassion. "Dante's Dream" is probably the work which shows the painter at his zenith. The expression

of the heads is profound and lofty, the composition severely mediæval and admirably complete, and although the painting is laboured, the total impression is nevertheless so cogent that it is impossible to forget it. "The scene," in Rossetti's own description, "is a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is seen lying on a couch, as if just fallen back in death; the winged figure of Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart, and with it a branch of apple-blossom; as he reaches the bier, Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her; while the two green-clad dream-ladies hold the pall full of May-blossom suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever." The expression of ecstasy in Dante's face, and the still, angelical sweetness of Beatrice, are rendered with astonishing intensity. She lies upon the bier, pale as a flower, wrapped in a white shroud, with her lips parted as though she were gently breathing, and does not seem dead, but fallen asleep. Her fair hair floats round her in golden waves. In its vague folds the covering of the couch displays the marble outlines of the body. And a look of bliss rests upon the pure and clear-cut features of her lovely face.

This "painting of the soul" occupied Rossetti almost exclusively in the third and most fruitful period of his life, when he painted hardly any pictures upon the larger scale, but separate feminine figures furnished with various poetic attributes, the deeper meaning of which is interpreted in his poems. "The Sphinx," in which he busied himself with the great riddle of life, is the only one containing several figures. Three persons—a youth, a man of ripe years, and a gray-beard—visit the secret dwelling of the Sphinx to inquire their destiny of this omniscient being. It is only the man who really puts the question; the gray-beard stumbles painfully towards her cavern, while the young man, wearied with his journey, falls dying to the earth before the very object of his quest. The Sphinx remains in impenetrable silence, with her green, inscrutable, mysterious eyes coldly and pitilessly fixed upon infinity. "The Blessed Damozel," "Proserpina," "Fiammetta," "The Daydream," "La



[*Watts pxt.*
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

Bella Mano," "La Ghirlandata," "Veronica Veronese," "Diis Manibus," "Astarte Syriaca," are all separate figures dedicated to the memory of his wife. As Dante immortalized his Beatrice, Rossetti honoured his wife, who died so early, in his poems and his pictures. He painted her as "The Blessed Damozel," with her gentle, saint-like face, her quiet mouth, her flowing golden hair and peaceful lids. He represents her as an angel of God standing at the gate of heaven, looking down upon the earth. She is thinking of her lover, and of the time when she will see him again in heaven, and of the sacred songs that will be sung to him. Lilies rest upon her arm, and lovers once more united hover around.

There is no action or rhetoric of gesture in Rossetti. His tall Gothic figures are motionless and silent, having almost the floating appearance of visionary figures which stand long before the gaze of the dreamer without taking bodily form. They glide along like phantoms and shadows, like the blossoms of the tree and the ears of the field which hover passive to the wind. They neither talk, nor weep, nor laugh, and are only eloquent through their quiet hands, the most sensuous and the most spiritual hands ever painted, or with their eyes, the most dreamy and fascinating eyes which have been rendered in art since Leonardo da Vinci. In the pictures which Rossetti devoted to her, Elizabeth Siddal is a marvellously lofty woman, glorified in the mysticism of a rare beauty. Rossetti drapes his idol in Venetian fashion, with rich garments which recall Giorgione in the character of their colour, and, like Botticelli, he strews flowers of deep fragrance around her, especially roses, which he painted with wonderful perfection, and also hyacinths, for which he had

a great love and the intoxicating perfume of which affected him greatly.

This taste for beautiful and deeply lustrous colours and rich accessories is, indeed, the one purely pictorial quality which this painter-poet has, if one understands by pictorial qualities the capacity for intoxicating one's self with the beauty of the visible world. His drawing is often faulty; and his bodies, enveloped in rich and heavy garments, are not, perhaps, in invariable accordance with anatomy. What explains Rossetti's fabulous success is purely the condition of spirit which went to the making of his works — that nervous vibration, that ecstasy of opium, that combination of suffering and sensuousness, and that romanticism drunk with beauty, which go through his paintings. When they appeared they seemed like a revelation of a beautiful land, only one could not say where it existed—a revelation indeed, for it revealed for the first time a world of story which was in no sense fabulous: there came a romanticism which was something real; a style arose which seemed as though it were woven

BURNE-JONES: "KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID."

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BURNE-JONES: "CHANT D'AMOUR."

(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

of tones and colours, a style rioting in an everlasting exhilaration of spirit, breaking out sometimes in a glow of flame and sometimes in delicate, tremulous longing. Even where he paints a Madonna she is merely a woman in his eyes, and he endows her with the glowing fire of passionate fervour, with a trace of the joy of the earth, which no painter has ever given her before. And through this union of refined modern sensuousness and Catholic mysticism he has created a new thrill of beauty. His painting was a drop of a most precious essence, in its hues enchanting and intoxicating, the strongest spiritual potion ever brewed in English art. The intensity of his overstrained sensibility, and the wonderful Southern mosaic of form into which he poured this sensibility with elaborate refinement, make him seem the brother of Baudelaire and the ancestor of the *décadence*.

This tendency of spirit was so novel, this plunge in the tide of mysticism so enchanting, this delicate, archaic fragrance

BURNE-JONES: "CIRCE."

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so overwhelming, that a new stage in the culture of modern England dates from the appearance of Rossetti. He borrowed nothing from his contemporaries, and all borrowed from him. There came a time when budding girls in London attired themselves like early Italians from Dante's *Inferno*, when Jellaby Postlethwaite, in Du Maurier's mocking skit, entered a restaurant at luncheon-time, and ordered a glass of water and placed in it a lily which he had brought with him. "What else can I bring?" asked the waiter. "Nothing," he sighed; "that is all I need." There began that æstheticism, that yearning for the lily and that cult of the sunflower, which Gilbert and Sullivan parodied in *Patience*. Swinburne, who has tasted of emotions of the most various realms of spirit, and in his poems set them before the world as though in marvellously chiselled goblets, represents this æsthetic phase of English art in literature. As a painter, Edward Burne-Jones—the greatest of that Oxford circle which gathered round Rossetti in 1856—began to work at the point where Rossetti left off.

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BURNE-JONES: "THE DAYS OF CREATION."

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Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who must now be spoken of, was born in Birmingham in August 1833, and was reading theology in Oxford when Rossetti was there painting the mural pictures for the Union. Rossetti attracted him as a flame

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BURNE-JONES: "THE DAYS OF CREATION."

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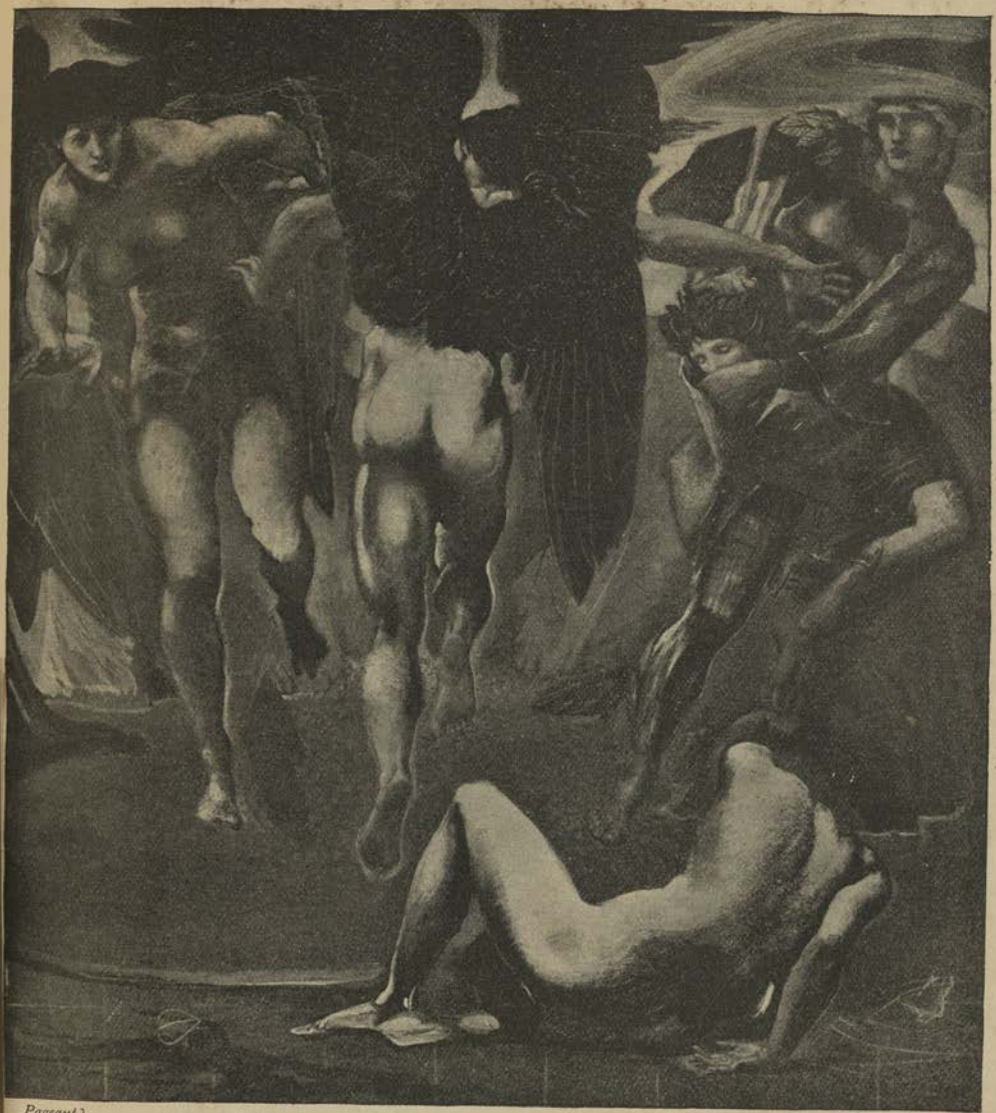
attracts the moth. As yet he had not had any artistic training, but some of his drawings which were shown to Rossetti by a mutual friend revealed so much poetic force, in

BURNE-JONES: "PYGMALION (THE SOUL ATTAINS)."
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

spite of their embarrassed method of expression, that the painter-poet entered into communication with him; and allowed him to paint in the Debating Room of the Union a subject from the Arthurian legends, "The Death of Merlin." The picture met with approval, and Burne-Jones abandoned theology, became an intimate friend of Rossetti and the companion of his studies, and went with him to London. There he designed a number of church windows for Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and in 1864 exhibited his first picture, "The Legend of a Knight who pardons his Enemy." Later there followed three small pictures from the "Legend of Pyramus" and a picture called "The Angel of Evening," a glimmering landscape through which a gentle spirit in a bronze-green garment is seen to float. But none of these works excited much attention. In some degree this was owing to their amateurish technique, but the time for this *décadent* mood had not yet arrived. Two small pictures exhibited in 1870, "Phyllis" and "Demophoon," were even thought offensive on account of the "sensuous expression" of the nymph. So Burne-Jones withdrew them, and from that time held for many years aloof from all the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. During seven years his name was never seen in a catalogue. It was only on May 1st, 1877, at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—founded by Sir Coutts Lindsay, likewise a painter, to afford himself and his comrades a place of exhibition independent of the Academy—that Burne-Jones once



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BURNE-JONES: "PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA." [*Swan photo sc.*

more made his appearance before the eyes of the world. But his pictures, like those of Rossetti, had found their way in secrecy and by their own merit, and of a sudden he saw himself regarded as one of the most eminent painters in the country.

L'Art.]
BURNE-JONES: "THE ENCHANTMENT OF MERLIN."
(*By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.*)

His art is the flower of most potent fragrance in English æstheticism, and the admiration accorded to him in England is almost greater than that which had been previously paid to Rossetti. The Grosvenor Gallery, where he exhibited his pictures at this period, was a kind of temple for the æsthetes. On the opening day men and women of the greatest refinement crowded before his works. There was a cult of Burne-Jones at the Grosvenor Gallery as there is a cult of Wagner at Bayreuth. One had to work one's way very gradually through the crowd to see his pictures, which always occupied the place of honour in the principal room of the gallery, and I remember how helplessly I stood in 1884 before the first of his pictures which I saw there.

In a kind of vestibule of early Gothic architecture there was

BURNE-JONES: "THE ANNUNCIATION."
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

seated in the foreground an armed man, who, in his dark, gleaming harness and his hard and bold profile, was like a Lombard warrior, say Mantegna's Duke of Mantua, and as he mused he held in his hand an iron crown studded with jewels; farther in the background, upon a high marble throne, a maiden was enthroned, a young girl with reddish hair and a pale worn face, looking with steadfast eyes far out into another world, as though in a hypnotic trance. Two youths, apparently pages, sang, leaning upon a balustrade; while all manner of costly accessories, brilliant stuffs, lustrous marble, grey granite, and mosaic pavement, shining in green and red tones, lent the whole picture an air of exquisite richness. The title in the catalogue was "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," and any one acquainted with Provençal poetry knew that King Cophetua, the hero of an old ballad, fell in love with a beggar-girl, offered her his crown, and married her. But this was not to be gathered from the picture itself, where all palpable illustration of the story was avoided. Nevertheless a vague sense of emotional disquietude was revealed in it. The two leading persons of the strange idyll, the earnest knight and the pallid maiden, are not yet able themselves to understand how all has come to pass—how she, the beggar-maid, should be upon the marble throne,

Portfolio.]

BURNE-JONES: "THE GOLDEN STAIRS."

(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

and he, the king, kneeling on the steps before her whom he has exalted to be a queen. They remain motionless and profoundly silent, but their hearts are alive and throbbing. They have feelings which they cannot comprehend themselves, and the past and present surge through one another: life is a dream, and the dream is life.

Magazine of Art.]

BURNE-JONES: "SIBYLLA DELPHICA."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

Everything that Burne-Jones has created is at once fragrant, mystical, and austere, like this picture. His range of subject is most extensive. In his *Princess* Alfred Tennyson had quickened into new life the legends of chivalry, and in his *Idylls of the King* the tales of the Knights of the Holy Grail. Swinburne published his *Atalanta in Calydon*, in which he exercised once more the mysterious spell of the ancient drama, while he created in *Chastelard*, *Bothwell*, and *Mary Stuart* a trilogy of the finest historical tragedies ever written, and showed in *Tristram of Lyonesse* that even Tennyson had not exhausted all the beauty in old legends of the time of King Arthur. And, as early as 1866, he had given to the world his *Poems and Ballads*, dedicated to Burne-Jones. In these works lie the ideas to which the painter has given form and colour.

He paints Circe in a saffron robe, preparing the potion to enchant the companions of Ulysses, with a strange light in her

orbs, while two panthers fawn at her feet. He represents the goddess of Discord at the marriage of Thetis, a ghastly, pallid figure, entering amongst the gods who are celebrating the occasion, with the fateful apple in her hand. He depicts Pygmalion, the artist king of Cyprus, supplicating Aphrodite to breathe life into the ivory image of a maiden, the work of his own hands.

Apart from classical antiquity, he owes some of his inspiration to the Bible and Christian legends, the sublimity of their grave tragedies, and the troubled sadness of their yearning and exaltation. One of his leading works devotes six pictures to the days of creation. An angel—accompanied in every case by the angels of the previous days—carries a sphere, in which may be seen the stars, the waters, the trees, the animals, and the first man and woman, in their proper sequence. The scene of the "Adoration of the Kings" is a landscape where fragrant roses bloom in the shadow of the slender stems of trees, which rise straight as a bolt. The Virgin sits in their midst calm and unapproachable, and in her lap the Child, who is more slender than in the pictures of Cimabue. The three wise men—tall, gigantic figures, clad in rich mediæval garments—approach softly, whilst an angel floats perpendicularly in the air as a silent witness.

In his picture "The Annunciation" Mary is standing motionless beside the great basin of a well-spring, at the portico of her house. To the left the messenger of God appears in the air. He has floated solemnly down, and it seems as if the folds of his robes, which fall straight from the body, had hardly been ruffled in his flight, as if his wings had scarcely moved; with the extremities of his feet he touches the branches of a laurel. Mary does not shrink, and makes no gesture. There they stand, gravely, and as still as statues. The robe of the angel is white, and white that of the Virgin, and white the marble floor and the wainscoting of the house, and it is only the pinions of the heavenly messenger that gleam in a golden brightness. A picture called "Sponsa die Libano" bore as a motto the words from *The Song of Solomon*: "Awake, O north wind; and come,

thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." The bride, in an ample blue robe, walks musing beside a stream, upon the shore of which white lilies grow, whilst the vehement figures of the North and South Winds rush through the air in grey, fluttering garments.

In addition to his love for Homer and the Bible, Burne-Jones has a passion for the old Trouvères of the *Chansons de Geste*, the great and fanciful adventures of vanished chivalry, Provençal courts of love, and the legends of Arthur, Merlin, and the Knights of the Round Table. His "Chant d'Amour" is like a page torn out of an old English or Provençal tale. On the meadow before a mediæval town a lady is kneeling, a sort of St. Cecilia, in a white upper-garment and a gleaming skirt, playing upon an organ, the full chords of which echo softly through the evening landscape. To the left a young knight is sitting upon the ground, and silently listens, lost in the music, while a strange figure, clad in red, is pressing upon the bellows of the instrument. "The Enchantment of Merlin," with which he made his first appearance in 1877, illustrated the passage in the old legend of Merlin and Vivien, relating how it came to pass one day that she and Merlin entered a forest, which was called the forest of Broceliande, and found a glorious wood of whitethorn, very high and all in blossom, and seated themselves in the shadow. And Merlin fell asleep, and when she saw that he slept she raised herself softly, and began the spell, exactly according to the teaching of Merlin, drawing the magic circle nine times and uttering the spell nine times. And Merlin looked around him, and it seemed to him as though he were imprisoned in a tower, the highest in the world, and he felt his strength leave him as if the blood were streaming from his veins.

In other pictures he abandons all attempt to introduce ideas, confining himself to the simple grouping of tender girlish figures, by means of which he makes a beautiful composition of the most subtile lines, forms, colours, and gestures. The "Golden Stairs" of 1878 was a picture of this description: a train of girls, beautiful as angels, descended the steps without

Pageant.] [*Swan photo sc.*

BURNE-JONES: "THE SEA-NYMPH."

(*By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.*)

aim or object, most of them with musical instruments, and all with the same delicate feet and the same robes falling in beautiful folds. In this year he also produced "Venus' Looking-glass:" a number of nymphs assembled by the side of a clear pool at sunset, in the midst of a sad and solemn landscape, are kneeling by the water's edge together, reflected in its surface.

Besides these numerous canvases, mention must be made of the decorative works of the master. For the English church in Rome Burne-Jones has designed decorations in a rich

BURNE-JONES: "THE WOOD-NYMPH."
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.)

and grave Byzantine style, and in England, where mural decoration has little space accorded to it in churches, there is all the more comprehensive scope for painting upon glass. Until the sixties church windows of this kind were almost exclusively ordered from Germany. The court depôt of glass-painting in Munich provided for the adornment of Glasgow Cathedral from drawings by Schwind, Heinrich Hess, and Schraudolph, and for the windows of St. Paul's from designs by Schnorr, while Kaulbach was employed for a public building in Edinburgh. In these days Burne-Jones reigns over this whole province. Where the German masters handled glass-painting by modernizing it like a Nazarene fresco, Burne-Jones, who has penetrated deeply into the mediæval treatment of form, created a new style in glass-painting, and one exquisitely in keeping with the Neo-Gothic architecture of England. His most important works of this description are probably the glass windows which he designed for St. Martin's Church and St. Philip's Church in Birmingham, his native town. These labours of his in the province of Gothic window-painting explain how he came to his style of painting at the easel: he habituated himself to compose his pictures with the architectonical sentiment of a Gothic artist. Forced to satisfy the requisitions of the slender, soaring Gothic style, he came to paint his tall, straight-lined figures, the composition of which is not triangular in the old fashion, but formed in long lines as in vertical church windows.

It is not difficult to find prototypes for every one of these works of his. His sibyls recall Pompeii. His church decoration would never have arisen but for the mosaics of Ravenna. And those angels in golden drapery with grave, hieratical gestures in the pictures of the Trecentisti influenced him in his "Days of Creation." Other works of his suggest the Etruscan vases or the suavity of Duccio. "Laus Veneris" has the severe classicality of Mantegna saturated with Bellini's warmth of hue. The "Chant d'Amour," in its deep splendour of colour, is like an idyll by Giorgione. And often he heaps together costly work in gold and ivory like the Florentine goldsmith painters Pollajuolo and Verrochio. Many of his young girls are of lineal descent from those slender, flexible, feminine saints of Perugino, painted in sweeping lines and planted upon small flat feet. Often, too, when he exaggerates his Gothic principles and gives them eight-and-a-half or nine times the proportion of their heads, they seem, with their lengthy necks and slim hands fit for princesses, like younger sisters of Parmeggianino's lithe-limbed women; while sometimes their movements have a more ample grace, a more majestic nobility, and their lips are moved by the mystical inward smile of Luini, so unfathomably subtile in its silent reserve. But it is Botticelli who is most often brought to mind. Burne-Jones has borrowed from him the fine transparent gauze draperies, clinging to the limbs and betraying clearly the girlish forms in his pictures; the splendid mantels, flowered and adorned with dainty patterns of gold; the taste for Southern vegetation, for flowers and fruits, and artificial bowers of thick palm leaves or delicate boughs of cypress, which he delights in using as a refined and significant embellishment; from Botticelli he has borrowed all the attributes with which he has endowed his angels—rose-garlands and vases, tapers and tall lilies; even his type of womanhood has an outward resemblance to that of the Florentine with its long, delicate, oval face framed in wavy hair, its dreamy eyes and finely arched brows, its dainty and rather tip-tilted nose, and its ripe, delicately curving mouth slightly opened. Indeed Burne-Jones's painting is like one of those gilded flower-tables

where plants of all latitudes mingle their tendrils and their foliage, their bells and their clusters, their perfume and their marvellous glory of colour, in a harmony artificially arranged. In its strained archaism his art is an affected, artificial art, and would perish as swiftly as a luxuriant exotic plant had not this pupil of the Italians been born a thoroughbred Englishman, and this primitive painter been also a *décadent*, and this Botticelli risen from the grave become a true Briton on the bank of the Thames.

Burne-Jones stands to Botticelli as Botticelli himself stood to the antique, or as Swinburne to his literary models. As a graceful scholar, Swinburne has reproduced all styles: the language of the Old Testament, the forms of Greek literature, and the naïve lisp of the poets of chivalry. He decorates his verses with all manner of strange metaphors drawn from the literatures of all periods. His *Atalanta in Calydon* is, down to the choruses, an imitation of the Sophoclean tragedies. In his *Ballad of Life* he follows the model of the singers who made canzonets, the writers who followed Dante and the earliest lyric poets of Italy. In *Laus Veneris* he tells the story of Tannhäuser and Dame Venus in the manner of the French romantic poets of the sixteenth century; *Saint Dorothy* is a faithful echo of Chaucer's narrative style; and the *Christmas Carol* is modelled upon the Provençal Ballades. Even the earliest lyrical mysteries are reproduced in some poems so precisely that, so far as form goes, they might be mistaken for originals. But the thought of Swinburne's verse is what no earlier poet would have ever expressed. It is inconceivable that a Greek chorus would have chanted any song of the weariness of man, and of the gifts of grief and tears brought to him at his creation; nor would a Greek have written that Hymn to Aphrodite, the deadly flower born of the foam of blood and the froth of the sea. And in *Hesperia*, where he describes a man who has loved beyond measure and suffered overmuch amid the mad pleasures of Rome, and now sets out, pale and exhausted, to sail the golden sea of the West until he reach the "Fortunate Islands" and find peace before his

death, the mood does not reflect the thoughts of the old world, but those of the close of the nineteenth century; and so it is, too, in his "Hendecasyllables," where he complains in classically chiselled diction of the swift decay of beauty and the hidden ills which of a sudden consume the inward force of life. And Burne-Jones treats old myths with the same freedom and independence. He takes them up and recasts them, discovers modern passions lying in the very heart of them, enriches them with a wealth of delicate shades, borrowed without the smallest ceremony from a new conception of the world and from the life of his own time. The human soul grown old looks back, as it were, upon the path which it has travelled, and sees the spirit of its own ripe age latent in its infancy, recognizing that "the child is father of the man." All the figures in his pictures are surrounded by a dusk which has nothing in common with the broad daylight in which the Renaissance artists placed the antique world. There remains what may be called a residue of modern feeling which has not been assimilated to the old myth, a breath of magic floating round these figures on their career, something mysterious, an elusive air of fable. And this is the pervasive temperament and sentiment of our own age. It is our own inward spirit that gazes upon us as though from an enchanted mirror with the mien of a phantom.

And just as he remodels the entire spirit of old myths, he converts the figures which he has borrowed into an artistic form of his own, and, without hesitation, subordinates them in type and physical build and bearing to the new part they have to play.

His pictures differ in their whole character from those of the masters of the Quattrocento. In Botticelli, also, the young foliage grows green and flaunts in its exuberant abundance. But in Burne-Jones the vegetation suggests one of those immense forests in Sumatra or Java. All the plants are luxuriant and resplendent in colour, and seem to swoon in their own opulent, plethoric life. Every tree creates an impression of having shot up in swift and wanton growth under a tropical

heat. Rank parasitic plants trail from stem to stem, and garlands of climbers grow in a ripe tangle round the branches.

And in proportion as the vegetation is luxuriant and sensuous the human figures are wasted and languishing. The severe charm, rigidity, and demureness of the Quattrocento is weakened into lackadaisical melancholy. The dreamy bliss of Botticelli is transposed into sanctified solemnity, delicate fragility, a voluptuous lassitude, a gentle weariness of the world. When he paints ancient sibyls, they are touched at once by the unearthly asceticism of the Middle Ages seeking refuge from the world, and the melancholy, anæmic lassitude of the close of the nineteenth century. If he paints a Venus she does not stand out victorious in her nudity, but wears a heavy brocaded robe, and around her lie the symbols of Christian martyrdom, palms, and perhaps a lyre. It is not the fairness of her body that makes her goddess of love, but only the dim mystery of her radiant eyes. She is not the Olympian who entered into frolicksome adventure with the war-god Mars amid the laughter of the heavenly gods, for in her conventional humiliation she is rather like the beautiful dæmon of the Middle Ages who, upon her journey into exile, passed by the cross where the Son of Man was hanging, and tasted all the bitterness of the years. In their delicate features his Madonnas have a gentle sadness rarely found in the Italian masters. Even the angels, who were roguish and wayward in the Quattrocento, do their spiriting with ceremonious gravity, and a subdued melancholy underlies their devotional reverence. In Botticelli they are fresh, youthful figures, lightly girdled, and with fluttering locks and swelling robes and limber bodies, whether they float around the Madonna in blissful revelry or look up to the Child Christ in their rapt ecstasy. But in Burne-Jones they are devout, sombre, deeply earnest beings, gazing as thoughtfully and dreamily as though they had already known all the affliction of the world. Their limbs seem paralyzed, and their gesture weary. It is not possible to look at one of his pictures without being reminded of the Florentines of the fifteenth century, and yet the spectator at once recognizes that they are the

work of Burne-Jones. He is even opposed to Rossetti, his lord and master, through this element of melancholy: the intoxication of opium is followed by the sober awakening.

Rossetti's women are dazzling and glorious figures of a modern and deliberately cruel beauty—sisters of Messalina, Phædra, and Faustina. He delineates them as luxuriant beings with supple and splendid bodies, long white necks, and snowily gleaming breasts; with full and fragrant hair, ardent, yearning eyes, and demoniacally passionate lips. Their mother is the Venus Verticordia whom Rossetti so often painted. Cruel in their love as one of the blind forces of nature, they are like that water-sprite with her song and her red coral mouth, dragged from the sea in a fishing-net, as an old French *fabliau* tells, and so fair that every man who beheld her was seized by the love of her, but died when he clasped her in his arms. What they love in man is his physical strength—faces and sinews of bronze. Only the strong man who loves them with overpowering madness, like a stormy wind, can bend them to his will. Swinburne has sung of "the lips intertwisted and bitten, where the foam is as blood," of

> "The heavy white limbs and the cruel
> Red mouth like a venomous flower."

But the women of Burne-Jones know that this fervour is no longer to be found upon the earth. The blood has been sapped, and the fire burns low, and the glorious, ancient might of love has disappeared. For these women life has lost its sunshine, and love its passion, and the world its hopes. The hue of their cheeks is pallid, their eyes are dim, their bodies sickly and without flesh and blood, and their hips are spare. With pale, quivering lips, and a melancholy smile or a strangely resigned, intensely grieved look flickering at the corners of their mouths, they live consumed by sterile longing, and pine in silent dejection, gazing into vacant space like imprisoned goldfish, or luxuriate in the vague Fata Morgana of an over-delicate, over-refined, and bashfully tremulous eroticism:—

[*Brothers photo sc.*

STANHOPE: "THE WATERS OF LETHE."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

"And the chaplets of old are above us,
And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss in the father's own city,
With such lips as he sang with again?
Intercede with us all of thy pity,
Our Lady of Pain."

Swinburne's first ardent and sensuous volume of lyrics contains a poem *The Garden of Proserpine*: it tells how a man weary of all things human and divine, and no longer able to support the intoxicating fragrance of the roses of Aphrodite, draws near with wavering steps to the throne where calm Proserpine sits silent, crowned with cold white flowers. And in the same way Rossetti's flaming and quivering passion and his volcanic desire end in Burne-Jones with sad resignation, and sleep and death.

Whilst Christianity and Hellenism mingle in the figures of Burne-Jones, a division of labour is noticeable amongst the following artists: some addressed themselves exclusively to the treatment of ancient subjects, others to ecclesiastical romantic painting in the style of the Quattrocento, and others again recognized their chief vocation in initiating a reformation in kindred provinces of industrial art.

R. Spencer Stanhope, who was at Oxford, like Burne-Jones, and, indeed, received his first artistic impulses while employed for the elaboration of Rossetti's mural pictures for the Union, worked even in later days chiefly in the field of decorative painting, and is, with Burne-Jones, the most active monumental painter for churches in England. His oil-paintings are few, and in their gracious Quattrocento build they are in outward appearance scarcely different from those of Burne-Jones. In a picture belonging to the Manchester Gallery there is a maiden seated amid a flowery meadow, while a small Cupid with red pinions draws near to her; the landscape has an air of peace and happiness. Another picture—probably inspired by Catullus' *Lament for Lesbia's Sparrow*—displays a girl sitting upon an old town wall with a little dead bird. "The Temptation of Eve"

is like a brilliantly coloured mediæval miniature, painted with the greatest *finesse*. As in the woodcut in the Cologne Bible, Paradise is enclosed with a circular red wall. Eve is like a slim, twisted Gothic statue. Like Burne-Jones, Stanhope is always delicate and poetic, but he is less successful in setting upon old forms of art the stamp of his individuality, and thus giving them new life and a character of their own. In their severe, archæological character his pictures have little beyond the affectation of a style which has been arrived at through imitation.

The third member of this Oxford Circle, the poet *William Morris*, has exercised great influence over English taste by the institution of an industrial establishment for embroidery, painting upon glass, and household decoration. Keeping in mind that close union which existed in the fifteenth century between art and the manual crafts, he and certain of his disciples did not hesitate to provide designs for decorative stuffs, wall-papers, furniture, and household embellishments of every description. They were chiefly indebted to the Japanese, to say nothing of the old Italians, though they succeeded in creating a thoroughly modern and independent style, in spite of all they borrowed. The whole range of industrial art in England received a new lease of life, and household decoration became blither and more cheerful in its appearance. Only light, delicate, and finely graduated colours were allowed to predominate, and they were combined with slender, graceful, and vivacious form. The heavy panelling which was popular in the sixties gave way to bright papers ornamented with flowers; narrow panes made way for large plate-glass windows with light curtains, where long-stemmed flowers were entwined in the pattern. Slim pillars supported cabinets painted in exquisite hues or gleaming with lacquer-work and enamel. Seats were ornamented with soft cushions shining in all the delicate splendour of Indian silks. And the Preraphaelite style of ornamentation was even extended to the embellishment of books, so that England created the modern book, at a time when other nations adhered altogether to the imitation of old models.

In his early years *Arthur Hughes* attracted much attention by an Ophelia, a delicate, thoroughly English figure of soft Preraphaelite grace; but in later years he rarely got beyond sentimental Renaissance maidens suggestive of Julius Wolff, and humorous work in the style of *genre*.

J. N. Strudwick, who worked first under Spencer Stanhope and then under Burne-Jones, was more consistent in his fidelity to the Preraphaelite principles. His pictures have the same delicate, enervated mysticism, and the same thoughtful, dreamy poetry, as those of his elders in the school. By preference he paints slender, pensive girlish figures, with the sentiment of Burne-Jones, taking his motive from some passage in a poet. In a picture called "Elaine" the heroine is mournfully seated in a room which is like a chapel, with a large organ in the background. Another of his works reveals three girls occupied with music. Or a knight strewn with roses lies asleep in a maiden's lap. Or again, there is St. Cecilia standing before a Roman building with her small organ. Strudwick does not possess the spontaneity of his master. The childlike, angular effect at which he aims often

Dixon photo.]

STRUDWICK: "THY TUNEFUL STRINGS WAKE MEMORIES."

(By permission of W. Imrie, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

Magazine of Art.]
STRUDWICK: "THE GENTLE MUSIC OF A BYGONE DAY."
(By permission of John Dixon, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

seems slightly weak and mawkish. And occasionally his painting has something diffident, when he paints in the architectural detail and rich artistic accessories, stippling with a very fine brush. But his works are so exquisite and delicate, so precious and æsthetic, that they must be reckoned amongst the most characteristic performances of the New Preraphaelitism. One of his larger compositions he has named "Bygone Days." There is a man musing over the memories of his life, as he sits upon a white marble throne in front of a long white marble wall, amid an evening landscape. He stretches out his arms after the vanished years of his youth, the years when love smiled upon him, but Time, a winged figure like Orcagna's *Morte*, divides him from the goddess of love, swinging his scythe with a threatening gesture. "The Past," a slender matron in a black robe covers her face lamenting. In Strudwick's most celebrated picture, "The Ramparts of God's House," there is a man standing at the threshold of heaven, naked as a Greek athlete. His earthly fetters lie shattered at his feet. Meanwhile the angels receive him, marvellously spiritual beings filled with a lovely simplicity and revealing ineffable profundity of soul, beings who partake of Fra Angelico almost as much as of Ellen Terry. Their expression is quiet and peaceful. Instead of marvelling at the new-comer, they gaze with their eyes green as a water-sprite's meditatively into illimitable space. The architecture in the background is entirely symbolical, as in

the pictures of Giotto. A little house with a golden roof and gilded mediæval reliefs is inhabited by a dense throng of little angels, as if it were a Noah's-ark. The colour is rich and sonorous, as in the youthful works of Carlo Crivelli.

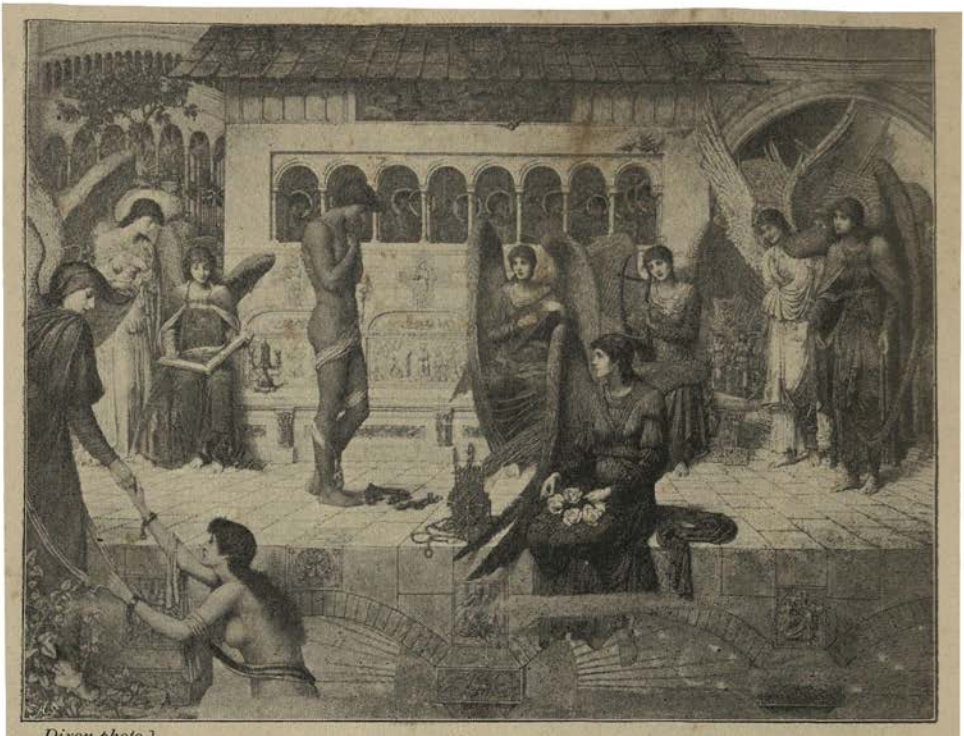
STRUDWICK: "ELAINE."

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, the owners of the copyright.)

Henry Holliday, who has of late devoted himself largely to decorative tasks, seems in these works to be the *juste-milieu* between Burne-Jones and Leighton. And the youngest representative of this group tinged with religious and romantic feelings is *Marie Spartali-Stillman*, who lives in Rome and paints as a rule pictures from Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, after the fashion of Rossetti.

Others, who turned to the treatment of antique subjects, were led by these themes more towards the Idealism of the Cinquecento as regards the form of their work; and in this way they lost the severe stamp of the Preraphaelites.

In these days *William Blake Richmond*, in particular, no longer shows any trace of having once belonged to the mystic circle of Oxonians. The Ariadne which he painted in the old days was a lean and tall woman with fluttering black mantle, casting up her arms in lamentation and gazing out of those deep, gazelle-like eyes which Burne-Jones gave his Vivienne. Even the scheme of colour was harmonized in the bronze, olive tone which marked the earliest works of Burne-Jones. But soon afterwards his views underwent a complete revolution in Italy. In form influenced by Alma Tadema, and



Dixon photo.]

STRUDWICK: "THE RAMPARTS OF GOD'S HOUSE."

(By permission of William Imrie, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

by the French in colour, he drew nearer to the academic manner, until he became, at length, a Classicist without any salient peculiarity. The allegory "Amor Vincit Omnia" is characteristic of this phase of his art. Aphrodite, risen from her bath, is standing naked in a Grecian portico, through which a purple sea is visible. Her maidens are busied in dressing her; and they are, one and all, chaste and noble figures of that classic grace and elegant fluency of line which Leighton usually lends to his ideal forms. In a picture which became known in Germany through the International Exhibition of 1891, Venus, a clear and white figure, floats down with stately motion towards Anchises. It is only in the delicate pictures of children which have been his chief successes of late years that he is still fresh and direct. Girls with thick hair of a *blonde*

Dixon photo.]

STRUDWICK: "THE TEN VIRGINS."

(By permission of William Imrie, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

cendrée, finely moulded lips, and large gazelle-like eyes full of sensibility, are seen in these works dreamily seated in white or blue dresses against a red or a blue curtain. And the æsthetic method of painting, which almost suggests pastel work in its delicacy, is in keeping with the ethereal figures and the bloom of colour.

London : Ward & Downey.]

CRANE : "THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER FISH."

(By permission of the Artist.)

Walter Crane has been far more successful in uniting the Preraphaelite conception with a sentiment for beauty formed upon the antique, Burne-Jones's "paucity of flesh and plenitude of feeling" with a measured nobility of form. Born in Liverpool in 1845, he received his first impressions of art at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1857, where he saw Millais' "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." The chivalrous poetry of this master became the ideal of his youth, and it rings clearly throughout his first pictures, exhibited in 1862. One of these has as its subject "The Lady of Shalott" approaching the shore of her mysterious island in a boat, and the other St. George slaying the dragon. Meanwhile, however, he had come to know Walker, through W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver, for whom he worked from 1859 to 1862, and the former led him to admire the beauty of the sculptures of the Parthenon. After this he passed from romantic to antique subjects, and there is something notably youthful, a fresh bloom as of old legends, in these compositions, which recall the sculpture of Phidias. "The Bridge of Life," belonging to the year 1875, was like an antique gem or a Grecian bas-relief. At the Paris World Exhibition of 1878 he had a "Birth of Venus," noble and antique in composition, and

Portfolio.]

CRANE: "THE CHARIOTS OF THE FLEETING HOURS."

(By permission of the Artist.)

of a severity of form which suggested Mantegna. The suave and poetic single figures which he delights in painting are at once Greek and English: girls, with branches of blossom, in white drapery falling into folds, and enveloping their whole form, while indicating every line of the body. His "Pegasus" might have come straight from the frieze of the Parthenon. "The Fleeting Hours" at once recalls Guido Reni's "Aurora" and Dürer's apocalyptic riders.

Later he turned to decorative painting, like all the representatives of the Preraphaelite group. He is one of the most original designers for industrial work in tapestry, next to Morris the most influential leader of the English arts and crafts, and he has collaborated in founding that modern naturalistic tendency of style which will be the art of the future. His designs are always based upon naturalistic motives —the English type of womanhood and the English splendour of flowers. There always predominates a sensitive relationship between the æsthetic character of the forms and their symbolical significance. He always adapts an object of nature so that it may correspond in style with the material in which he works. The way in which he makes use of the noblest models of antiquity and of the Renaissance, and yet immediately transposes them into an English key of sentiment and into available modern forms, is entirely peculiar. And last, but not least, he is a marvellous illustrator. Every one

went wild with delight at the close of the sixties over the appearance of his first children's books, *The Fairy Chief*, *The Little Pig who went to Market*, and *King Luckiboy*, the pictures of which were soon displayed upon all patterns for embroidery. And they were followed by others: after 1875 he published *Tell me a Story*, *The First of May — a Fairy Masque*, *The Sirens Three*, *Echoes of Hellas*, and so forth. The two albums *The Baby's Bouquet* and *The Baby's Opera* of 1879 are probably the finest of them all.

Portfolio.]
CRANE: "A WATER-LILY."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

In spite of their childish subjects, the drawings of Walter Crane have such a monumental air that they have the effect of "grand painting." Without imitation he reproduces spontaneously the grace and character of the primitive Florentines. Some of his plates recall "The Dream of Polifilo" and might bear the monogram of Giovanni Bellini. They owe their origin to a profound Germanic sentiment mingled with pagan reminiscences; they are an almost Grecian and yet English art, where fancy like a foolish, dreamy child plays with a brilliant skein of forms and colours.

That great artist *George Frederick Watts* stands quite apart as a personality in himself. In point of substance he is divided from others by not leaning upon poets, but by inventing

L'Art.] [*Bichard del.*

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

independent allegories for himself; and in point of form by courting neither the Quattrocento nor the Roman Cinquecento, but rather following the Venice of the later Renaissance. Instead of the marble precision of Squarcione or Mantegna, what predominates in his work is something soft and melting, which might recall Correggio, Tintoretto, or Giorgione, were it not that there is a cooler grey, a subdued light fresco tone in Watts, in place of the Venetian glory of colour.

As a man, Watts is one of those artists who are only to be found in England—an artist who, from his youth upwards, has been able to live for his art without regard to profit. Born in London in the year 1820, he left the Academy after being a pupil there for a brief period, and began to visit the Elgin Room in the British Museum. The impression made upon him by the sculptures of the Parthenon was decisive for his whole life. Not merely are numerous plastic works due to his study of them, but several of his finest paintings. When he was seventeen he exhibited his first pictures, which were very delicately painted and with scrupulous pains; and in 1843 he took part in the competition in regard to the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament, amongst which the representation of St. George and the Dragon was from his hand. With the proceeds of the prize which he received at the competition he went to Italy, and there he came to regard the great Venetians Titian and Giorgione as his kin and his contemporaries. The pupil of Phidias became the worshipper of Tintoretto. In Italy he produced "Fata Morgana," a picture of a warrior vainly trying to lay hold of a nude feminine figure which floats past by her airy white veil; this work already displays him as an

L'Art.]

WATTS: LADY LINDSAY.

(By permission of Lady Lindsay, the owner of the picture.)

accomplished artist, though it is wanting in the large, Classical quietude of his later paintings. He returned home with plans demanding more than human energy. Like the Frenchman Chenavard, he cherished the purpose of representing the history of the world in a series of frescoes, which were to adorn the walls of a building specially adapted for the purpose. "Chaos," "The Creation," "The Temptation of Man," "The Penitence," "The Death of Abel," and "The Death of Cain" were the earliest pictures which he designed for the series. It was through fresco-painting alone, as he believed, that it was possible to school English art to monumental grandeur, nobleness, and simplicity. But it was not possible for him to remain long upon this path in England, where painting has but little space accorded to it upon the walls of churches, while in other public buildings decoration is not in demand. Moreover it is doubtful whether Watts would have achieved anything great in this province of art. At any rate a work which he executed for the dining-hall at Lincoln's Inn—an assembly of the lawgivers of all times from Moses down to Edward I.—is scarcely more than a mixture of Raphael's "School of Athens" and the Hemicycle of Delaroche. In magnificent allegories in the form of oil-paintings he first found the expression of his individuality. Taken altogether he has now painted over two hundred and fifty, which are nearly all in the possession of the artist. Like Turner, Watts has probably never disposed of any of his pictures by sale.

[*Cameron photo.*

WATTS: "HOPE."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

At present he is a man of seventy-five, though he continues to work as though he were but fifty. He lives in a retired way amid the vast town, like a patrician of old Venice. His marriage with Miss Ellen Terry was dissolved after a few years, as Watts could not bring himself to sacrifice a life passed in his quiet world of thought to the whirl of society. He hears nothing of what goes on in artistic circles, and does not know whether he is understood or not. Yet he has lent one or other of his pictures to almost every public exhibition. Nine large pictures of his alone hang over the staircase of the South Kensington Museum opposite the entrance to the library. But even these are only "exemplars" of his art. To know his work thoroughly it is necessary to go to his house. His studio in Little Holland House, which after the painter's death is to pass into the possession of the State as a complete gallery, contains almost all his important creations, and is visited by the public upon Saturday and Sunday afternoon as freely as if it were a museum.

As a landscape-painter Watts is a visionary, like Turner, though in addition to the purely artistic effect of his pictures

Pageant.] [*Swan photo sc.*

WATTS: "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

WATTS: "ARTEMIS AND ENDYMION."

(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne, the owner of the copyright.)

he always endeavours to awaken remoter feelings and ideas of some kind or another. His landscape "Corsica" reveals a grey expanse, with very slight vibrations of tone, which suggest that out to sea a distant island is emerging from the mist. His "Mount Ararat," a picture entirely filled with the play of light blue tones, represents a number of barren rocky cones bathed in the intense blue of a pure transparent starry night. Above the highest peak there is one star sparkling more brilliantly than the others. In his "Deluge: the Forty-first Day," he attempted to depict, after an interpretation of his own, the power "with which light and heat, dissipating the darkness and dissolving the multitude of the waters into mist and vapour, give new life to perished nature." What is actually placed before the eye is a delicate symphony of colours which would have delighted

[*Cameron photo.*

WATTS: "LOVE AND LIFE."

(*By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne, the owner of the copyright.*)

Turner: wild, agitated sea, clouds gleaming like liquid gold, and mist, behind which the sun rises in a magical glow, like a red ball of fire.

In his portraits he is earnest and sincere. Just as fifty years ago David d'Angers devoted half a lifetime to the assemblage of a portrait gallery of famous contemporaries, Watts has in these days the glory of really being the historian of his time. The collection of portraits, many of which are to be seen in the new National Portrait Gallery, comprises about forty likenesses, all of them half-length pictures, all of them upon the same scale of size, all of them representing very famous men. Amongst the poets comprised in this gallery of genius are Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, William Morris, and Sir Henry Taylor; amongst prose-writers, Carlyle John Stuart Mill, Lecky, Motley, and Leslie Stephen; amongst statesmen, Gladstone, Sir Charles Dilke, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Salisbury, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Lindhurst, and Lord Sherbrooke; amongst the leaders of the clergy, Dean Stanley, Dean Milman, Cardinal Manning, and Dr. Martineau; amongst painters, Rossetti, Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Calderon; and amongst notable foreigners, Guizot, Thiers, Joachim, the violinist, and many others. In the matter of technique

[*Cameron photo.*

WATTS: "LOVE AND DEATH."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

Watts is excelled by many of the French. His portraits have something heavy, nor are they eminent for softness of modelling, nor for that momentary and animated effect peculiar to Lenbach. But few likenesses belonging to this century have the same force of expression, the same straightforward sureness of aim, the same grandeur and simplicity. Before each of the persons represented one is able to say, That is a painter, that a poet, and that a scholar. All the self-conscious dignity of a President of the Royal Academy is expressed in the picture of Leighton, and his look is as cold as marble; while the eyes of Burne-Jones seem mystically veiled, as though they were gazing into the past. Indeed the way in which Watts grasps his characters is masterly beyond conception. Amongst the old painters Tintoretto and Morone might be compared with him most readily, while Van Dyck is the least like him of all.

In opposition to the poetic fantasy of Burne-Jones dallying with legendary lore, an element of brooding thought is

L'Art.] [*Watkins sc.*

WATTS: "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

characteristic of the large compositions of Watts, a meditative absorption in ideas which provoke the intellect to further activity by their mysterious allegorical suggestions. Just as he makes an approach to the old Venetians in external form, he is divided from them in the inward burden of his work by a severity and hardiness characteristic of the Northern spirit, a predominance of idea seldom met with amongst Southern masters, and a profoundly sad way of thought in which one sees the signature of the nineteenth century. Apart from the purely artistic effect of his work, he has the purpose of giving the substance for grave meditations through his pictures: "The end of art," he writes, "must be the exposition of some weighty principle of spiritual significance, the illustration of a great truth."

"The Spirit of Christianity," the only one of his works which has a religious tone, displays a youth throned upon the clouds, with children nestling at his feet. The look of his powerful head is cast upwards, and his right hand opened widely. In "Orpheus and Eurydice" he has chosen the moment when Orpheus turns round to behold Eurydice turning pale and sinking to the earth, to be once more swallowed by Hades. The lyre drops from his hands, and with a gesture of despair he draws the form of his wife to his heart in a last, eternal embrace. "Artemis and Endymion" is a scene in which a tall

Pageant.] [*Swan photo sc.*

WATTS: "ARIADNE."

(*By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer, the owner of the copyright.*)

female figure in silvery shining vesture bends over the sleeping shepherd, throwing herself into the curve of a sickle.

But, as a rule, he neither makes use of Christian nor of ancient ideas, but embodies his own thoughts. In "The Illusions of Life," a picture belonging to the year 1847, beautiful, dreamy figures hover over a gulf, spreading at the verge of existence. At their feet lie the shattered emblems of greatness and power, and upon a small strip of the earth hanging over an abyss those illusions are visible which have not yet been destroyed: Glory, in the shape of a knight in harness, chases the bubble of a brilliant name; Love is symbolized by a pair who are tenderly embracing; Learning, by an old man poring over manuscripts in the dusk; Innocence, by a child grasping at a butterfly. "The Angel of Death" is a picture of a winged and mighty woman throned at the entrance of a way which leads to eternity. Upon her knees there rests, covered with a white cloth, the corpse of a new-born child. Men and women of every station lay reverently down at the feet of the angel the symbols of their dignity and the implements of their earthly toil.

"Love and Death" represents the two great sovereigns of the world wrestling together for a human life. With steps which have a mysterious majesty, pallid Death draws near, demanding entrance at the door of a house, whilst Love, a slight, boyish figure with bright wings, places himself in the way; but with one great, irresistible gesture the mighty genius of death sweeps the shrinking child to one side. In another picture, "Love and Life," the genius of Love, in the form of a slim, powerful youth, helps poor, weak, clinging Life, a half-grown, timid, and diffident girl, to clamber up the stony path of a mountain, over which the sun rises golden. "Hope" is a picture where a tender spirit, bathed in the blue mist, sits upon the globe, blindfold, listening in bliss to the low sound touched from the last string of her harp. "Mammon" is embodied by Watts in a coarse and bloated satyr brutally setting his heel upon a youth and a young girl, as upon a footstool.

In 1893, when the committee of the Munich Exhibition were moved by the writings of Cornelius Gurlitt to have some of these works sent over to Germany, a certain disappointment was felt in artistic circles. And any one who is accustomed to gauge pictures by their technique is justified in missing the genuine pictorial temperament in Watts. The sobriety of his scheme of colour, his preference for subdued tones, his distaste for all "dexterity" and freedom from all calculated refinement, are not in accord with the desires of our time. Even his sentiment is altogether opposed to that which predominates in the other New Idealists. Burne-Jones and Rossetti awaken sympathy because their repining lyricism, their psychopathic subtilty, their wonderful mixture of archaic simplicity and *décadent hautgoût*, are in direct touch with the present. Watts seems cold and wanting in temperament because he makes no appeal to the vibrating life of the nerves.

But the same sort of criticism was written by the younger generation in Germany, seventy years ago, on the works of Goethe, which have, none the less, remained fresher than those of Schlegel and Tieck. What is modern is not always the same as what is eternally young. And if one endeavours, disregarding the current of the age, to approach Watts as though he were an old master, one feels an increasing sense of the probability that amongst all men of the present he has, next to Boecklin, the best prospect of becoming one. In spite of all its independence of spirit, the art of Burne-Jones has an affected mannerism in its outward garb. The sentiment of it is free, but the form is confined in the old limits. And it is not impossible that later generations, to whom his specifically modern sentiment will appeal more and more faintly, may one day rank him, on account of his archaism in drawing, as much amongst the eclectics as Overbeck and Führich are held to be at the present time. But this is what can never happen to Watts. His works are the expression of an artist who is as little dependent upon the past as upon the momentary tendencies of the present. His articulation of form has nothing in common with the lines of beauty of the antique, or the Quattrocento,

or the Cinquecento. It is a thing created by himself and to himself peculiar. He needs no erudition, and no attributes and symbols borrowed from the Renaissance, to body forth his allegories. With him there begins a new power of creating types; and his figure of Death—that tall woman, clad in white, with hollow cheeks, livid face, and lifeless sunken eyes—is no less cogent than the genius with the torch reversed or the burlesque skeleton of the Middle Ages. Moreover there is in his works a trace of profundity and simple grandeur which stands alone in our own period. It is precisely our more sensitive nervous system which divides us from the old painters, and has generally given the artistic productions of our day a disturbed, capricious, restless, and overstrained character, placing them behind those of the old masters.

Watts is, perhaps, the only painter who can support an approach to them in every respect. Here is a man who has been able to live in himself far away from the bustle of exhibitions, a man who works now that he is old as soundly and freshly as when he was young, a man, also, who is always simple in his art, lucid, earnest, grandiose, impressive, and of monumental sublimity. Though he shows no trace of imitation he might have come straight from the Renaissance, so deep is his sense of beauty, so direct and so condensed his power of giving form to his ideas. And amongst living painters I should find it impossible to name a single one who could embody such a scene as that of "Love and Death" so calmly, so entirely without rhetorical gestures and all the tricks of theatrical management. There is the mark of style about everything in Watts, and it is no external and borrowed style, but one which is his own, a style which a notable man, a thinker and a poet, has fashioned for the expression of his own ideas. That is what makes him a master of contemporary painting and of the painting of all times. And that is what will, perhaps, render him, in the eyes of later generations, the greatest man of our time. England regards him as such already. With Rossetti and Burne-Jones he is given the highest admiration; he is the "artistic artist of this day," beside whom a Tadema or a

Leighton is merely mentioned in the second or third rank, as a fine craftsman. It is only Whistler who by some people is placed upon an equality with Watts, and different as this wonderful magician in tone-values may be, in the purport of his work, from Watts the illustrator of ideas, it is not a far cry from the delicate *grisaille* style of the great Watts to Whistler's misty harmonies dissolving in vapour.

CHAPTER XLVIII

WHISTLER AND THE SCOTCH PAINTERS

Whistler as the creator of a New Idealism of colour. — Adolphe Monticelli. — The influence of both upon the Glasgow school.— History of Scotch painting from 1729*: Allan Ramsay, David Allan, Alexander and John Runciman, William Allan, Henry Raeburn, David Wilkie, John and Thomas Faed, Erskine Nicol, George Harvey, Alexander and Patrick Nasmyth, E. Crawford, Horatio Macculloch, John Phillip, Robert Scott Lauder, John Pettie, W. Orchardson, William Fettes Douglas, Robert Macgregor, Peter and Thomas Graham, Hugh Cameron, Donovan Adam, Robert Macbeth, John MacWhirter, George Reid, George Paul Chalmers, Hamilton Macallum.—Glasgow brings to perfection what was begun in Edinburgh: Arthur Melville, John Lavery, James Guthrie, George Henry, Edward Hornell, Alexander Roche, James Paterson, Grosvenor Thomas, William Kennedy, Edward A. Walton, David Gauld, T. Austen Brown, Joseph Crawhall, Macaulay Stevenson, P. Macgregor Wilson, Coventry, Morton, Alexander Frew, Harry Spence, Harrington Mann.*

WHEN the English gallery in the Munich International Exhibition was opened in the summer of 1888, there hung a full-length portrait in the centre of the principal wall. The model was a tall and very slender woman; she seemed in the act of stepping away from the spectator towards the background of the picture, and was seen in profile just as she turned her head, throwing back a last glance before vanishing. It was Lady Archibald Campbell, one of the most beautiful women in England. In this portrait she lived in all her charm, with her fragile figure, her blond hair, her aristocratic hands and deep eyes. Or, in better words, the likeness gave the essence of her haughty and distinguished beauty, what remains

of a figure when the artist has eliminated from his impression everything which is not in the highest degree refined and exquisite. In the face of this sylph-like being gliding away there was an expression of slight contempt, as if this beautiful woman had pity on all the plain crowd in the exhibition whom she would have to contemplate, or all the unfortunate, badly painted people whose portraits hung around. The whole portrait stood out in grey against a black background, being only enlivened in a soft way by delicate greyish-blue and brownish-grey tones, with a little blond colour and a little rose-colour. Nevertheless the picture was full of air, a strangely soft, harmonious air. It was felt that the model was living, walking, and moving. It was a great work of art, the work of a master, a work of *James McNeill Whistler.*

The second of the pictures exhibited in Munich—a nocturne, "Black and Gold," in which everything had a dark sheen, broken by scattered golden stars—I did not understand at the time, but I learnt to understand it soon afterwards when I was on the way to England. It was a November day, and I stood upon the deck of the vessel and saw the evening sink over the sea. The calm, dark water, through which the steamer glided with steady strokes, melted into the blue of the sky. All lines vanished. A sad veil of greyish-black dusk floated before one's eyes. But suddenly to the right the radiance of a beacon flared unsteadily, a great yellow disc, orbed and beaming like a huge planet. Farther back there was another showing fainter, and then a third, and then others—a whole alley of lights, each one surrounded by a great blue circle of atmosphere. And in the far background the host of lights in the distant town. It was as though a fairy-garden floated in the air, with shining golden flowers which lived and moved, at times closing their cups and disappearing, to blaze forth again the more vividly. The stars overhead were like glow-worms, shining at one moment brightly, and then vanishing in the night. And if one looked farther down, all might be seen mirrored in the water in a thousand gold and silver reflections: a harmony of black and gold—a Whistler.

Scribner's Magazine.]
WHISTLER: "SYMPHONY IN WHITE NO. 1: THE WHITE GIRL."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

The master who has created these works, an artist by the grace of God, and perhaps the proudest and most naturally gifted who has appeared in these days upon English soil, is by birth an American. His ancestors lived in Ireland, until in the beginning of this century Major John Whistler migrated to America. His son was Major George Whistler, who went to Russia as an engineer, where he made the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, and occupied an influential post under the Emperor Nicholas. In America he had married a lady from Kentucky, and James McNeill Whistler, their son, was born in Baltimore in 1834. He spent his childhood in Russia, and on his father's death returned with his mother to America, where he was educated at the military school at West Point. But having no taste for the profession of arms, in 1856 he entered Gleyre's studio in Paris, where he associated with Degas, Bracquemond, Fantin-Latour, Ribot, and Legros. In Paris he brought out in 1858 his first series of etchings, known to collectors by the title of "The Little French Set," and in 1859 he sent to the Salon some pictures, which were rejected. The same fate befell in 1863 his earliest work of eminence, the "Femme Blanche" (now known as the "Symphony in White No. 1: The White Girl"), which was exhibited, however, in the *Salon des Refusés*, and made a great sensation in artist circles, as did the first pictures of Manet at the same time. The "White

L'Art.]
WHISTLER: "SYMPHONY IN WHITE NO. 2: THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL."

Girl" is standing, thrown out by a white curtain which covers the entire background. The whole picture is a combination of white tones, separated by the lines of a single figure, an arrangement in white. At the time this was not set forth in the title. But he supplemented the titles of the later pictures, exhibited in 1874 in London, as follows: "Portrait de ma Mère —Arrangement en noir et en gris;" "Portrait de Thomas Carlyle— Arrangement en noir et en gris." And in both works figure and background were harmonized in a scale composed of black and grey.

With these pictures Whistler came to London, which has since been his home so far as such a restless man, appearing at one time in Paris, and then in Venice, and then in America, can be said to have any home at all. He settled in Chelsea, a district which he discovered, in an artistic sense, as an etcher. During the following years he exhibited partly in Burlington House or the Grosvenor Gallery, and partly at a special place, 48, Pall Mall; and by preference small pictures which he described as "notes, harmonies, and nocturnes," as arrangements in yellow and white, arrangements in flesh-colour and grey, arrangements in brown and gold, harmonies in grey and peach-colour, symphonies in blue and rose-colour, or variations in grey and green. The vignettes upon the invitation cards were likewise printed in yellow, grey, silver, etc., according to the

Pageant.] WHISTLER: "SYMPHONY IN WHITE NO. 3." [*Swan photo, sc.*

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

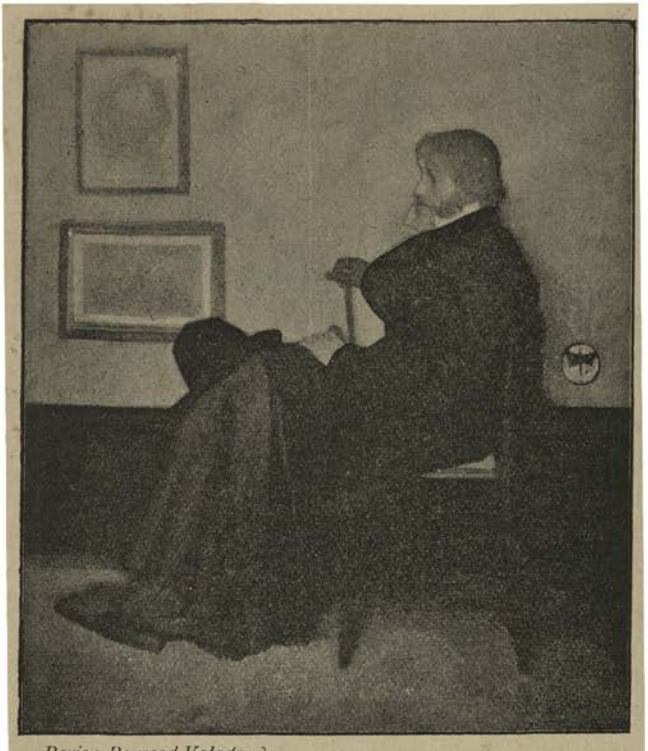
prevailing note in the exhibition; the floors and walls of the room were decorated with yellow and white, with grey and silver; and even the servants were liveried in such colours. As a matter of course the English public, accustomed to run their noses into a picture and find it explained for them by a piece of poetry in the catalogue, were not inclined to display much sympathy when they found themselves face to face with combinations of colour which needed to be looked at from a distance and had no interest of subject. Ruskin, the herald of the Preraphaelites, published a detailed sentence of condemnation; Whistler answered and brought an action against him for libel. Through these brochures, these trials, and more especially through the paradoxical lectures which he sometimes gave in his studio—not at five but at ten o'clock—before a distinguished gathering, he soon became a celebrity in London. The stories current about him are legion. His *vie de parade* is as much a subject of conversation as any of the great race-meetings. And wherever he shows himself he is as well known as the Prince of Wales, or Gladstone, or Irving.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

WHISTLER: MISS ALEXANDER.

(By permission of W. C. Alexander, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

But to know Whistler, the artist, he must be visited in his



Paris : Boussod-Valadon.]
WHISTLER : THOMAS CARLYLE.
(By permission of the Corporation of Glasgow, the owners of the picture.)

home; here he is no longer the man of brusque ways and sarcastic features, with the jaunty white lock upon his forehead, and the long walking-stick which he brings with him, like a clanking cavalry sword, whenever he goes the rounds upon the opening day of an exhibition. On the contrary Whistler seems like a hermit in his secluded house, like the monarch of a far kingdom, peopled only with his own thoughts—a realm where he reigns in the midst of mysterious landscapes and grave and quiet men and women, who have stood near him in mind and spirit, and to whom his brush has given new life. The thoughtful eyes of women gaze upon you; fair hair, black and grey furs, pale, fading flowers, and grey felt hats with black feathers stand out from dusty canvases placed carelessly to one side, sometimes taking definite form, sometimes melting intangibly and indistinctly, as if seen through grey silky veils. The air which envelops them is at once bright and dark; the atmosphere of this silent room, in which the painter sees his models, has a subdued and shrouded daylight, an old light as it were, which has become harmonious like a faded Gobelin.

WHISTLER: "PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER."

Whistler's art is the most refined quintessence of all that is finest in that which the most recent decades have offered the artistic *gourmet*. In London, where he passed the years of his youth, the feminine figures of Rossetti hovered around him, gazing at him with their thoughtful glance fixed upon the world beyond. The Parisian Impressionists gave him softness and fluency of modelling and the feeling for atmosphere; the Japanese, the bright harmony of their tone, the taste for fantastic decorations, and the surprises of detail brought in here and there in an entirely wayward fashion; Diego Velasquez, the great line, the black and grey backgrounds, and the refined black and silver-grey tone-values in costumes. From the quaint and bizarre union of all these elements he formed his exquisite and entirely personal style, which combines the acquisitions of

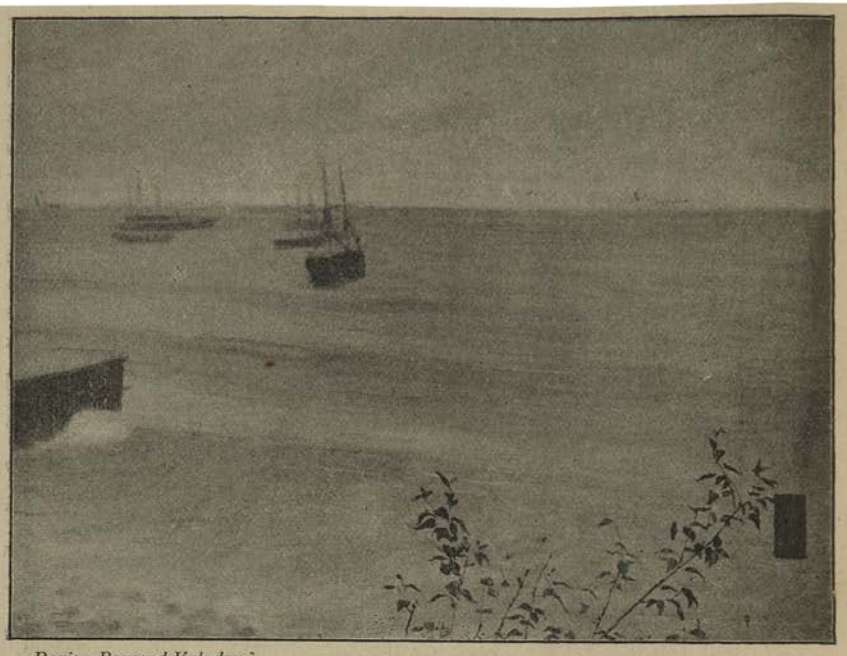
Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
WHISTLER: LADY MEUX.
(By permission of Sir Henry Meux, Bart., the owner of the picture.)

Impressionism with the Gobelin-like beauties of tone belonging to the old painters. The chalky daylight of Manet, even the dazzling splendour of lights and the piquant and pungent effects of fire with which Besnard works, would be an offence to him. His eye is habituated to delicate, tender, monotonous colours. It revels only in the soft grey dreamy tones which fill his studio as if with mysterious atmospheric harmonies. Everything glaring is subdued, everything flows into dusky shadows, everything white passes into grey and black. The appearances of the dusk take shape, misty forms grow denser, and there arise those works which give a mere *résumé*, which contain only the poetry of nature.

In his brochures Whistler has himself written with brilliancy upon this view of art. The antithesis to art is in his eyes every sort of painting which is placed at the service of philistinism through mere interest of subject. That man alone is "painter" who draws the motives for his harmonies from the accord of coloured masses. For this reason he is decisively an opponent to the movement which Ruskin called

L'Art.]
WHISTLER: PABLO SARASATE.
(By permission of the Artist.)

Realism. The uncompromising reproduction of the model, without selection or attempt at embellishment, from the idea that nature is always beautiful, is the theme of his fine mockery. "Nature indeed," he writes, "contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes, and forms chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony." The sharply outlined distinctness of the Preraphaelite landscape is cited as an example of the inartistic character of prosaic delineation of nature. "And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the



Paris: Boussod-Valadon.

WHISTLER: "HARMONY IN GREY AND GREEN: THE OCEAN."

(By permission of the Artist.)

light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints suggestions of future harmonies."

Everything that Whistler has produced, his portraits as well as his landscapes, emanate from this aristocratic sentiment of art. Millais is different from Bonnat, Bonnat from Wauters, and Wauters again from Lenbach, but they have all one element in common: in portraits they depict men and women in all their massive, corporeal heaviness. They place their models straight before them, and there is not a wrinkle or a hair that escapes their remorseless vision. Whistler's figures, also, have a convincing air of life; the drawing and modelling are correct, and infinitely soft and delicate. But they never have the look of being uncanny doubles of nature. They are like dreamy visions passing before one's fancy. Millais knows nothing of selection, and copies the model; but the whole art of Japan lies in the principle of selection, and it taught Whistler to

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
WHISTLER: "NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND GOLD: THE FALLING ROCKET."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

select. His drawing never dwells upon what is subordinate or anecdotic; he is engrossed with the decisive lines which characterize a gesture and lend it rhythm. Moreover the piquant *froufrou* of modern toilettes, to which Besnard and Sargent owe their successes, is no affair of his. Although the costume belongs to the present day, it is simplified and transposed into the grand style, as Verrochio simplified when he executed the armour of Colleoni. And as he despises coquettish, rustling folds of drapery, he avoids all pronounced colours. The mysterious redness of a rose upon the soft black of a dress and the white patch of a picture upon a wall are his only brighter attractions of colour. Amongst portrait-painters of the present time Whistler stands as Millet does amongst the painters of the peasantry. There is style in all his work, and it is all simple, earnest, and grandiose. Even the subdued light enveloping his figures like a veil serves, in the first place, a purpose of style—enables him to avoid everything indifferent, and to bring into his picture only the principal values, the great lines, the "living points." In this way there is produced in his works an effect in the highest sense decorative, and at the same time mysterious. Divested of everything paltry or material, his figures seem like phantoms. They have lost their shadows: shadows indeed themselves, they live in a delicate ashen-grey *milieu*; they are almost immaterial, as if set free from the weight of the body; they hover between

earth and heaven, like a breath that has been compressed and will soon dissolve once more as swiftly as it took shape. They remind the spectator of what is told of spiritualistic *séances*: spaces in the air are seen to compress themselves; the spirit is materialized and takes bodily shape, and stands before us infinitely calm, a reflective being with a meditative or a gravely self-conscious mien, just like a human being, and divested of all substance.

The portrait of little Miss Alexander was one of his earliest and most characteristic works. The fair-haired girl, dressed as a Spanish infanta, advances towards the spectator, with a large hat in her hand. Her costume runs through the entire gamut of Velasquez' grey, and certain details of the toilette merely serve to keep these shades apart or accentuate them more sharply—for instance the black shoes, the black feather in her hat, and the black scarf of her dress—whilst her blond hair, falling lightly down, is likewise bound by a black ribbon in the manner of Velasquez. But the spray of white marguerites in the corner of the room is Japanese in its effect, and the wall-paper Japanese, and the white kerchief embroidered with gold which lies upon the floor, standing out against the wall.

In his portrait of his mother, taken in profile, she is sitting in a black gown, motionless and dreamy, in that tranquillity common with old people, which seems so calm, and which yet holds such a throng of memories. Her face is pale, and no gesture, no loud word, disturbs the subtilty of her thoughts. A few black and grey silvery tones achieve an enigmatical and almost mystical effect. At the same time there is a simplicity in the tones, a harmony and a largeness, such as only the greatest artists have displayed.

Thomas Carlyle, also, he has painted in profile against a grey wall, and made such an arrangement of colour-values that the spectator seems to hear a funeral march, played in a minor key. The chair on which he is sitting is black; and so are the hat upon his knee, the roomy coat falling into creases, and the glove which he covers with his hand. There is an air of

lassitude in the whole outline: the body is buried in the thick clothes; and the legs, crossed over each other, are hidden beneath a great-coat lying across them. His head, which has a corpse-like pallor, inclines wearily towards the left shoulder. The untrimmed beard and the long hair are grey, the eyes half-closed, half-watchful, the features grave and resigned, although touched with a bitter trace of melancholy. The atmosphere enveloping the tall, spare figure is in harmony with this effect: it has not that yellowish-green which appears in the portrait of Miss Alexander; on the contrary, the day is dark and dreary, like the mists rising from the Thames; it is a wintry London day, at the hour of gathering dusk, when life fades, and the night lowers its shadowy pinions upon the earth. An engraving hangs on the wall in a black frame, like an announcement of a death surrounded by a black border.

The portrait of Théodore Duret was an arrangement in black and red. The well-known *critique d'avant-garde* is standing dressed for a ball, in correct and fashionable garb, with a rose-coloured domino with black lace upon his arm and a fiery red fan in his gloved hand. In the portrait of Pablo Sarasate, painted in 1885, the violinist emerges out of misty greyish-black darkness, holding his violin in one hand and his bow in the other. He is in evening clothes, entirely in black except for his shirt and tie, and in the dark atmosphere his expressive hands acquire a sensitive, phantom-like animation. His figure looks as though it were floating into another world or coming from a far distance beyond. The usual distinctness of objects is entirely banished from these portraits.

And in Whistler's landscapes, too, the eyes are hardly led in a greater degree to rest upon the forms of things. It might be said that he liberates beings and objects from the opaque garment in which their spirit is imprisoned, penetrating by the intuition of genius to their pure essence, to that which is alone worthy of being retained. And just as he conceives the people whom he depicts rather as groups of colour than arrangements in line, aiming at effect of tone without troubling himself about indifferent details of draughtsmanship, so in his landscapes the

bodily presence of nature is merely the necessary condition of a mood which is felt with astonishing refinement.

The impression which the artist desires to arrest is, for instance, that of moonshine upon a clear night. He takes the bank of a river as his subject, because he needs some sort of motive as a vehicle for colour, but the motive in itself has no signification whatever, and for this reason the lines are scarcely distinguishable. What attracts him is merely the combination of colours—a combination in black and gold, in blue and gold, or in silver and blue, which is only intended to render a general impression of the transparency and poetry of nature. And merely through presenting such pictorial ideas—pictorial in the purest sense of the word—painting, according to Whistler, is as free an art as music. The final consummation, the highest summit of this art, will be reached, as he believes, when there is a public which will make no demand for definite subjects, but be content with tones and harmonious combinations of colour. There will be no longer figures or landscapes, but merely notes of colour, just as in Wagnerian music harmonious tone, apart from all melodious form, has an independent organic life of its own. And this is why he borrows the titles of his pictures from music, describing them as Op. 1, etc., like a composer. If the "motive" of a picture consists of the combination of two or more dominant colours, arranged in a melodious system, he calls it a "harmony" or "arrangement" of the tones which form the most important part of the scale. But where a single colour gives the ground-tone, the motive is called a note in orange, a little note in grey, a note in blue and opal. The "note" is, as it were, the key in which the other tones are harmonized.

The mystical shrouds of night, dissolving all contours, so that only tones are recognizable, have naturally a special part to play in these symphonies. No one has gazed with a more reverent tremor of awe into the infinite darkness than Whistler, no one has looked with more overwhelming sentiment at the silent stars eternally rolling through the pale firmament and girdling our little world. He paints the boundless expanse of

the sea, the ships that rock there helplessly, the rhythm of the long waves, and the soft blue light flooding the sonorous silence of the world like a breath from beyond the grave. He celebrates the blue, transparent dusk which rests over the earth immediately before sunrise or sunset, the wavering lights of sleeping towns, and the measureless expanse of sombre mist, where human forms are seen to emerge for a moment. But he has also occupied himself a great deal with artificial effects of light, especially displays of fireworks: rockets mounting in long lines and turning high overhead into serpents, which rise into the sky to burst with a crash, or bodies of light, trembling in the air like great, dim spheres, and sinking slowly in a crown of many-coloured stars, like a soft and spherical shower of gold. All Whistler's landscapes are harmonies and symphonies of this sort—whether in green, in red, in grey, in blue and silver, in blue and gold, in silver and violet, in violet and rose-colour, in rose-colour and black, in mallow-colour and silver, or in black and gold. He saw them wherever he was led by his restless spirit, in Holland, Dieppe, Jersey, Havre, Honfleur, Liverpool, London, especially Chelsea, Paris, and Venice—above all in Venice, the phantom city, the Venice of dreamland, where his harmonious art has its special home, and his brush and etching-pen are familiar with all the streets, canals, and barks.

Etching, as Rembrandt showed, permits the artist to create a dreamy world of sentiment, light, and poetry far more readily than painting. It was not by chance, therefore, that Whistler, the great composer of symphonic tones, made it his medium also, and became a master of etching with whom no other artist of the present age can be compared. His first plates, views of Venice and the Thames, date back to 1850, and even then he used all technical resources indiscriminately in giving form to his visions. At the present time his work in etching, according to the catalogue published by Frederick Wedmore, comprises two hundred and fourteen plates, and four larger series—"The Little French Set" of 1858, "The Thames Set" of 1871, "Venice," executed in 1880, and "Venice, Second Series," in 1887. More or less excepting the masterpieces of Seymour

Haden, these plates are the finest and most original work that modern etching has to show. The last views from Venice, in particular, perhaps excel all his other works in flexibility and intimate feeling for nature. Since Rembrandt, no artist has attempted to render so much with so little work—or what seems so little—and such little means. Here also he is only engrossed with what is expressive and characteristic, which with him means what is subtile, fleeting, delicate, and veiled as though by night.

Like the Japanese landscapes, those of Whistler are places of dreamland, landscapes of the mind, summoned with closed eyes, and set free from everything coarse and material, breathed upon the picture and encompassed with mysteries. Like the Japanese, but with brilliant refinements such as never occurred even to the greatest painters, this wonderful harmonist has the art of simplifying and rendering all things spiritual, whilst he retains the mere essence of forms, and of colours only what is transient, subtile, and musical.

Most interesting results were also compassed by Whistler when he transferred these principles to decorative painting. He has decorated with such arrangements of colour various houses in London; while in Paris the music-room of his friend Sarasate is one of his earliest creations—an arrangement in white and clove-coloured yellow, which is extended to all the furniture. In Mr. Leyland's house in London, that famous mansion where the most beautiful works of the Pre-raphaelites were gathered together with those of their predecessors from the fifteenth century, the "peacock-room" is his work: at the narrower ends of the room two large peacocks, spreading out their tails and prepared to fight, are represented, first in blue upon a gold ground and then in gold upon a blue ground; the decoration of the longer sides of the room is also a harmony in blue and gold, the motive of which is composed by the blue tail-feathers and the iridescent golden plumage around the necks of peacocks. And a delightful, musical, and luxuriously pictorial effect is achieved without the assistance of any kind of definite subject-matter.

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI.

As regards modern art, Whistler is painter *par excellence*. While the New Idealism reached the highest summit of intelligence with the Preraphaelites, it here created a style of painting which, as far as possible, made a renunciation of form, seeking its effects in the musical chime of colours. For Whistler's art marks, as it were, the ultimate consummation of the efforts which were begun by the artists of Fontainebleau. The old schools looked to the lines of objects and clothed them with colour. After Constable the new schools merely painted the soft crepuscular effects and fine chromatic suggestions which are really observed by the eye, and at the same time they abandoned the completion of the abstract outline. Corot went still further. With him began the purely poetic conception of the values of light, the conception which gives a free description of nature. But in Whistler this symphonic development of tone-value has become a designed and clearly motived art. For him the material element in nature is merely the basis for an independent elaboration of chromatic values which have been felt in an entirely subjective manner. His pictures have been emancipated altogether from the conception of the draughtsman, and are purely pictorial. In this way he shows himself to be the haughtiest product of the realistic school, the very opposite of the old painters, whom, in his endeavour to compass beauty of tone, he nevertheless resembles. It was only after Impressionism had broken with the mere draughtsman's

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]
MONTICELLI: "A SPRING MORNING."

conception of objects and the golden tone of the old masters, and discovered the medium of new harmonies in the surrounding atmosphere, that the direct truth of colour and expression aimed at by the Impressionists could be brought to that refinement of style and subjective conception of colour which culminates in beauty and profundity of tone.

For a long time Whistler had a strange comrade in his efforts in *Monticelli*, that magician in colour born in Marseilles. The difference between them is that Whistler uses a delicate, graduated scale which seeks harmony in the agreement of complementary colours, whereas Monticelli only worked with pure, sharply defined hues, standing in opposition and mutually intensifying one another, to reach ultimately a higher effect. But in the most essential point they were at one, for both agreed that only problems of chromatic harmony should hold sway in painting, and that the literary element, as it is called, should be thrown altogether on one side.

Sainte-Beuve long cherished the idea of erecting a temple to the neglected and misunderstood—"*aux artistes qui n'ont pas brillé, aux amants qui n'ont pas aimé, à cette élite infinie que ne visitèrent jamais l'occasion, le bonheur ou la gloire.*"

MONTICELLI: "AN ITALIAN FESTIVAL."

Adolphe Monticelli would be accorded one of the first places amongst them. Born on October 14th, 1824, in Marseilles, whither his family had migrated from Italy, he had been trained in the school of art belonging to that town, and he betook himself to Paris in the middle of the forties. There his friendship with Diaz was of assistance to him, as it brought him quickly into connection with picture-dealers and purchasers. He had no need to fight for his existence, worked with facility, and sold many of his pictures. In the inviting studio which he built for himself he had a fancy for living like an old Venetian, dressing in splendid velvet costumes, and wearing a large grey Rubens hat. Towards the close of the Second Empire he was on the road to fame. His painting was prized in England and America. Napoleon III. bought pictures from him. Daubigny, Troyon, and even Delacroix gave vent to their astonishment at the liquid splendour of his colour; and great things were expected of him amongst painters. Then came the events of 1870. To avoid the agitation of the siege Monticelli repaired to his native town, and once there, he remained in Marseilles until his death in 1886, without anything that his friends could say persuading him to return to

Paris. He had no ambition, never troubled his head about criticism or exhibitions, and the conception of fame existed for him no longer. Every evening he was seen walking through the town with a dignified gait, holding in each hand a small wooden panel covered with colours, which he disposed of to a dealer at a moderate price. His whole lodging consisted of one room, with a bed, an easel, and two chairs. The only thing he valued was the large red silk curtain over the window, which served to bathe the whole room in purple, the colour which the old painter specially loved. His conversation was quaint, being studded with phrases which he made up for his own personal employment, and, on account of this strange and often unintelligible idiom, his neighbours used to regard him as mad in the extreme. One of his manias was that he had once lived in Venice at the time of Titian. And if he was in any society where the name of Delacroix chanced to be mentioned, he invariably took off his hat with an expression of solemnity on his face. All music sent him quite wild with delight, especially that of the gipsies, and if he went to a concert where it was played, he always rushed home at once, lit all the candles, and painted as long as he could hold the brush. In appearance he is said to have been a handsome old man, walking with a large, impressive stride, and having a grave, majestic countenance, thick white hair, and a long beard, which fell deep upon his chest.

Monticelli's pictures are gipsy music transposed into the medium of paint. In his first period he possessed a very strict sense of observation. There are landscape studies of his in which he reproduced accurately the simplest impressions of nature. He painted the country in its workaday garb: lonely farms where hens are pecking or donkeys seem absorbed in philosophic contemplation before the manger. Yet such studies from nature, together with a few portraits, are rare exceptions in his work. His leading quality is the creation of a marvellously luxuriant fantasia of colours, a most decorative command of effect. The simplest sensation is transformed in his brain into a brilliant spectacle. A landscape, a sheaf of

sunbeams, a reflection, a patch of variegated cloth, acted upon him like hasheesh, and was followed by visions of colour mounting like a rocket. When walking, he is said to have been often beside himself with excitement over a flower, or the stem of a tree upon which the sun was playing. At first he stood under the sway of his age. The brown bituminous tone in which he harmonized everything betrays his allegiance to the Romantic school. But in later days, when he left Paris, his colour became fresh, liquid, and pure. The drawing is confined to summary suggestions. The figures have lost their lines and simply make the effect of masses. They merely serve to separate the exuberant colours, and compose glittering combinations of tone through their grouping. Yet it is just in these compositions which seem half chaotic to the mind that he has displayed all the astonishing witchery of his colours, rearing the most wonderful and fabulous structures with plants, clouds, costumes, and human beings.

Upon a fantastic stage, whence a dazzling light casts its radiance far and wide, little figures in green, blue, red, and yellow dresses are seen to move. Young pages wave gay banners or trail huge wreaths. Musicians hold their instruments in their hands. Gay and gorgeous lamps painted with birds and flowers shed a reddish light. In the foreground upon the mosaic floor lie variegated carpets, and ladies robed in purple silk are seated upon banks of moss, smiling as they watch the spectacle. Or a triumphal arch rises in a dark clearing of the forest. Roses, lilies, and pinks grow luxuriantly around the black socles. Youths cast in bronze hold burning torches in their uplifted hands, while from the left approaches a splendid chariot drawn by black horses. And in it sits a haughty female figure, whose cherry-coloured mantle flutters high in the air. Cavaliers in puffed velvet curvet proudly behind. Or at the foot of a mountain decorated for a festivity large bonfires are being set ablaze. The flames mount wildly through the mist. Yellow and violet clouds chase each other restlessly across the firmament. In the background a rosy shining fortress, with battlements and

spires, is visible upon a huge black cone; in the foreground girls have trooped together—some of them naked, and others clad in garments of brick-red silk—while they carry on their sports in a varied medley of colour, or stand motionless, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the blazing flames. Or else a gorgeous bark glides over a lake. Great swans splash in the water near it, their splendid pinions shining in the sunlight. At the side a white marble flight of steps, washed by the dark blue waves, leads to a polished pavement, where ladies and cavaliers move to and fro in conversation, served by pages in black embroidered with silver. Or the sky is lowering. A blue dusk pours like moonlight over the earth. Glowworms, butterflies, and strange birds with glittering gold plumage hover mysteriously through the night. In the foreground are girls treading a gay measure upon the emerald meadow. They have wound tendrils round neck and breast, placed crowns of blossom upon their fair rippling hair, and wave long fans of palm before them.

In all these works Monticelli appears as an *artiste incomplet*. The majority of the figures which give animation to his scenes are clumsily drawn. They are not planted well upon their feet, and move automatically like awkward marionnettes. But the suggestive power of his painting is very great. Everywhere there are swelling chords of colour which move the spirit before the theme of the picture has been recognized. He revels in the festal adornments of Veronese and the rich garments of Titian with the carelessness of a child. The whole universe he bathes in a deep glow. Through the sheer suggestiveness of colour and without any kind of geographical or archæological researches, he has the secret of conjuring up a landscape, a bygone century, an era of civilization: the East or the Italy of Petrarch, the Provençal courts of love or the *fêtes galantes* of the eighteenth century. He has a wonderful feeling for the secret threads which connect certain colours with certain phases of sentiment. He unites deep blue robes, emerald lakes, rosy skies, and purple mountains in combinations sparkling with colour. He saw

everything in a motley dream of colour. Amongst his sober contemporaries he has the effect of a brilliant patch of colour, a shining abnormity, a pallet where the most decided colours are widely intermingled. Yet a new beauty lay implicit in his works. No one before him had so boldly announced the absolutism of colour.

In his lifetime Monticelli exerted no influence; his pictures were too grotesque for critics and too incomplete for amateurs. It was only made evident a short time ago that his efforts were not without consequences, and that a whole band of artists, possessing an astonishingly forceful individuality, had based themselves upon the same principles, and done so with such inherent power and audacity that Monticelli's works seemed almost like diffident experiments in comparison with theirs. Mingle Whistler's refinement with Monticelli's glow of colour and his wayward Japanese method, and the Boys of Glasgow are the result.

Since the year 1729, when the Guild of St. Luke was founded in Edinburgh, Scotland had formed an independent province in British painting; and it is only due to the remoteness of the country that the artists who laboured during the following years on the far side of the forest of the Picts did not attain the same European celebrity as their English comrades. *Allan Ramsay*, one of the very founders of this guild, was a masterly portrait-painter who had learnt much from Rembrandt, and comes close to Reynolds in the blooming tone of his likenesses. It must be admitted that his follower, *David Allan*, began in Rome with an "Invention of Drawing"—now in the Edinburgh National Gallery—which looks like a Rotari laboured at with a view to style, but when he returned home he emancipated himself from the classic system. He illustrated Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, became absorbed in Scotch ballad poetry, and beheld the grave, solemn forms of the Scotch Highland mountains with the eyes of a Romanticist. The two brothers *Alexander* and *John Runciman* are more or less of a parallel to Henry Fuseli, and illustrated Shakespeare and Homer after his fashion. Their pictures have a tempestuous

[*Hentschel sc.*

HARVEY: "THE COVENANTERS' PREACHING."

(*By permission of the Corporation of Glasgow, the owners of the picture.*)

force of imagination, and are painted in deep brown and dark blue tones. *William Allan* became celebrated in St. Petersburg, and in later years attracted so much attention in his own country by his "grand art" that he was elected President of the Scotch Academy in 1838. In *Henry Raeburn* Edinburgh possessed the boldest and most virile of all British portrait-painters, a master of great plastic power and an impressiveness suggesting Velasquez. While Reynolds composed his pictures in refined tones reminiscent of the old masters, Raeburn painted his models under a trenchant light from above. The most glaring hues of red official robes, green Highland bodices, and gowns of more than one colour are placed beside one another firmly, quietly, and confidently without gradation, and at the same time brought into harmony. That admirable *genre* painter *David Wilkie* soon afterwards acquired a European

[*Brothers photo sc.*

ALEXANDER NASMYTH: LANDSCAPE.

(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.*)

name. While *John* and *Thomas Faed* continued Wilkie's innocent art, bringing it down to the present time; *Erskine Nicol* applied Ostade's golden tone to incidents of Irish life; and *Sir George Harvey*, President of the Edinburgh Academy from 1864, became a Scotch Defregger, and one whose pictures were widely circulated in copper-engraving.

Landscape-painting began with *Alexander Nasmyth*, who goes, more or less, upon parallel lines with Old Crome, the English Hobbema. His son, *Patrick Nasmyth*, became more celebrated, and is, indeed, a painter for lovers of art, and one whose pictures hold their ground by the side of good old Dutch paintings. *Edmund Thornton Crawford* took a step in advance like Constable in England. His works, which are pungent in execution although grave in sentiment, are the earliest which showed emancipation from the tone of the old masters, the earliest which displayed vigorous observation of

Portfolio.] [*Rhead sc.*

PETTIE: "DOST KNOW THIS WATER-FLY?"

the nature of the atmosphere. *Horatio Macculloch* awakened an enthusiasm for the Scotch mountain landscape, which he was the first to render in its marvellous depth of tone. The effort to attain a vivid scale of light has often led him, however, into empty *bravura* painting. His clouds have a greater intensity of steel-blue and his lakes are more purple than is, as a matter of fact, the case even in rich-toned Scotland. Yet because later artists followed his tendency towards richness of tone with more earnestness and a greater love of truth, he has certainly fulfilled the part of an initiator of importance.

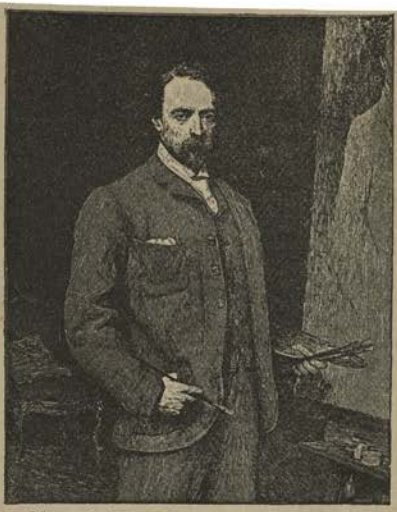
With *John Phillip* this local isolation of Scotch art came to an end. Just as in the previous generation Wilkie, who was a Scotchman, had stood at the head of British *genre* painting, Phillip, who was also a Scotchman, put an end to this narrative *genre* painting, after he had once acquired a pictorial sense of vision in the Museo del Prado. The tone of his pictures is deep, the colour luminous, the method of painting broad and virile, betraying the influence of Velasquez. *Robert Scott Lauder*, who was a teacher at the Academy from 1850, added a knowledge of Delacroix to that of Velasquez. He had been five years upon the Continent, had seen Titian and Giorgione in

Munich Photographic Union.]

PETTIE: "EDWARD VI. SIGNING A DEATH-WARRANT."

Italy and Rubens in Munich, and when he returned through Paris in 1838 upon his way to Scotland, Delacroix had just finished the pictures of the Luxembourg. Lauder communicated the great Frenchman's secrets of colour to his fellow-countrymen, who named him the Scotch Delacroix in gratitude. But so high a reputation is not confirmed by Lauder's pictures. His leading works in the Edinburgh Academy, "Christ walking on the Sea" and "Christ teaches Humility," certainly betray the intention of resembling the brilliant Romanticist by their deep symphonies of tone, but Delacroix's spirit is not there. Lauder has only been the Scotch Piloty, and he shared with Piloty the quality of being an excellent teacher. Almost all the Scotch painters who have arisen since the seventies may be derived from him and from Phillip. Deep chromatic harmony was the device they inscribed upon their banner under the influence of Lauder, while John Phillip directed their glance to chivalrous Spain.

John Pettie, who was born in Edinburgh in 1839 and worked in London from 1862 until his death in 1893, painted secluded corners where cavaliers of the seventeenth century are duelling, rapiers, foils, and sabres; and in other pictures he



Mag. of Art.] [*Jonnard sc.*

W. Q. Orchardson: Portrait of Himself.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

shows the cause of these affairs: modish beauties dressed in the costume of the period of Frans Hals walk between two gentlemen, pressing the hand of one while they smile upon the other. There is always a difference between new clothes and those which have hung in a museum, and lost their life the while, as completely as the people to whom they once belonged. But in Pettie these anachronisms are but little obvious, because he combines with his archæological knowledge an astonishing pictorial faculty and a notable feeling for life and movement. Everything he produced is liquid and blooming, appetizing and animated. His "Body-Guard," painted in 1884 and now in the South Kensington Museum, and "Edward VI. signing a Death-Warrant," belonging to the Hamburg Kunsthalle, are both, in particular, works with a sonorous glow of colour which would have delighted Tintoret. In other works he has not despised the attraction of cool, silver tones, and has then sometimes produced masterpieces of the delicacy of Terborg. Such, for instance, is his "Challenge," in which the bearer of the cartel, a young man dressed in yellow silk, delivers the message to a gentleman in silver-grey: in point of colour this is perhaps the most delicate work produced in England since Gainsborough's "Blue Boy."

In contradistinction from Pettie, who has a preference for the costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, *William Orchardson* usually borrows his subjects from the French Directoire period, which, in its faintness of colour, is most favourable to his peculiar method of painting. That luminous combination of light grey and delicate yellow, which Pettie only attempted

in certain pictures, became Orchardson's favourite scale. He, too, is an accomplished student of the history of manners, and an ardent admirer of old costumes. But these dresses are only the means by which he attains a finely calculated *ensemble* of colours. All his hues have a distinction and delicacy which have not been seen since Watteau, and all his figures have a confidence of gesture which bears witness to the painter's own refinement.

His picture of Napoleon as a prisoner upon the *Bellerophon* —a work which is now in the South Kensington Museum—is perhaps the only instance in which he has treated a scene in the open air. All is over: the triumphs of Tilsit, the theatrical representations with the parterre of queens, the great days of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. Napoleon's generals are dead, and his old grenadiers sleep beneath the sands of the desert or the icy plains of Russia. Orchardson has represented in his picture, simply and without vehemence, that impressive moment in French history when Napoleon beheld the last point of the French coast vanish from his gaze.

Otherwise his scenes are almost always laid in a *salon* furnished in the Empire style, and peopled with that elegant and yet dignified society which lived in the beginning of the century. The theme of his picture "The Queen of Swords," which excited a great deal of admiration at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, was a picturesque dance of the chivalrous age of Werther, and the costume, so trivial in trivial hands, makes a chivalrous and noble appearance in his. There is a high-bred dignity, something like unapproachable pride, in the entire figure of this girl, who is stepping beneath the last pair of crossed and sparkling swords. In his next picture, "Hard Hit," four gentlemen in the costume of 1790 have been playing cards, and one who has lost everything has just left his seat. A picture exhibited in 1883, and now in the Hamburg Kunsthalle, treated the scene which Carlyle has given in his *History of Frederick the Great*, the scene in which Voltaire, as the guest of the Duc de Sully, fell a victim to the stratagem of the Duc de Rohan, who, being stung by Voltaire's sarcasms,

ORCHARDSON: "THE FIRST DANCE."

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.)

had him summoned from the dinner and beaten by lackeys outside. In the exhibition of 1885 appeared "The Salon of Madame Récamier." The actress, dressed entirely in white, is seated upon a sofa, amid a circle of her adorers, including Foucher, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, and the Duc de Montmorency. Farther away Talleyrand and Brillat-Savarin stand in conversation with Madame de Stael. In all these pictures Orchardson understood how to satisfy the great public by an accurately narrated anecdote, and give delight to the critical spectator by his severe harmonies of white and brown tones.

Sometimes, however, he has a fancy for placing modern men in evening clothes, or ladies dressed for a ball, in his fine *salons* with their brown polished floors and their stiff and ceremonious Empire furniture. "The First Cloud" may be specially mentioned as a work of this description, as well as the two counterparts "Mariage de Convenance" and "Alone;" and in

Munich Photographic Union.]

ORCHARDSON: "VOLTAIRE."

(By permission of the Artist.)

all these pictures he has treated a little chapter from a novel *à la* Sardou or Dumas, with great distinction. Often his pictures have nothing except a light brown background, against which some very dark object painted in warm colours, such as a piano or an organ, stands out with considerable effect.

With Orchardson and Pettie may be associated other interesting painters who were only less known upon the Continent because they left the far North less frequently. One of the most refined pupils of Lauder was *William Fettes Douglas*, for a long time President of the Scotch Academy, an artist whose works—"The Alchemist," "The Bibliomaniac," "The Magician," etc.—may be most readily compared with those of Diaz, so calm they are, so pure, so readily recalling the old masters, so full of gleaming luminous tone.

The landscape-painters are very dissimilar in the effect they produce. *Robert Macgregor* devotes himself to the observation of the Scotch fishing-folk. His pictures—for instance, "The

[*Champollion sc.*

ORCHARDSON: "HARD HIT."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

Shrimp-Fishers," in the Edinburgh Gallery—contain, as a rule, merely a group of two or three seamen, with the strand, the sky, and a strip of distant sea. *Peter Graham*, in whose works the breath of the Highlands is most felt, loves Macculloch's deep and grave tones: the rough crags of North Britain, in the wildest and most tempestuous weather, half-shrouded by misty clouds lashed by the storm; the shores of the Highland lakes; and raging Highland streams, which dash foaming over their stony beds. "Wandering Shadows" and "A Resting-Place for Sea-Birds" are characteristic titles of his pictures. A fine lyricist, *Thomas Graham*, revels in all gradations of grey, paints the full, heavy brown of the heath, the dark slopes of bald mountains, and the rich play of colour in the darkling sky. In the pictures of *Hugh Cameron* expression is given to a more delicate side of Scotch art. He loves best to paint children playing by the verge of clear lakes—things such as Israels painted, but different in sentiment and in the harmony of colour. In the Dutchman the clouds are usually grey and

[*Jasinski sc.*

ORCHARDSON: "MAÎTRE BÉBÉ."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

sombre, and the mist rising from the sea is damp and heavy; whereas everything is light, full of colour, and silvery in Cameron's sunny painting. In the works of Israels the spectator feels that the atmosphere is bitterly cold, and that the little ones are shivering; but Cameron's world is an abode of happiness. *Denovan Adam* paints deer, in a straightforward style which has no special peculiarity. In such pictures as "The Potato Harvest" and "The Sheepshearing" *Robert Macbeth* showed a slight leaning towards that Greek rhythm of form peculiar to the school of Walker, but in later years devoted himself chiefly to etching, and is now the most superior reproductive etcher in England, being held there in the same estimation as Charles Waltner is in France. In the beginning *John MacWhirter* was an energetic follower of Turner, the great painter of light, and was long celebrated for his power of producing the most magnificent pictures by the slightest means. Highland storms, and silver birches with graceful quivering foliage, he had a special love of painting; but afterwards, when in Italy, he made a transition to a

Annan photo.]

DOUGLAS: "THE BIBLIOMANIAC."

smooth sugary style. The triumphal arch of Titus and the Colosseum in Rome, the ports of Genoa, Constantinople, and Florence, and the temple of Girgenti are his principal motives. The works of *George Paul Chalmers* might be mistaken for pictures of the same type by Israels. The sea-painter *Hamilton Macallum* recalls the soft, beautiful fulness of colour belonging to the old Venetians. And *Sir George Reid*, President of the Royal Scottish Academy since the death of Douglas, and not to be confused with a namesake who is more English in manner, paints landscapes like a refined Dutch master of the following of Mauve, and is a worthy contemporary of Orchardson as a portraitist.

In reviewing its course of development, the distinction between Scotch painting and English is easily recognizable. Whilst the latter was paltry and motley in the beginning, and at length achieved a delicate refinement reminiscent of water-colour painting, Scotch art had always something deep and sonorous, and a preference for full and swelling chords. The English artists made spiritual profundity and graceful poetry the aim of their pictures. The Scotch are painters. They instituted a worship of colour such as had not been known

since the days of Titian. And as they were the greatest painters, so they possessed in David Scott, Noel Paton, and others some of the greatest visionaries of the century. To their love of home, and of their valleys and mountains, they united a romantic faculty for burying themselves in the past of old Scotland. Edinburgh, however, was not the spot for the development of all the germs which nature had implanted in the Scotch temperament. It has been happily described as the Northern Athens. Its principal buildings are classic, and possess porticoes, friezes, and pediments. The numerous memorials to Scotch poets are imitated from the graceful round temple of Lysicrates and other buildings in the Tripod-street in Athens. And the national monument on Calton Hill is a reproduction of the ruins of the Parthenon.

Glasgow, on the other hand, is a modern town where there is nothing to recall the past. It is only as a town for the manufacture of steamships that it plays any part in the civilization of the nineteenth century. James Watt was born here; in 1814 the first steam-paddles ploughed up the waves, and almost all the great steamers which cross the ocean from Europe are built in Glasgow. For the rest it is smoky flues, cotton manufactories, and glass works that give the town its character.

Yet this place was destined to represent the modern element in art in opposition to conservative Edinburgh. In the latter town the character of the inhabitants is predominantly Anglo-Saxon, and the teaching of Leighton prevails in the Academy. Glasgow has no academy and its population is Gaelic. An old kinship of race associates these aboriginal Scotch with France. The most modern of all modern schools, that of Fontainebleau, was the beginning of art for the young Scotch painters.

The outward circumstance which led the Glasgow school of painting into these lines was an exhibition held in the year 1886. At his own cost an enthusiast for art brought together in Glasgow a collection of French and Dutch pictures. Millet, Corot, Diaz, Israels, Maris, Bosboom, and Mesdag were seen for the first time. And Whistler's symphonies of colour were also there. Monticelli's pictures were shown to the public, and many

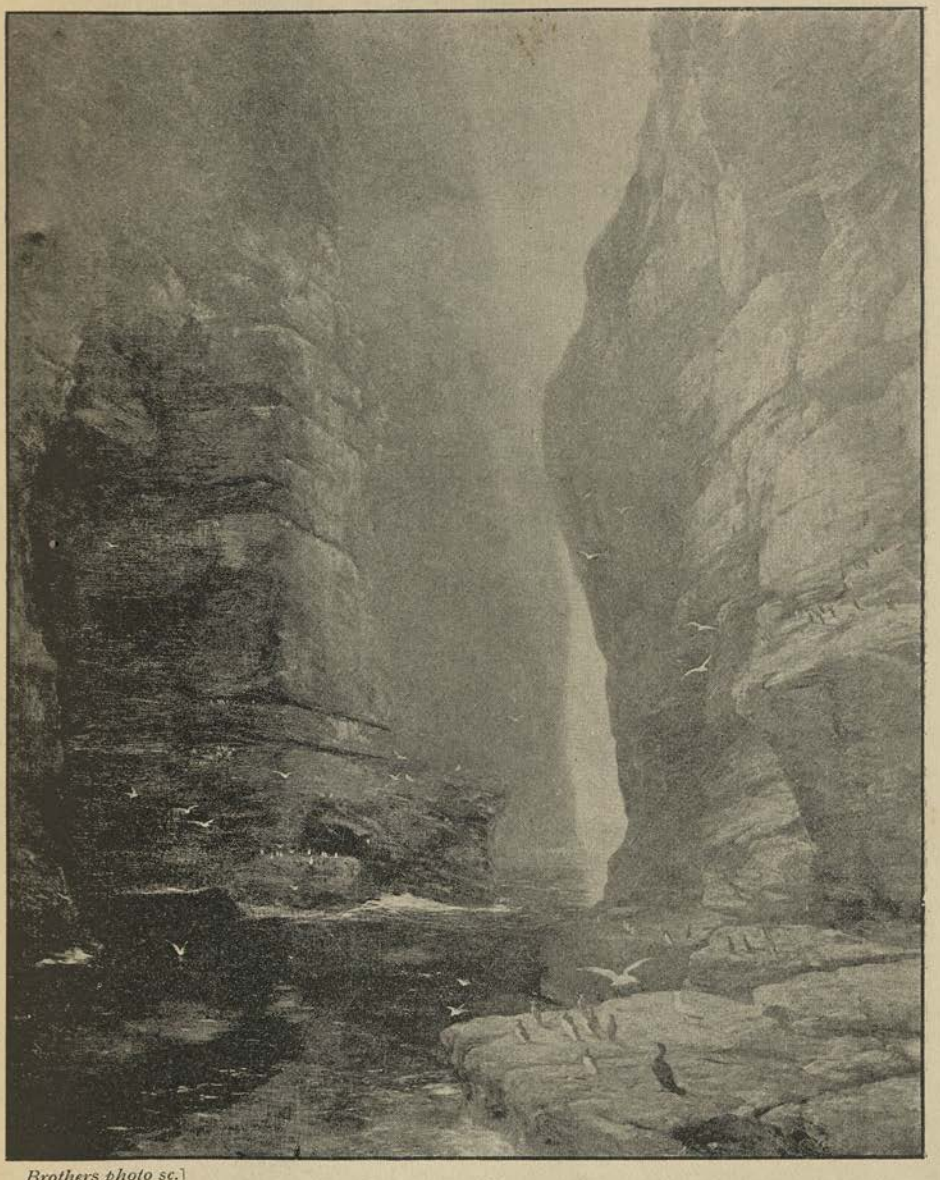
Annan photo.]

CAMERON: "GOING TO THE HAY."

(By permission of the Edinburgh Board of Manufacturers, the owners of the picture.)

of them were bought. The young painters discovered congenial elements in these masters. And it became their aim to follow them and do as they did. But when they had satiated themselves with these foreign ideas, the peculiar character of their own country was the cause of their recasting them in a curious way, so that they reproduced them almost as if they were something entirely novel.

Little picturesque as Glasgow may be in itself, it is well known as the town through which one enters the Highlands, the most romantic of all places in the world. Desolate glens alternate with wild, sombre valleys, gloomy lakes, and dark lonely shores. Oaks and beeches bend their boughs from the rocky verge deep into the still water. The outlines of the mountains are bold and wild, but crumbled, torn, and beaten by the storm, as though their outlines had been drawn by a hand trembling with age. Fragrant heather, where millions of bees and butterflies are humming and fluttering, intoxicated with its aroma, covers the ground with a reddish carpet. The sky is almost always clouded, and the clouds hang low on the mountains, and whatever rises between earth and sky seems as though it were wrapped in a soft veil, which connects the very



Brothers photo sc.]

PETER GRAHAM: "WHERE DEEP SEAS MOAN."

(By permission of Benjamin Armitage, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

strongest hues by a quantity of delicate gradations. While the clear, transparent air in Norway emphasizes in fresh colours all peculiarities with an almost brutal reality, it seems in Scotland as if great and profound mystery lay over the whole of nature. In the hours of dusk, when the sky is like a deep purple dome, and the aged rocks glow as if consumed by inward fire, everything joins to form a symphony of tones. With strange dreaminess the ripples spread over the bosom of the still, gloomy lakes; while on the heathy slopes the sheep graze here and there, looking like phantoms, or the hoarse cry of the gulls wails through the air in famished complaint.

Hentschel photo sc. [*Law sc.*

MACWHIRTER: "A GLIMPSE OF LOCH KATRINE."

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.)

This sombre, melancholy country seems naturally to have become the birthplace of romantic legend and poetry. Scotland is the land of second sight, the land of dreams and presentiments. Sad and plaintive are the songs which hoary old musicians sing or play upon the bagpipes, the national instrument. Tales and legends are associated with every jutting crag and every wooded glen. According to popular superstition, a white horse, known as a kelpie, dwells in every lake, and the shepherd sitting upon the brink of a cliff sees it, now grazing

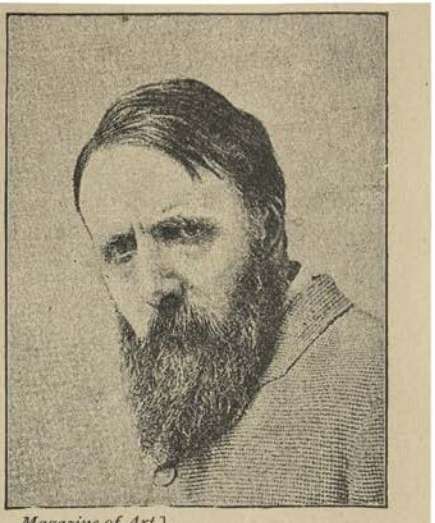
Annan photo.]

CHALMERS: "THE LEGEND."

(By permission of the Edinburgh Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, the owners of the picture.)

by the shore, now whinnying and snorting as it tramples the water. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Burns, Campbell, and many others, gave upon this soil poetic fragrance to their works. Here dwelt the Lady of the Lake, and there Rob Roy, and there Wordsworth's Highland Girl. Here arose the "Songs of Ossian," with which Scotland struck so deep a chord in the poetry of European nations more than a hundred years ago.

At that time, when all the literary world did sacrifice to the gods of Hellas, the Scotch heroic poems were characterized by a gloom of sentiment and the might of richly coloured tones, in contradistinction from those ideal figures of Hellenic beauty, bathed, as they were, in light. Ossian took the place of Homer, and led the literature of the "storm and stress" period into new lines. In *Die Horen* Herder published his profound study *Homer und Ossian.* "Homer," he writes, "is purely objective, purely epical; Ossian is purely subjective and lyrical. In Homer everything is seen in vigorous life and plastic amplitude, while



Magazine of Art.]
SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

in Ossian there is only a foreboding. In Homer all is sunny and as bright as day; in Ossian everything is shrouded in grey twilight." Classicism rested upon the Homeric method of thought and representation, upon sharply defined drawing and plastic severity of form; but the modern gospel of colour with tone, indistinct outline, and depth of temperament was announced by "Ossian." The scenery he loves is the heath and the dark rock, against which the sea breaks booming as it rolls; the silver stream dashes from the moss-grown mountains, the waves plunge, and the howling storm chases the mist and the clouds. The sun sheds its parting rays in the West, here and there the stars twinkle, and the light of the moon seldom shines in full brightness, but is shrouded and obscured. The waving grass rustles and "the beard of the thistle" is swayed by the wind. Everything is grey or black—rocks, streams, trees, moss, and clouds. Homer's epithet for a ship is "rosy-cheeked," but Ossian calls it "black-breasted." "Spirits in the garment of the mist" pass over the heath. Heroes fall and great clans perish, and grey bards sing their dirge. "Thus," writes Goethe in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, "Ossian had lured us to Ultima Thule, and roaming there upon the grey, limitless heath, amid mossed tombs rising from the earth abruptly, we saw the grass around us agitated by a chilling wind and the sky heavily clouded above our heads. But in the moonshine this Caledonian night was turned into day: fallen heroes and faded maidens hovered round, until at last we fancied that we really beheld the spirit of Loda in its awful form."

The Boys of Glasgow now accomplished in the realm of painting what "Ossian" had done a century before in that

of literature: in their works personal mood is set in the place of form, and tone-value in that of pencilled outline, far more boldly and abruptly than in Corot, Whistler, and Monticelli. And the powerful effect which was made when the Scotch gallery was opened in the summer of 1890 at the annual exhibition in Munich is remembered still. All the world was then under the spell of Manet, and recognized the highest aim of art in faithful and objective reproduction of an impression of nature. But here there burst out a style of painting which took its origin altogether from decorative harmony, and the rhythm of forms and masses of colour. Some there were who rendered audacious and sonorous fantasies of colour, whilst others interpreted the poetic dreams of a wild world of legend which they had conjured up. But it was all the expression of a powerfully excited mood of feeling through the medium of hues, a mood such as the lyric poet reveals by the rhythmical dance of words or the musician by tones. None of them followed Bastien-Lepage in the sharpness of his "bright painting." The chords of colour which they struck were full, swelling, deep, and rotund, like the sound of an organ surging through a church at the close of a service. They cared most to seek nature in the hours when distinct forms vanish out of sight and the landscape becomes a vision of colour, above all in the hours when the clouds, crimson with the sunken sun, cast a purple veil over everything, softening all contrasts and awakening reveries. Solitary maidens were seen standing in the evening sunshine upon the crest of a hill; and there were deep golden suns sinking below the horizon and gilding the heath with their last rays, and dark forests flecked with fiery red patches of sunlight and clothed with shining bronze-brown foliage. One associated his fantasies with the play of the waves and the clouds, with the rustling of leaves and the murmur of springs of water; another watched the miracles of light in the early dawn upon lonely mountain paths. And upon all there rested that mysterious sombre poetry of nature which runs so sadly through the old ballads.

But it was not merely the glow and sombre sensuousness of nature which appealed to the Scotch; for they were also attracted

by sport and merriment, by waywardness and by whim. Amongst the landscapes there hung joyous masses of colour with figures in them—pictures of the palette which the spectator was forced to regard much as Polonius did the cloud in *Hamlet*:—

"*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
"*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
"*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.
"*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.
"*Ham.* Or, like a whale?
"*Pol.* Very like a whale."

They recalled that passage about Leonardo da Vinci where he tells the young painters that extraordinary fabulous creatures may be discovered in clouds and weather-beaten masonry: "If you have to invent a situation, you can see things there which are like the loveliest landscapes, clothed with mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, great plains, and hills and valleys. You can see there all manner of battles, vivid attitudes, curiously strange figures, faces, and costumes. In looking at such walls, or at any medley of objects, the same thing happens as when one hears the chime of bells; for then you can recognize in the strokes any name or any word you have imagined." In this world one floated between heaven and earth, in a land of dream; figures dissolved like fantastic forms of cloud, which billow and heave and change their shapes.

And the wonder increased when, in the following year, the Glasgow Boys came forward with other performances, and those of a far more positive character. On this occasion they exhibited portraits which cast into the background almost everything exhibited by the English. They rendered old towns of story where the chime of bells, the burst of the organ, and the tones of the mandoline vibrate in the air, while glittering trains festally decked with gold and colours surge through the broad streets. They displayed soft or terrible representations from old-world tales, which really breathed that true legendary atmosphere for which we were so pining, since it seemed to have vanished out of art for ever. They brought water-colours of amazing ability, vivid and sparkling in technique, and bold to audacity. Almost all

Glasgow: McClure.]
MELVILLE: "THE SNAKE-CHARMERS."
(By permission of the Artist.)

of them seemed to be born colourists who had been gifted with their talent in the cradle.

Arthur Melville, known by the Boys as King Arthur, went to Paris as early as the beginning of the seventies, and then to Tangier; he started from the art of Meissonier and Gérôme. He has something of the sparkling colouring of Fortuny, though it has been freshened by Impressionism and is free from the stippling "little painting" of the Spaniard.

By preference he uses water-colours as a medium, and in 1891 he fascinated the public at the exhibition by a series of scenes from Eastern towns. The richly hued confusion of a crowd numbering thousands of people in the open market-place was rendered with the same virtuosity as were the separate groups of Arabs, adorned with turbans and enveloped in burnouses, who rode through festal arches into the courts of houses surrounded by galleries, or the cowering figures of old beggars acting as snake-charmers. Every picture made a gleaming combination of colours, a flexible mass of bright luminous tones, but a soft atmosphere was there to reconcile and harmonize everything. The picture "Andrew with his Goat" was entirely Scotch in its bold manner of placing sharp, unblended colours beside each other. In the midst of a purple autumn landscape in Scotland there stood a red-haired boy, with a reddish-brown

goat, before a reddish tree — a problem of colours which seems barbaric, and one which the Japanese alone had previously solved in an equally tasteful manner.

Melville's comrade in Paris and Tangier, *John Lavery*, inclines rather to the vaporous, melting style of Khnopff and Whistler. His "Tennis Party," a charming illustration of English social life, made a striking effect by its softness and superiority of tone, even before the works of the other Scots were known in Germany; while his "Ariadne," a life-size pastel, showed that he had an understanding of the tender, melting, ideal figures of the great George Frederick Watts. Besides these, Lavery produced pictures which had a genuinely Scotch gloom, and which were like strophes of Ossian rendered through the medium of pigments. In his "Mary Queen of Scots on the Morning after the Battle of Langside," the historical event was glorified until it took the hues of poetry, and a mysterious legendary atmosphere rested over all. And this same dreamer painted pictures of ceremonies, such as "The Reception of Queen Victoria at the Glasgow

LAVERY: "A GIRL IN WHITE."
(By permission of the Artist.)

[Hanfstängl photo.

LAVERY: "A TENNIS PARTY."
(By permission of the Artist.)

Jubilee Exhibition of 1887," in which he showed that such prosaic matters as reception-halls, raspberry-coloured carpets, uniforms, and black coats could result in something different from a mere picture sheet.

James Guthrie, the son of a Scotch preacher, is as powerful as Lavery is delicate. When his parents lived in London he was schooled there by Pettie, and was then for some time in Paris; he freed himself from Pettie's piquant, golden colouring, recalling the old masters, when he worked in the summer of 1888 in the little Scotch village of Cockburnspath. Here he produced his broad and substantially painted work "In the Orchard," by which he introduced himself at the Munich Exhibition of 1890. The figures he paints are not like ornamental trinkets, nor does he court favour by delicate colours. But Frans Hals would rejoice at the bold breadth, freshness, and naturalness with which he paints everything. His likeness of the Rev. Dr. Gardner is great in its simplicity. And a life-size equestrian portrait from his brush has a touch of real monumental grandeur. Beside these pictures he exhibited a series of pastels rejoicing in colour, pictures of social and popular life from the tumult of the city and the peace of the village: beautiful white-robed women dreaming in the twilight, slender tennis-playing maidens upon the fragrant lawn, girls at the piano with the soft light of the lamp pouring over them, puffing railway-trains, the shrill whistle of which echoes through the peace of nature.

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

GUTHRIE: "IN THE ORCHARD."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

When Guthrie worked in 1888 in Cockburnspath, which has since become the Scotch Dachau, he was joined by those two inseparable comrades *George Henry* and *Edward Hornell*, two other forceful personalities belonging to the young school. Brought up amid the steam and smoke of a manufacturing town, Henry was all the more sensitive to the radiant wonders of light when he arrived in the country, and he became the greatest poet in colour that Scotland had seen since the days of Scott Lauder. In 1891 he produced a melancholy picture called "A Galloway Landscape," with a deep blue river swerving here and there as it flowed down the steep, mountains glowing in colour, trees with variegated foliage, and white clouds hastening like phantoms through the greenish sky. Another profoundly imaginative landscape he called "Cinderella." The eye was met by dark, mysteriously dim and rich tones. It was only slowly that a

GUTHRIE: PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
(By permission of the Artist.)

dark slope in the forest seemed to rise into view, and upon it moved the figures of children dancing. The dark mood of something mysterious and fantastically real—the mood of something "fey," as the Scotch call it in their own dialect—brooded over the whole. In a third picture a girl was putting mushrooms into a basket, and her charming profile stood in broad, cool tones against the yellow disc of a rising moon. Collaborating with Hornell, he painted a remarkable picture, "The Druids," a luminous tapestry of colours, as one might say, a luminous tapestry in which the sensuous, imaginative colouring of the Scots found, perhaps, its most powerful and ebullient expression. The picture glowed and sparkled in deep, warm, swelling tones. Impressionism was united with the Japanese painting, and Monticelli's splendour of colour where it is most luxuriant with a flat drawing of outline, while everything seemed to have been painted off with a heavy brush.

A further attempt to apply the Scotch dreaminess to the province of legendary painting was made by *Alexander Roche* in his moving picture "Good King Wenceslaus." A shivering lad searching for fire-wood is stepping lightly through the deep snow after good King Wenceslaus, who, crowned with his halo, has made steps for him. The picture was so plain and cordial, so full of Schwind's innocence and of the dreamy mood of a fairy tale, that it made the appeal of an illustration

Glasgow: McClure.]

ROCHE: "GOOD KING WENCESLAUS."

(By permission of the Artist.)

to some German folk-legend. In the picture of the stiff playing-card "kings," and the "knaves" who tried to win their ladies from them, Roche appeared as a bold improviser after the Japanese fashion.

In such purely decorative sports of colour some of the Glasgow Boys were especially strong, and their confession of faith, as it has been formulated in this matter by *James Paterson*, is pretty much the same as that of Monticelli and Whistler. Art, as he has written, is not imitation, but interpretation. Of course one must paint what one *sees*, but whether the result is art entirely depends upon *what* one sees. The most devout study of nature maintained through a whole lifetime will not make an artist. For art is not nature, but something more. A picture is not a fragment of nature; it is nature reflected, coloured, and interpreted by a human soul, and a feeling for nature which is penetrative and not merely passive. The decorative element, as it is called, is an essential element of every real work of art. Forms, tones, and colours must make a soothing effect upon the human eye, and the artist can only follow nature so far as she gives him elements

Leipzig: Seemann.]

PATERSON: LANDSCAPE.

of this kind. And, for this reason, in almost all the great triumphs of landscape-painting there may be seen a considerable deviation from the actual facts of nature, an intentional and necessary deviation, not one that is the result of chance or defect.

Paterson himself seemed in his landscapes to have the greatest sense of adjustment in this group of Scotch painters. In a picture entitled "In the Evening" he rendered the poetry of gathering dusk in jubilant hues. Upon a green meadow entirely dipped in shadow there gleamed bright masses with soft melting outlines: houses with fine blue smoke curling from their chimneys into the dark atmosphere. And compact masses of cloud, touched with a dull glow by the setting sun, covered the sky like huge phantoms. Brown, green, and blue were the only ground-tones, and the whole was harmonized in grey and black. But within this darkness there was life and movement: above in the row of houses, and beneath in a

flock of sheep which slowly mounted a hill in a wide train. In a picture exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1893, great masses of cloud, the remnants of a heavy storm, shifted over a distant range of hills, the far summits of which were glowing in the sunset. Nature was still quivering as if in fever, the last drops of rain descended glistening like tears, and the whole landscape wept at the farewell of the parting sun.

Munich: Hanfstängl.]
WALTON: "THE GIRL IN BROWN."
(By permission of the Artist.)

Morning and the first mysterious dawn of nature present the most alluring effects of colour for *Grosvenor Thomas*. And so, equipped with his paint-box, he roams out before six o'clock beyond the gates of the smoky town, amid fields and low heights with scant foliage, along the banks of the Clyde, upon dusty, beaten roads, where he meets no one but a peasant driving his cart or a man on the tow-path with his strong horses. The pictures of dawn which he has exhibited are grave and elegiac, and have a solemn Ossianic depth of feeling.

William Kennedy delights in spring, and has painted it in modern pastorals which are excessively Impressionistic in technique and marvellously delicate in effect. In one of his pictures, an apple-tree in blossom spread its crooked and motley branches against the bright sky. The young and tender green of the meadows in spring grew lush around, and little

rosy clouds shifted across the firmament. In the distance there wound a river like a narrow dark blue ribbon, and lying upon his back in the foreground, with a bristly wolf-dog at his side, a red-haired shepherd boy stretched himself lazily as he looked into the deep blue sky.

Edward Arthur Walton seems more under the influence of Whistler or the Dutch painters Israels and Mesdag. His landscapes, which are quieter in tone than those of his compatriots, are bathed in a fine and sombre grey. Heavy clouds of mist sweep over the brown heath, or a vaporous dusk effacing all colours rests upon the lonely fields. And his refined portrait of a girl with brown hair entirely enveloped in grey and black is quite after the manner of Whistler.

Merely wayward and decorative in his effects is *David Gauld*, for whom the highest aim of art is to subdue to his hand, by force if necessary, though with taste and talent, a lavish opulence of conflicting colours and wild forms. Some of his pictures with cloud effects were not inappositely compared with the glass mosaic of leaded cathedral windows. Black and green or green and blue were his favourite combinations. Closely associated with Guthrie, *T. Austen Brown*, who lives in Edinburgh, indulged in blue and green harmonies after the fashion of the Japanese. *James Whitelaw Hamilton* painted landscapes in which cold green was boldly placed upon glowing red and light yellow upon a deep brown-green. *Joseph Crawhall* appeared as a gifted artist in water-colours who painted horses, parrots, camels, ducks, and bulls, and, as a rule, with but a few energetic tones. Of rounded pictorial effect it was impossible to speak. Like Hokusai, he gave only the "vivid points," but these he rendered with all the sureness of the Japanese. In particular there was a picture, "At the Duck-Pond," where the animation of the ducks oaring their way swiftly through the water was expressed with such astonishing truth that the spectator fancied he could see their movements every moment. From his love of moonlight effects *Macaulay Stevenson* is named "the moonlighter" by the Glasgow Boys. The enterprising *P. Macgregor Wilson*, who, in the cause of art, extended his travels to Persia,

and there painted the Shah and his Ministers; *R. M. G. Coventry*, whose pictures are generally no more than symphonies of shades in blue; *Thomas Corsan Morton*, *Alexander Frew*, *Harry Spence*, *Harrington Mann*, *J. M. Dow*, *A. B. Docherty*, *Pirie*, *Park*, *D. Y. Cameron*, and *J. Reid Murray*, are all, as Cornelius Gurlitt has ably described them in *Westermann's Monatsheft*, thoroughly Scotch artists of high rank, every one of whom lives in his own world of fancy, every one of whom casts his ardent temperament into the mould of artistic forms, which are entirely individual in character.

As the Scotch have made an annual appearance at German exhibitions since their first great success, the clamorous enthusiasm which greeted them in 1890 has become a little cooler. It was noticed that the works which had been so striking on the first occasion were not brought together so entirely by chance, but were the extract of the best that the Glasgow school had to show. And in regard to their average performances, it could not be concealed that they had a certain outward industrial character, and this, raised to a principle of creation, led too easily to something stereotyped. The art of the Continent is deeper and more serious, and the union between temperament and nature to be found in it is more spiritual. With their decorative pallet pictures this Scotch art approaches the border where painting ends and the Persian carpet begins. For all that, it has had a quickening influence upon the art of the Continent. Through their best performances the Scotch nourished the modern longing for mystical worlds of beauty. After a period of pale "bright painting," they schooled the painter's eye to recognize nature in her richer tints. And since their appearance a fuller ground-tone, a deeper note, and a more sonorous harmony have entered into French and German painting.

CHAPTER XLIX

FRANCE

Gustave Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, Madame Cazin, Eugène Carrière, P. A. Besnard, Agache, Aman-Jean, M. Denis, Gandara, Henri Martin, Louis Picard, Ary Renan, Odilon Redon, Carlos Schwabe. — The parallel movement in Belgium: Félicien Rops, Fernand Khnopff.

J. K. HUYSMANS has written a strange book, in which he puts in a nutshell everything that the modern epicure finds artistically beautiful. *À Rebours* is the history of a typical *décadent*, a masterly analysis of the ideas and sensations of the over-refined society of the century. In nervous dread of all that is banal and commonplace in modern life, Des Esseintes, the hero of the novel, has formed for himself a kind of artistic paradise in the midst of the grey, barbaric world, and lives there solitary in communion with the books and works of art which appeal to his exquisite taste. Politics are a matter of indifference to him, for on the great stage of the world he sees nothing but bad comedies played by mediocre actors. He would wish, indeed, to be religious, but the religion of the world in general is repugnant to him, so he looks forward to the redemption of the future generation by a new mystical faith which is to rise when the present state of civilization has perished. He has a contempt for all striving, because, in spite of all his seekings, he has found no ideal which seems to him worth the pains. But he likewise despises himself, for he feels his impotence, and the consciousness of it fills him with bitterness and heaviness of spirit. In woman

he takes no delight in strong and healthy comeliness, stimulating life and generation, but in an over-ripe, autumnal, hysterical beauty of ghostly pallor, and with deep, enchanting eyes that tell of mortality. As a student of history he devotes himself to the ages of decline, since he, too, surrounded by wild, barbaric hordes, feels a kinship with those old civilizations perishing of their own refinement. In literature Apuleius and Petronius are his delight amongst the Latin writers, and amongst the French Baudelaire, the Goncourts, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Villiers. As a connoisseur he accepts Goncourt's definition of beauty as that which uneducated people regard with instinctive distaste. The art which he reveres is very different from that which meets with official recognition. It is art which only appeals to delicate and fastidious spirits, and is incomprehensible to the average man with his tastes and opinions. His own ideals are Gustave Moreau, the French Burne-Jones, and Odilon Redon, the French Blake. And he specially cultivates his sense of smell, daily surrounding himself with new flowers—not the ordinary roses, lilies, and violets, but ardently lustrous poison-flowers with an overpowering perfume. And at the end of the book he finds himself, exhausted by these spiritual and sensuous aberrations in the devotion to art, with one simple choice before him: insanity and death or the return to nature and normal life.

Huysmans' work marks in a very striking manner the change which has passed over the literary and artistic physiognomy of France. Ten years ago, Zola was indisputably at the head of French authorship. Every one of his novels was an event, and circulated through the world in hundreds of thousands of copies. But his tendency in literature already belongs to the past, while Verlaine and Bourget are regarded as guides to the future. In Verlaine a melancholy whisper never heard before, and one which is sometimes mournful and plaintive to the verge of insanity, became audible amid the merciless logic of the French tongue. Bourget, the herald of the English Preraphaelites, would probe and analyze in all its symptoms that eager feeling, yearning after unheard-of

Paris: Baschet.]
MOREAU: "THE YOUNG MAN AND DEATH."

refinement, which is the characteristic of modern humanity. Mallarmé, wearied of pleasure, endeavours to reach that primitive simplicity which is doubly refreshing to overstrained spirits. And Maurice Barrès has written his novels *Sous l'Œil des Barbares* and *Un Homme Libre*, dividing humanity into two classes: the barbarians and the men of intelligence. To the barbarians belong all people who have any calling or profession, from the emperor to the beggar, from the prime minister to the lowest agricultural labourer—scholars, the commercial classes, manual labourers, and artisans. The men of intelligence are the chosen people, the small band comprising the *élite* of the intellect, those whose pleasure is in pure beauty. The type of these aristocrats, "L'homme libre," is only relatively satisfied with pleasure, and only really happy when analyzing his pleasures in memory. His ideal is absolute solitude; his lasting misfortune is that he is forced to live under the eyes of the barbarians and in their society.

A similar change is to be seen in the province of painting. When Zola stood at the zenith of his fame, the walls of the Salon were almost exclusively covered with scenes from the modern life of peasants and artisans. Wherever one looked there was the struggle for existence, the prose of life. But in these days that utterance of Louis XIV., "*Otez-moi ces magots*,"

Paris : Baschet.] *[Goupil photo sc.*
MOREAU : "GALATEA."

seems to have once more become the principle of the intellectual upper ten thousand. Pictures from the Bible, mythology or legend are in the ascendant. There is music everywhere. Serenades alternate with nocturnes and symphonies of morning. A fragrant archaism has taken the place of Naturalism, singularity that of everyday life, mystical dusk or a light blue, fine grey, or rosy, faded Gobelin tone that of glaring daylight. And just as the younger generation in literature looks up to Baudelaire, that abstractor of quintessences, as their spiritual ancestor, so two of the older artists took the initiative in the process of artistic transformation —two solitary and superior spirits, who were too quiet and mournful for the riotous generation of 1830, and too solemn and mystical for the Naturalists; and it was left for the younger generation to recognize their significance and how far they were in advance of their age.

In pictorial art *Gustave Moreau* is equivalent to Charles Baudelaire. It is only certain of the strange and fascinating poems in the *Fleurs du Mal* that strike the same note of sentiment as the tortured, subtilized, morbid, but mysterious and captivating creations of Moreau. And his figures, like those of Baudelaire, live in a mysterious world, and stimulate the spirit like eternal riddles. Every one of his works stands in

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

MOREAU: A DESIGN FOR ENAMEL.

need of a commentary; every one of them bears witness to a profound and peculiar activity of mind, and every one of them is full of intimate reveries. Every agitation of his inward spirit takes shape in myths of hieratical strangeness, in mysterious hallucinations, which he sets in his pictures like jewels. He gives ear to dying strains, rising faintly, inaudible to the majority of men. Marvellous beings pass before him, fantastic and yet earnest; forms of legendary story hover through space upon strange animals; a fabulous hippogriff bears him far away to Greece and the East, to vanished worlds of beauty. Upon the journey he beholds Utopias, beholds the Fortunate Islands, and visits all lands, borne upon the pinions of dream. An age which went wild over Cabanel and Bouguereau could not possibly be in sympathy with him. The Naturalists, also, looked upon him as a singular being; it was much as if an Indian magician whose robe shone in all the hues of the rainbow had suddenly made his appearance at a ball, amongst men in black evening coats. And it is only since the mysterious smile of Leonardo's feminine figures has once more drawn the world beneath its spell that the spirit of Moreau's pictures has become a familiar thing. Even his schooling was different

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Lalauze sc.*

MOREAU : "THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS."

from that of his contemporaries. He was the only pupil of that strange artist Théodore Chassériau, and Chassériau had directed him to the study of Bellini, Mantegna, Leonardo da Vinci, and all those enchanting primitive artists whose ensnaring female figures are seen to move through mysterious black and blue landscapes. He was then seized with an enthusiasm for the hieratical art of India. And he was also affected by old German copper-engraving, old Venetian pottery, painting upon vases and enamel, mosaics and niello work, tapestries and old Oriental miniatures. His exquisite and expressive style, which, at a time when the flowing Cinquecento manner was in vogue, made an unpleasant effect by its archaic angularity, was the result of the fusion of these elements.

When he appeared, the special characteristic of French art was its seeking after the great agitations of the spirit, *émotions fortes*. The spirit was to be roused by stormy vehemence, as a relaxed system is braced by massage. But the present generation desires to be soothed rather than stirred by painting. It cannot endure shrill cries, or loud, emphatic speech, or vehement gestures. What it desires is subdued and refined emotions, and Moreau's distinction is that he was the first to give expression to this weary *décadent* humour. In his work a complete absence of motion has taken the place of the striding

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Dujardin helio.*

MOREAU: "THE PLAINT OF THE POET."

legs, the attitudes of the fencing-master, the arms everlastingly raised to heaven, and the passionately distorted faces which had reigned in French painting since David. He makes spiritual expression his starting-point, and not scenic effect; he keeps, as it were, within the laws which rule over classical sculpture, where vehemence was only permitted to intrude from the period of decline, from the Pergamene reliefs, the Laocoon, and the Farnese Bull. Everything bears the seal of sublime peace; everything is inspired by inward life and suppressed passion. Even when the gods fight there are no mighty gestures; with a mere frown they can shake the earth like Zeus.

His spiritual conception of the old myths is just as peculiar as his grave articulation of form; it is a conception such as earlier generations could not have, one which only beseems the spiritual condition of the close of the nineteenth century. During the most recent decades archæological excavations and scientific researches have widened and deepened our conceptions of the old mythology in a most unexpected manner. Beside the laughter of the Grecian Pan we hear the sighs and behold the convulsions of Asia, in her anguish bearing gods, who perish young like spring flowers, in the loving arms of Oriental goddesses. We have heard of chryselephantine statues

L'Art.] [*Gaujean sc.*

MOREAU: "THE APPARITION."

covered with precious stones from top to bottom; and we know the graceful terra-cotta figures of Tanagra. Before there was a knowledge of the Tanagra statuettes no archæologist could have believed that the Eros of Hesiod was such a charming, wayward little rascal. Before the discovery of the Cyprus statues no artist would have ventured to adorn a Grecian goddess with flowers, pins for the head, and a heavy tiara. Prompted by these discoveries, Moreau has been swayed by strangely rich inspirations. He is said to work in his studio as in a tower opulent with ivory and jewels. He has a delight in arraying the figures of his legends in the most costly materials, as the discoveries at Cyprus give him warrant for doing, in painting their robes in the deepest and most lustrous hues, and in being almost too lavish in his manner of adorning their arms and breasts. Every figure of his is a glittering idol enveloped in a dress of gold brocade embroidered with precious stones. His love of ornamentation is even extended to his landscapes. They are improbable, far too fair, far too rich, far too strange to exist in the actual world, but they are in close harmony with the character of these sumptuously clad figures, wandering in them

like the mystic and melancholy shapes of dream. The capricious generation that lived in the Renaissance occasionally handled classical subjects in this manner, but there is the same difference between Filippino Lippi and Gustave Moreau as there is between Botticelli and Burne-Jones: the former, like Shakespeare in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, transformed the antique into a blithe and fantastic fairy world, whereas that fire of yearning romance which once flamed from poor Hölderlin's poet heart burns in the pictures of Moreau.

His "Orpheus" is one of his most characteristic and beautiful works. He has not borrowed the composition from antique tragedy. The drama is over. Orpheus has been torn asunder by the Mænads, and the limbs of the poet lie scattered over the icy fields of the hyperborean lands. His head, borne upon his lyre now for ever mute, has been cast upon the shore of Erebus. Nature seems to sleep in mysterious peace. Around there is nothing to be seen but still waters and pallid light, nothing to be heard but the tone of a small shrill flute, played by a barbarian shepherd sitting on the cliff. A Thracian girl, whose hair is adorned with a garland, and whose look is earnest, has taken up the head of the singer and regards it long and quietly. Is it merely pity that is in her eyes? A romantic Hellenism, a profound melancholy underlies the picture, and the old story closes with a cry of love. In his "Œdipus and the Sphinx" of 1864, and his "Heracles" of 1878, he treated battle scenes, the heroic struggle between man and beast, and in these pictures, also, there is no violence, no vehemence, no movement. In a terrible silence the two antagonists exchange looks in his "Œdipus and the Sphinx," while their breath mingles. Like a living riddle, the winged creature gazes upon the stranger, but the youth with his long locks stands so composedly before her that the spectator feels that he must know the decisive word.

In "Helen upon the Walls of Troy" the figure of the enchantress, as she stands there motionless, clad in a robe glittering with brilliant stones and diamonds like a shrine, is

seen to rise against the blood-red horizon as though it were a statue of gold and ivory. Like a queen of spades, she holds in her hand a large flower. Heaps of bodies pierced with arrows lie at her feet. But she has no glance of pity for the dying whose death-rattle rises to her. Her wide, apathetic eyes are fixed upon vacancy. She sees in the gold of the sunset the smoke ascending from the Grecian camp. She will embark in the fair ship of Menelaus, and return in triumph to Hellas, where new love shall be her portion. And the looks of the old men fasten upon her in admiration. "It is fitting that the Trojans and the Achæans fight for such a woman." Helen in her blonde voluptuous beauty is transformed beneath the hands of Moreau into Destiny stalking over ground saturated with blood, into the Divinity of Mischief—a divinity that, without knowing it, poisons everything that comes near her, or that she sees or touches.

In his "Galatea" Moreau's love of jewels and enamel finds its highest triumph. Galatea's grotto is one large, glittering casket. Flowers made from the sun, and leaves from the stars, and branches of coral stretch forth their boughs and open their cups. And as the most brilliant jewel of all, there rests in the holy of holies the radiant form of the sleeping Galatea, a kind of Greek Susanna, watched by the staring, adamantine eye of Polyphemus.

And just as he bathes these Grecian forms in the dusk of a profound romantic melancholy, so in Moreau's pictures the figures of the Bible are tinged with a shade of Indian Buddhism, a pantheistic mysticism which places them in a strange modern light. In his "David" he represents in a quiet and peaceful way the entry of a human soul into Nirvana. The aged king sits dreaming upon his gorgeous throne. And an angel watches in shining beauty beside this phantom, the flame of whose life is burning slowly down. A curious light falls upon him from the sky. The light of the evening horizon shines faint between the pillars, and the spectator feels that it is the end of a long day. His pictures of 1878 dealing with Salome, in their strange sentiment—suggestive of an opium

Graphische Künste.]
PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

vision—are like a paraphrase of Heine's poem in *Atta Troll.* In a sombre hall supported by mighty pillars, through which coloured lamps and stupefying pastil-burners shed a blue and red light, sits Herod the king, half asleep with hasheesh, wrapped in silk, and motionless as a Hindu idol. His face is pale and gloomy, and his throne is like a crystal confessional chair, fashioned with all the riches of the world. Two women lean at the foot of a pillar. One of them touches the strings of a lute, and a small panther yawns near a vessel of incense. Upon the floor of variegated mosaics flowers lie strewn. Salome advances. Tripping upon her toes as lightly as a figure in a dream, she begins to dance, holding a tremulous lotus-flower in her hand. A shining tiara is upon her head; her body is adorned with all the jewels which the dragons guard in the veins of the earth. Faster and faster and with a more voluptuous grace she twists and stretches her splendid limbs; but of a sudden she starts and presses her hand to her heart: she has seen the executioner as he smote the head of John from the body.—In the midst of an Oriental paradise, the body of the Baptist lies in the grass; the head has been set upon a charger, and Salome, like a bloodthirsty tigress, watches it with looks of ardent, famished love.

Different as they seem in technique, there are many points of contact between the visionary Gustave Moreau and *Puvis de Chavannes*, the original and fascinating creator of the decorative painting of the nineteenth century. Where one indulges in detail, the other resorts to simplification; where the former is opulent the latter is ascetic; and yet they are

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "THE GIRLHOOD OF ST. GENEVIÈVE."

(By permission of the Artist.)

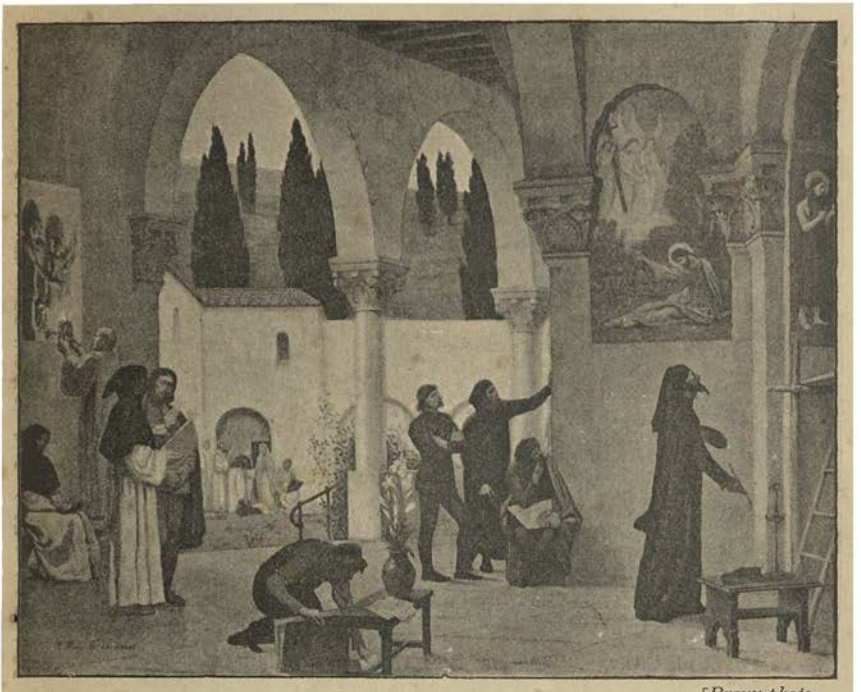
associated through inward sympathy.

Puvis de Chavannes, the eternally young, is the Domenico Ghirlandajo of the nineteenth century. The most eminent monumental works which have been achieved during the last thirty years in France owe their existence to him. Wall-paintings from his hand may be found above the staircase of the museums of Amiens, Marseilles, and Lyons, in the Parisian Panthéon and the new Sorbonne, in the town-halls of Poitiers and many other French towns—pictures which it is difficult to describe in detail, through the medium of pedestrian prose. The two works with which he opened the decorative series in the museum of Amiens in 1861 are entitled "Bellum" and "Concordia." In the former warriors are riding over a monotonous plain. Two smoking pillars, the gloomy witnesses to sorrow and devastation, cast their dark shadows over the still fields, whilst here and there burning mills rise into the sombre sky like torches. In "Concordia," the counterpart to this work, there are women plucking flowers and naked youths urging their horses in a blooming grove of laurel. In the Parisian Panthéon he painted, between 1876 and 1878, "The Girlhood of St. Geneviève." A laughing spring landscape, filled with the blitheness of May, spreads beneath the bright sky of the

[Braun photo.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "A VISION OF ANTIQUITY."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

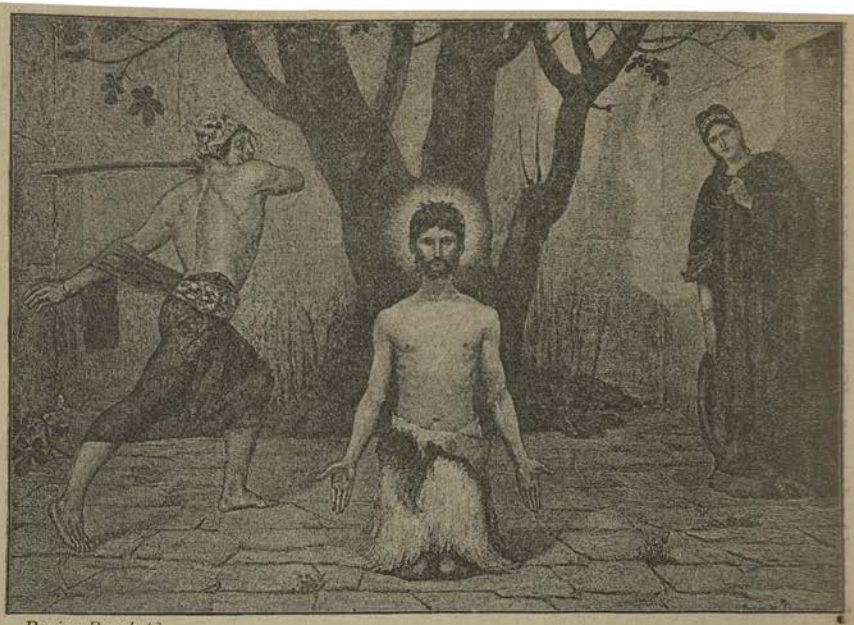
Isle de France. Calm figures move in it, men and women, children and greybeards. A bishop lays his hand upon the head of a young shepherdess; sailors are coming ashore from their barks. "The Grove sacred to the Arts and Muses" comes first in the decoration of the Lyons Museum. Upon one side is a thick forest, dark and profound, and upon the other the horizon is fringed by violet-blue hills and a large lake reflecting the bluish atmosphere; in the foreground are green meadows, where the flowers gleam like stars, and trees standing apart, oaks and firs, their strong, straight stems rising stiffly into the sky. At the foot of a pillared porch strange figures lie by the shore or stand erect amid the pale grass, one with her arm pointing upwards, another musing with her hand resting upon her chin, a third unrolling a parchment. Athletic youths are bringing flowers and winding garlands.



[*Braun photo.*

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "CHRISTIAN INSPIRATION."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

The "Vision of Antiquity" and "Christian Inspiration" complete the series. The first of these pictures brings the spectator into Attica. Locked by a simple landscape of hills the blue sea is rippling, and bright islands rise from its bosom, while a clear sky sheds its full light from above. Trees and shrubs are growing here and there. A shepherd is playing upon the pan-pipes, goats are grazing, and five female figures, some of them nude, the others clothed, caress tame peacocks in the tall grass or lean against a parapet, breathing in the fresh, cool air. Farther back, at the foot of a height, is a young woman, holding herself erect like a statue, as she talks with a youth, whilst in the distance at the verge of the sea a spectral cavalcade, like that in Phidias' frieze of the Parthenon, gallop swiftly by. In the counterpart, "Christian Inspiration," a number of friars who are devoted to art are gathered together in the portico of an abbey church. The walls are embellished



Paris: Baschet.]

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "THE BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST."

(By permission of the Artist.)

with naïve frescoes in the style of the Siennese school. One of the monks who is working on the pictures has alighted from the ladder and regards the result of his toil with a critical air. Lilies are blooming in a vase upon the ground. And outside, beyond the cloister wall, the flush of evening sheds its parting light over a lonely landscape, whence dark cypresses rise into the air, straight as a bolt. In the decoration of the Sorbonne the object was to suggest all the lofty purposes to which the place has been dedicated, upon the wall of the great amphitheatre used for the solemn sessions of the faculty, and facing the statues of the founders. Puvis de Chavannes did this by displaying a throne in a sacred grove, a throne upon which a grave matron arrayed in sombre garments is sitting in meditation. This is the old Sorbonne. Two genii at her side bring palm-branches and crowns as offerings in honour of the famous minds of the past. Around are standing manifold figures arrayed in the costumes which were assigned to the arts and sciences in

[*Lauzet sc.*

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "THE THREADSPINNER."

(*By permission of Mons. Durand-Ruel, the owner of the picture.*)

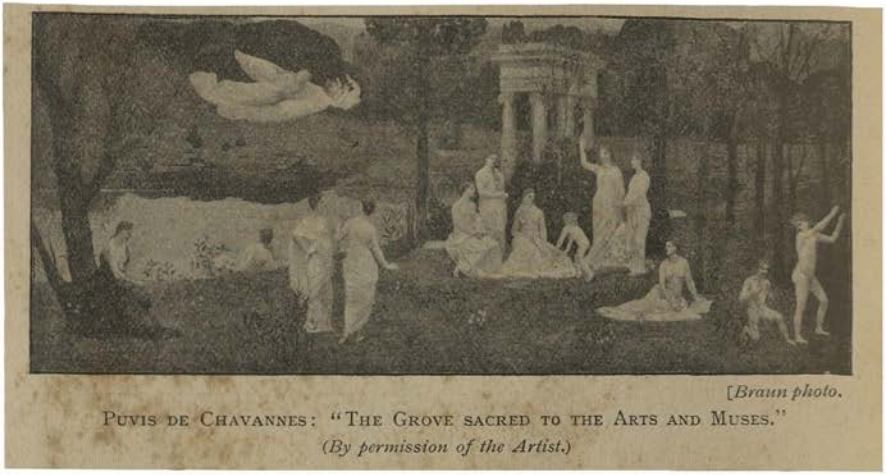
[*Braun photo.*

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "AUTUMN."

Florence at the time of Botticelli and Filippino Lippi. From the rock upon which they are set there bursts the living spring from which youth derives knowledge and new power. And thick wood divides this still haunt consecrated to the muses from the rush and the petty trifles of life. In a painting entitled "Inter Artes et Naturam," over the staircase of the museum of Rouen, artists musing over the ruins of mediæval buildings are seen lying in the midst of a Norman landscape, beneath apple-trees whose branches are weighed down by their burden of fruit; upon the other side of the picture there is a woman holding a child upon her knees, whilst another woman is trying to reach a bough laden with fruit, and a group of painters look on enchanted with the grace of her simple, harmonious movement.

Puvis de Chavannes is not a virtuoso in technique; for a Frenchman, indeed, he is almost clumsy, and is sure in very little of the work of his hand. And it is easily possible that a later age will not reckon him among the great painters: But what it can never forget is that after a period of lengthy aberrations he restored decorative art in general to its proper vocation.

Before his time what was good in the so-called monumental painting of the nineteenth century was usually not new, but



[*Braun photo.*

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: "THE GROVE SACRED TO THE ARTS AND MUSES."
(By permission of the Artist.)

borrowed from more fortunate ages, and what was new in it, the narrative element, was not good, or at least not in good taste. When Paolo Veronese produced his pictures in the Doge's Palace or Giulio Romano his frescoes in the Sala dei Giganti in Mantua, neither of them thought of the great mission of instructing the people or of patriotic sentiments; they wanted to achieve an effect which should be pictorial, festal, and harmonious in feeling. The task of painters who were entrusted with the embellishment of the walls of a building was to waken dreams and strike chords of feeling, to summon a mood of solemnity, to delight the eye, to uplift the spirit. What they created was decorative music, filling the mansion with its august sound as the solemn notes of an organ roll through a church. Their pictures stood in need of no commentary, no exertion of the mind, no historical learning. But the painting which in the nineteenth century did duty upon official occasions and was encouraged by governments for the sake of its pedagogical efficiency was not permitted to content itself with this general range of sentiment; it had to lay on the colours more thickly, and to appeal to the understanding rather than to sentiment. Descriptive prose took the place of lyricism.

Puvis de Chavannes went back to the true principle of the old painters by renouncing any kind of didactic intention in his art. In the Panthéon of Paris, when the eye turns to the

works of Puvis de Chavannes after beholding all the admirable panels with which the recognized masters of the flowing line have illustrated the temple of St. Geneviève, when it turns from St. Louis, Clovis, Jeanne d'Arc, and Dionysius Sanctus to "The Girlhood of St. Geneviève," it is as if one laid aside a prosy history of the world to read the *Eclogues* of Virgil.

In the one case there are archæological lectures, stage scenery, and histrionic art; in the other simple poetry and lyrical magic, a marvellous evocation from the distant past of that atmosphere of legend which banishes commonplace. His art would express nothing, would represent nothing; it would only charm and attune the spirit, like music heard faintly from the distance. His figures perform no significant actions; nor are any learned attributes employed in their characterization, such as were introduced in Greece and at the Renaissance. He does not paint Mars, Vulcan, and Minerva, but war, work, and peace. In translating the word *bellum* into the language of painting in the Museum of Amiens he did not need academical Bellonas, nor swordcuts, nor knightly suits of armour, nor fluttering standards. A group of mourning and stricken women, warlike horsemen, and a simple landscape sufficed him to conjure up the drama of war in all its terrible majesty. And he is as far from gross material heaviness as from academical sterility. The reapers toiling in his painting entitled "Summer" are modern in their movements and in their whole appearance, and yet they belong to no special time and seem to have been wafted into a world beyond; they are beings who might have lived yesterday, or, for the matter of that, a thousand years ago. The whole of existence seems in Puvis de Chavannes like a day without beginning or end, a day of Paradise, unchangeable and eternal. And very simple means sufficed him to attain this transcendental effect: like Millet, he generalizes what is individual, and tempers what is presented in nature; antique nudity is associated in an unforced manner with modern costume; a designed simplicity, which has nothing of the academical painting of the nude, is expressed in the handling

of form. Even his landscape he constructs upon its elementary forms, and by means of its essential, expressive features. But by a certain concordance of lines, by a distinct rhythm of form, he compasses a sentiment which is grave and solemn or idyllic.

The Quattrocentisti, especially Ghirlandajo, were his models in this epical simplicity, and beside Baudry, the deft and spirited decorator of the most modernized High Renaissance style, he has the effect of a primitive artist risen from the grave. His pictures have an archaic bloom—something sacerdotal, if you will, something seraphic and holy. Often one fancies that one recognizes the influence of old tapestries, to say nothing of Fra Angelico, but one is at a loss to give the model copied. And what places him, like Moreau, in sharp opposition to the old masters is that, instead of their sunny, smiling blitheness, he, too, is under the sway of that heavy melancholy spirit which the close of the nineteenth century first brought into the world.

When he, a countryman of Flandrin and Chenavard, began his career under Couture almost half a century ago, the world did not understand his pictures. People blamed the poverty of his pallet, asserted that he was too simple and restricted in his methods of colouring, and he was called a Lenten painter, *un peintre de carême*, whose dull eye noted nothing in nature except ungainly lines and uniformly grey tones. Women were especially unfavourable to him, taking his lean figures as a personal insult to themselves. Moreover the calm and immobility of his figures were censured, and when he exhibited his earliest pictures in 1854, at the same time as those of Courbet, he was called *un fou tranquille*, just as the latter was christened *un fou furieux*. In later years it was precisely through these two qualities, his grandiose quietude and his "anæmic" painting, that he brought the world beneath his spell, and diverted French art into a new course.

As his landscapes know nothing of agitated clouds, nor abruptness nor the strife of the elements, so his figures avoid all oratorical vehemence. They are eternally young, free from brutal passions, lost in oblivion. Let him conjure up old Hellas

[*Monde Illustre.*

CHARLES CAZIN.

or the quiet life of the cloister, over figures and landscapes there always rests a tender sentiment of consecration and dreamy peace; no violent gesture and no loud tone disturb that harmony of feeling by any vehement action.

Nor does the colour admit any discord in the large harmony. It is exceedingly soft and light, although subdued; it has that faint, deadened indecisiveness to be seen in faded tapestries or frescoes losing colour. Tender and delicate in its chalky grey unity, which banishes reality and creates a world of dreams, it is spread around the shadowy figures. It is impossible to imagine his pictures without this light so pure and yet veiled, this silvery, transparent air, impregnated with the breath of the Divine, as Plato would say; it is impossible to imagine them without the delicate tones of these pale green, pale rose-coloured, and pale violet dresses, which are as delicate as fading flowers, and without this flesh-tint, which lends a phantomlike and unearthly appearance to his figures. It is all ike a melody pitched in the high, finely touched, and tremulous tones of a violin; it invites a mood which is at once blithe and sentimental, happy and sad, banishes all earthly things into oblivion, and carries one into a distant, peaceful, and holy world.

"Mon cœur est en repos, mon âme est en silence,
Le bruit lointain du monde expire en arrivant,
Comme un son éloigné qu'affaiblit la distance,
À l'oreille incertaine apporté par le vent.

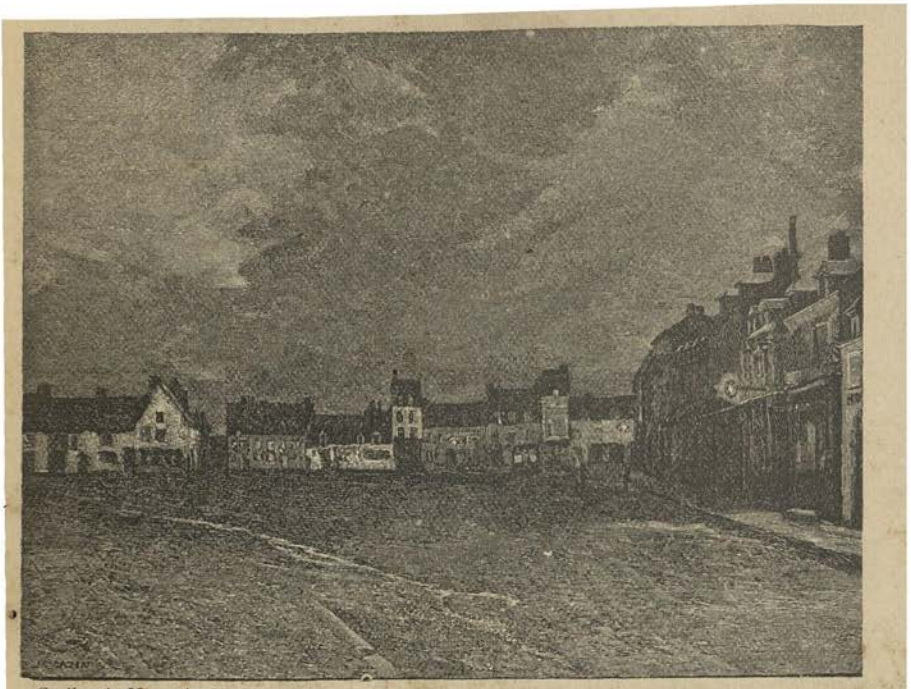
"J'ai trop vu, trop senti, trop aimé dans ma vie;
Je viens chercher vivant le calme du Léthé:
Beaux lieux, soyez pour moi ces bords où l'on oublie;
L'oubli seul désormais est ma félicité.

[Goupil photo sc.

CAZIN: "DUSK."

"D'ici je vois la vie, à travers un nuage,
S'évanouir pour moi dans l'ombre du passé. . . .
"L'amitié me trahit, la pitié m'abandonne,
Et, seul, je descends le sentier de tombeaux.
"Mais la nature est là qui t'invite et qui t'aime;
Plonge-toi dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre toujours;
Quand tout change pour toi, la nature est la même,
Est le même soleil se lève sur tes jours."

Puvis de Chavannes' veiled harmony transposed yet more into dreamy uncertainty and tempered with fainter and more elegiac gradations of colour is the art of *Charles Cazin*. He awaits us as the evening gathers, and tells with a vibrating voice of things which induce a mood of gentle melancholy. He has his hour, his world, his men and women. And his hour is that secret and mystic time when the sun has gone down and the moon is rising, when soft shadows repose upon the earth, bringing forgetfulness. And the land he enters is a damp, misty land



Scribner's Magazine.]

CAZIN: "A DEAD CITY."

(By permission of the Artist.)

with dunes and pale foliage, one that lies beneath a heavy sky and is seldom irradiated by a beam of hope, a land of Lethe and self-forgetfulness, a land created to yield to the soft distress of infinite weariness. The motives of his landscapes are always exceedingly simple, though they have a simplicity which is perhaps forced, instead of being entirely naïve. He represents, it may be, the entrance into a village with a few cottages, a few thin poplars, and reddish tiled roofs, bathed in the whitish shadows of evening. Upon the broad street lined with irregular houses, in a provincial town, the rain comes splashing down. Or it is night, and in the sky there are black clouds, with the moon softly peering between them. Lamps are gleaming in the windows of the houses, and an old post-chaise rolling heavily over the slippery pavement. Or dun-green shadows repose upon a solitary green field with a windmill and a sluggish stream. The earth is wrapt in mysterious silence, and

Paris: Baschet.]
CAZIN: "HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."

there is movement only in the sky, where a flash of lightning quivers—not one that blazes into intensely vivid light, but rather a silvery white electric spark lambent in the dark firmament. Corot alone has painted such things, but where he is joyous Cazin is elegiac. The little solitary houses are of a ghostly grey. The trees sway towards each other as if in tremulous fear. And the mist hangs damp in the brown boughs. Faint evening shadows flit around. A Northern malaria seems to prevail. And at times a sea-bird utters a wailing complaint. One thinks of Russian novels, Nihilism, and Raskolnikoff, though I know not through what association of ideas. One is disposed to sit by the wayside and dream, as Verlaine sings:—

"La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure:
Rêvons c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise:
C'est l'heure exquise."

Sometimes the humour of the landscape is associated with

Paris : Baschet.]

CAZIN : "JUDITH."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

the memory of kindred feelings which passages in the Bible or in old legends have awakened in him. In such cases he creates the biblical or mythological pictures which have principally occupied him in recent years. Grey-green dusk rests upon the earth; the shadows of evening drive away the last rays of the sun. A mother with her child is sitting upon a bundle of straw in front of a thatched cottage with a ladder leaning against its roof, and a poverty-stricken yard bordered by an old paling, while a man in a brown mantle stands beside her, leaning upon a stick: this picture is "The Birth of Christ." Two solitary people, a man and a woman, are walking through a soft, undulating country. The sun is sinking. No house will give the weary wanderers shelter in the night, but the shade of evening, which is gradually descending, envelops them with its melancholy peace: this is "The

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Guerard sc.*

CARRIÈRE: ALPHONSE DAUDET AND HIS DAUGHTER ESMÉE.

(By permission of M. Alphonse Daudet, the owner of the picture.)

Flight into Egypt." An arid waste of sand, with a meagre bush rising here and there, and the parching summer sun brooding sultry overhead, forms the landscape of the picture "Hagar and Ishmael." Or the fortifications of a mediæval town are represented. Night is drawing on, watch-fires are burning, brawny figures stand at the anvil fashioning weapons, and the sentinels pace gravely along the moat. The besieged town is Bethulia, and the woman who issues with a wild glance from the town gateway is Judith, who is going forth to slay Holofernes, followed by her handmaid. Through such works Cazin has become the creator of the landscape of religious sentiment, which has since occupied so much space in French and German painting. The costume belongs to no time in particular, though it is almost more appropriate to the present than to bygone ages; but something so biblical, so patriarchal, such a remote and mystical poetry is expressed in the great

CARRIÈRE: "MOTHERHOOD."

lines of the landscape that the figures seem like visions from a far-off past.

The pictures of *Madame Cazin* illustrate the old physiological truth that, through living long together, man and wife gradually come to resemble one another. The delicate sensibility of her husband is found in her with a certain feminine tinge, for his calm sentiment receives a nervous, vibrating trait in her work. Let her draw a peasant woman sewing her dress, represent a girl sitting meditatively in the garden with a book upon her knees, or design figures for memorial statues, in every case there runs through her work a trace of profound dreaminess, a still melancholy, a sobbing happiness of tears, a touching sadness.

The continuation of this movement is marked by that charming artist who delighted in mystery, *Eugène Carrière*, "the modern painter of Madonnas," as he has been called by Edmond de Goncourt. Probably no one before him has painted

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

BESNARD: "EVENING."

the unconscious spiritual life of children with the same tender, absorbed feeling: little hands grasping at something, stammering lips of little ones who would kiss their mother, dreamy eyes gazing into infinity. But although young children who are at the beginning of life, and whose eyes open wide as they turn towards the future, look out of his pictures, a profound sadness rests over them. His figures move gravely and silently in a soft, mysterious dusk, as though parted from the world of realities by a veil of gauze. All forms seem to melt, and fading flowers shed a sleepy fragrance around; it is as though there were bats flitting invisibly through the air. Even as a portrait-painter he is still a poet dreaming in eternal mist and mystical haze. In his likenesses, Alphonse Daudet, Geffroy, Dolent, and Edmond de Goncourt looked as though they had been resolved into vapour, although the delineation of character was of astonishing power, and marked firmly with a penetrative insight into spiritual life such as was possessed by Ribot alone.

At the very opposite pole of art stands *Paul Albert Besnard*: amongst the worshippers of light he is, perhaps, the most subtile and forcible poet, a luminist who cannot find tones high enough when he would play upon the fibres of the

[*Goupil photo sc.*

BESNARD: "VISION DE FEMME."

spirit. Having issued from the École des Beaux Arts and gained the *Prix de Rome* with a work which attracted much notice, he had long moved upon strictly official lines; and he only broke from his academical strait-waistcoat about a dozen years ago, to become the refined artist to whom the younger generation do honour in these days, a seeker whose works are very varied in merit, though they always strike one afresh from the bold confidence with which he attacks and solves the most difficult problems of light. In Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, and Carrière a reaction towards sombre effect and pale, vaporous beauty of tone followed the brightness of Manet; but Besnard, pushing forward upon Manet's course, revels in the most subtile effects of illumination—effects not ventured upon even by the boldest Impressionists—endeavours to arrest the most unexpected and unforeseen phases of light, and the most hazardous combinations of colour. The ruddy glow of the fire glances upon faded flowers. Chandeliers and tapers outshine the soft radiance of the lamp; artificial light struggles with the sudden burst of daylight; and lanterns, standing out against the night sky like golden lights with a purple border, send their glistening rays into the blue gloom. It is only in the field of literature that a parallel may be found, in Jens Pieter Jacobsen, who in his novels occasionally describes with a similar finesse of perception

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Los Rios sc.*
BESNARD: MLLES. D——.

the reflection of fire upon gold and silver, upon silk and satin, upon red and yellow and blue, or enumerates the hundred tints in which the September sun pours into a room.

The portrait group of his children is a harmony in red. A boy and two girls are standing, with the most delightful absence of all constraint, in a country room, which looks out upon a mountainous landscape. The wall of the background is red, and red the costume of the little ones, yet all these conflicting *nuances* of red tones are brought into harmonious unity with inherent taste. Rubens would have rejoiced over a second landscape exhibited in the same year. A nude woman is seated upon a divan drinking tea, with her feet tucked under her and her back to the spectator. The warm and the more subdued reflections of a fire out of sight and of the daylight meet upon her back, quivering in yellowish stripes, like a glowing aureole upon her soft skin.

In a third picture, called "Vision de Femme," a young woman with the upper part of her form unclothed appears upon a terrace, surrounded by red blooming flowers and the glowing yellow light of the moon. Under this symbol Besnard imagined Lutetia, the eternally young, hovering over the rhododendrons of the Champs Elysées and looking down upon the blaze of lights in the Café des Ambassadeurs. In 1889 he produced "The Siren," a symphony in red. A

AMAN-JEAN: "VENEZIA."
(By permission of Dr. G. Hirth, the owner of the picture.)

petite femme of Montmartre stands wearily in a half-antique morning toilette before a billowing lake, which glows beneath the rays of the setting sun in fiery red and dull mallow colour. In his "Autumn" of 1890 he made the same experiment in green. The moon casts its silvery light upon the changeful greenish mirror of a lake, and at the same time plays in a thousand reflections upon the green silk dress of a lady sitting upon the shore. While, in a picture of 1891, a young lady in an elegant *négligé* is seated at the piano, with her husband beside her turning over the music. The light of the candles is shed over hands, faces, and clothes. Another picture, called "Clouds of Evening," represented a woman with delicate profile amid a violet landscape, over which the clouds were lightly hovering, touched with orange-red by the setting sun. The double portrait, executed in 1892, of the "Mlles. D——," one of whom is leisurely placing a scarf over her shoulders with a movement almost recalling Leighton, while the other stoops to pick a blossom from a rhododendron bush, is exceedingly soft in its green, red, and blue harmony.

The French Government recognized the eminent decorative talent displayed in these pictures, and in recent years it has given Besnard the opportunity of achieving his highest triumphs as a mural painter. Here, too, he is modern to the ends of his fingers, knowing nothing of stately gestures, nothing of old-world naïveté; but merely through his appetizing and sparkling play of colour, he has the art of converting great blank spaces into a marvellous storied realm.

In 1890 he had to represent "Astronomy" as a ceiling-piece for the Salon des Sciences in the Hôtel de Ville. Ten years before there would have been no artist who would not have executed this task by the introduction of nude figures provided with instructive attributes. One would have held a globe, the second a pair of compasses, and the third a telescope in one hand, and in the other branches of laurel wherewith to crown Galileo, Columbus, or Kepler. Besnard made a clean sweep of all this. He did not forget that a ceiling is a kind of sky, and accordingly he painted the planets themselves, the stars which course through the blue between earth and moon. The old figures in pictures of the stars are arranged in a gracious interplay of light bodies floating softly past. Amongst the pictures of the École de Pharmacie a like effect is produced by Besnard's great composition "Evening," a work treated with august simplicity. The atmosphere is of a grey-bluish white: stars are glittering here and there, and two very ancient beings, a man and a woman, sit upon the threshold of their house, grave, weather-beaten forms of quiet grandeur, executed with expressive lines. The old man casts a searching glance at the stars, as if yearning after immortality, while the woman leans weary and yet contented upon his shoulder. In the hall behind a kettle hangs bubbling over the fire, and a young woman with a child upon her arm steps through the door: man and the starry world, the finite and the infinite, presented under plain symbols.

Such are, more or less, the representative minds of contemporary France, the centres from which other minds issue like rays. *Alfred Agache* devotes himself with great dexterity to an allegorical style after the fashion of Barroccio. Inspired by the Preraphaelites, *Aman-Jean* has found the model for his allegorical compositions in Botticelli, and is a neurasthenic in colour after the fashion of Whistler in his delicate likenesses of women. *Maurice Denis*, who drew the illustrations to Verlaine's *Sagesse* in a style full of archaic bloom, as a painter takes delight in the intoxicating fragrance of incense, the gliding steps and slow, quiet movements of nuns, in men and women kneeling before

the altar in prayer, and priests crossing themselves before the golden statue of the Virgin. The Spaniard *Gandara*, who lives in Paris, displays in his grey, misty, and melting portraits, over which the colour hovers like a light breath, a great talent suggestive of Carrière or Whistler. That spirited "pointillist" *Henri Martin* seems for the present to have reached a climax in his "Cain and Abel," one of the most powerful creations of the younger generation in France. *Louis Picard's* work has a tincture of literature, and he delights in Edgar Allan Poe, mysticism, and psychology. *Ary Renan*, the son of Ernest Renan and the grandson of Ary Scheffer, has given the soft subdued tones of Puvis de Chavannes a tender Anglo-Saxon fragrance in the manner of Walter Crane. And that spirited artist in lithograph, *Odilon Redon*, has visions of distorted faces, flowers that no mortal eye has seen, and huge white sea-birds screaming as they fly across a black world. Forebodings like those we read of in the verse of Poe take shape in his works, ghosts roam in the broad daylight, and the sea-green eyes of Medusa-heads dripping with blood shine in the darkness of night with a mesmeric effect. *Carlos Schwabe* drew the illustrations for the *Évangile de l'Enfance* of Catulle Mendès with the charming naïveté of Hans Memlinc, and had a delicate archaic picture, "Eventide," in the Rosicrucian Exhibition of 1892, a picture with an inward depth of sentiment verging on Fra Angelico: angels in waving garments fluttered round the belfry of a little church, floating peacefully over a sleeping village and announcing rest to men.

Belgium, the neighbour of France, has so far contributed two pre-eminent masters to the new movement. "You have set in the heaven of art a beam from the kingdom of death. You have created a new shudder." It was thus that Victor Hugo wrote to Baudelaire when the latter published his *Fleurs du Mal*, and this *note macabre* was uttered in plastic art by *Félicien Rops*. It is venturesome to speak of Rops in a book intended for general reading, because his works are not of a character to be exhibited under a glass case in a cabinet of engravings. They are catalogued there under the heading *secreta*, like the famous

Paris: Conquet.]
FÉLICIEN ROPS.

"free" works of Giulio Romano, Marc Anton, and Annibale Carracci, like some of the works of Fragonard, Boucher, and Baudouin, like many of Rowlandson's and the majority of Japanese picture-books. However, the "Hermaphrodite" of the Vatican and the "Symplegma" of the Florentine Tribuna are also indecorous, though they cannot be struck out of the history of Grecian art.

Rops is one of the greatest, or—putting Klinger on one side—perhaps the very greatest etcher of the present age. He is now upwards of fifty, and looks back upon an agitated life. His ancestors were Magyars. But his grandfather migrated from Hungary to Belgium, where he married a Walloon; and in Belgium Félicien was born in 1845 at Namur. After studying at the University in Brussels he lost his father, and was master of an inheritance of his own. But within a few years this fortune had slipped through his fingers. He was to be seen at one time in Norway, then in England or at Monte Carlo, then at the fashionable watering-places in his native country, where he had always a yacht ready for his own use. Having wasted his substance, he began to work, illustrated jokes for a small Brussels paper known as *The Crocodile*, founded the *Uylenspiegel* after the model of the Parisian *Charivari*, and instituted an International Etching Club; but these were all ventures which speedily perished. By sheer necessity he was forced to earn a livelihood by the illustration of novels. It was only when he went to Paris in 1875 that he found more extensive employment for his talents. According to the catalogue published by Ramiro, his etchings now comprise about six hundred plates, to which must be added over three hundred lithographs—works which in the matter of technique place him upon a level with the first masters in these delicate branches of art. Rops was not content with the ordinary methods of etching; he rejuvenated and widened them, and combined new expedients with the zeal of an alchemist. Each one of his plates may be at once recognized

by the spirited emphasis of the drawing, the breadth of treatment, the solidity of the contours, and a curious union of grace and power. His style, which is always broad, nervous, and full of concentration, has also something measured, correct, and classic. Few men dash off a sketch with such an air of improvization, and yet few have the same degree of capacity for bringing a plate to the utmost perfection. He is as sure and metallic in his drawing as Ingres, as scrupulously exact in detail as Meissonier, and as large and broad in movement as Millet.

ROPS: "THE WOMAN AND THE SPHINX."

Many of these Parisian works are also illustrations—for example, those executed for Lemerre's edition of *Les Diaboliques* of Barbey d'Aurévilly, *Le Vice Suprême* of Joseph Péladan, and so forth. But in later years, when he no longer needed to work for his living, the illustrator gave way to the creative artist. In these days Félicien Rops leads an exceedingly easy life. Every day he is to be seen upon the boulevards, a tall, spare man, with tangled brownish-grey hair, vividly flashing eyes, and a sharply cut face, to which a slightly Mephistophelean air is given by a thin beard ending in two narrow points. Visitors are constantly passing in and out of his studio. Rops himself is always moving, sparkling with a coruscation of wit and humour, going from one person to another, and lighting his cigarette, which is eternally going out. However, he occupies himself chiefly with the culture of flowers, and annually expends

large sums in buying "old" roses and tulips in Haarlem and Antwerp, from which he develops new varieties. The day passes amid these distractions without his having the appearance of completing anything. His works are produced at night. The dreams which others are dreaming he transfers to paper with a sure hand while in his vigils. Memories crowd upon him. All that he has lived passes before his eye, and he renders it with the earnestness of a philosopher.

Baudelaire, in a poem called *Don Juan aux Enfers*, has treated the scene where the gates of hell close behind Don Juan, that artist in the pleasures of life, and a wild, heart-rending wail rises from the lips of countless women and strikes the ear of him who has had a contempt for woman and her sorrows. Rops shows the reverse of the medal. Woman is the mistress who alone rules over his world. She is to him what Venus was to the Greeks and the Madonna to the painters of the Renaissance. No one has drawn the feminine form with the same sureness, no one so attentively followed woman through all stages of development. His entire work is a song of songs upon the grace and delicacy and degeneration of the feminine body, as modern civilization has made it. Yet in spite of the truth of gestures, the realism of his types, and of the modern costume, in spite of all his stockings, corsets, and lace petticoats, which do not deny their origin from the Moulin Rouge, there is at the same time something which transcends nature in Rops' figures of women. They are like supernatural beings, nymphs, dryads, bacchantes, strange goddesses of a contemporary mythology, whose secret saturnalia has been the discovery of the artist. There arise gilded altars, the flames of sacrifice flare upwards to the sky, and pilgrims draw near from all quarters of the world, laying their crowns at the feet of all-powerful Eros.

Woman is for Rops the demoniacal incarnation of pleasure, the daughter of darkness, the servant of the devil, the vampire who sucks the blood of the universe. "Prostitution as Mistress of the World"—a woman footed like a goat, standing upon the globe, naked to the hips, and contorting her wasted face

with provocative laughter —might serve as the title-page to all his works. Here a nude girl sprawls upon the back of a sphinx, clasping the neck of the creature and imploring it to reveal to her the secret of new and unknown sensations with which she may goad the wearied nerves of men. There she has embraced a statue of Hermes, and contemplates it with a consuming, sensuous gaze. The luxuriant body of a woman is being transformed into a decaying horse, and before this carcase, covered by a swarm of flies, Satan stands grinning in secret enjoyment. Or Venus, as a skeleton in ball toilette, holding in one gloved and bony hand the train of her dress and in the other a fan, coquets with a man in evening clothes with his breast covered with orders, who bows before her in the most correct style, holding his head under his arm instead of an opera-hat. One of his finest pictures reveals the darkness of night. A sower with one foot upon Notre-Dame and the other upon the Sorbonne stands high above sleeping Paris, his huge outline standing in relief against the sky. Upon his arm he holds a large leather apron filled with crawling women larva, and with a majestic movement scatters the seed of the Evil One over the silent city. By the end of his beard and the form of his hat he resembles a Quaker: that

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KHNOPFF: "AN ANGEL."

which he sows is the wedding gift which the New World has brought the Old.

In the fashion in which he treats such subjects Rops stands in the history of art without a predecessor. The men of old time since Solomon, Aristophanes, Catullus, Ovid, and Martial, did not hold aloof in any prudish way from erotic themes. But Giulio Romano and Annibale Carracci are merely lascivious, and Fragonard and Baudouin toy with such subjects in a frivolous manner. The obscenities of Rubens and Rembrandt are inherently coarse, and the horribly sensuous inventions of the Japanese are hysterical and distorted. But new and lofty tones echo through the work of Rops. Many of his plates are like epics at once religious and mystical. His dance of death of the body is, as it were, the last form that the old dances of death, those venerable Catholic legends, assume in the hands of a modern artist. Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aurévilly, and Edgar Allan Poe alone have found notes like these for the secret omnipotence of pleasure.

As a painter, *Fernand Khnopff* is so far the only artist who, standing in connection with Maeterlinck and the literary *décadents*, has introduced an intellectual, spiritualized, and delicate trait into the fleshly and sensuous Flemish art. He passed his youth in the town of Hans Memlinc. A world of mysterious feelings rested in the dim twilight of its churches, over the consecrated halls of the Hospital of St. John, and over the quiet streets, where the passer-by hears no sound save the sound of his own footsteps, and even that is subdued by the moss and grass that have overgrown the stones worn smooth by time and the dripping of rain. It was here and not in the Academy of Brussels that he received his lasting impressions. He went to the studio of Mellery without acquiring any of the famous *belle pâte flamande*, and in Paris, although Jules Lefébure, the Classicist, was his teacher, the rich archaism of Gustave Moreau, sparkling in marble and jewels, and the melancholy tenderness of Eugène Carrière, were the objects of his enthusiasm.

His very first picture, "The Crisis," which appeared in the

Brussels Salon of 1881, showed that he was under the sway of the ideas touched upon by the French symbolists. Upon a wide plain, the background of which is formed by monotonous brown rocks, while a dun grey sky arches monotonously overhead, there stands a criminal seized by remorse in the presence of this solemn aspect of nature, meeting his gaze with such an air of reproachful inquiry. Then came some portraits which brought him success: blond and blue-eyed girls, thoughtfully looking before them with their heads resting on the table; slender women sitting dreamily at the piano in the dusk, lost in a world of sound. One of his most graceful pictures was "Girls playing Lawn-Tennis." The game is over, the sun has set, and the maidens, delicate beings with aristocratic movements and an ethereal delicacy, are standing with a serious air in the melancholy landscape. "The Temptation of St. Anthony" he treated according to the conception of Flaubert. The temptress appears to the saint in the guise of an innocent, half-childish creature; she is enveloped in a rich garment, and her head is crowned with a costly diadem; diamonds, gold, silver, and precious stones shine out of the darkness in the background. "*Veux-tu le bouclier de Dgran-ben-Dgran, celui qui a bâti les Pyramides? le voilà. . . . J'ai des trésors enfermés dans des galeries où l'on se perd comme dans un bois. J'ai des palais d'été au treillage de roseaux et des palais d'hiver en marbre noir. . . . Oh! si tu voulais!*" Both figures are standing motionless, and, as in Moreau's picture of Œdipus, the whole drama is merely reflected in their eyes.

In certain pictures of the Sphinx Khnopff has been chiefly successful in the creation of a type with eyes such as Poe often describes, eyes which the man whom they have mesmerized is forced to follow, which rivet him wherever he may move or stand, which fill the world with their lifeless glitter. Sometimes this stony being looks cruel and spectral, sometimes voluptuous and heartless. Sometimes one fancies that a mocking sneer is perceptible round the thin, shrivelled lips, a triumphant laughter in the eager vampire eyes; sometimes they seem to be as lifeless as stone. Especially expressive was

the work named "An Angel." An image of the Sphinx spreads out its limbs in solemn gravity upon the lofty platform of a Gothic cathedral, while the statue of an angel in helmet and harness stands beside the brute with one hand grasping its forehead. Surrounded by the darkness of the night sky, where only a few stars are glittering, the two figures of stone assume an unearthly and spectral life.

CHAPTER L

GERMANY

Arnold Boecklin, Franz Dreber, Hans von Marées, Hans Thoma.—The resuscitation of biblical painting.—Review of previous efforts from the Nazarenes to Munkacsy, E. von Gebhardt, Menzel, and Liebermann.—Fritz von Uhde.—Other attempts: W. Dürr, W. Volz.—L. von Hofmann, Julius Exter, Franz Stuck, Max Klinger.

IT was not long before the doctrine of the two souls in *Faust* was exemplified in Germany also: from the fertile manure of Naturalism there sprang the blue flower of a new Romanticism. In Germany there had once lived Albrecht Dürer, the greatest and most profound painter-poet of all time; and there, too, even in an unpropitious age, that genial visionary Moritz Schwind succeeded in flourishing. When the period of eclectic imitation had been overcome by Naturalism, was it not fitting that artists should once more attempt to embody the world of dreams beside that of actual existence, and beside tangible reality to give shape to the unearthly foreboding which fills the human heart with the visions and the cravings of fancy? In that age of hope arose the cult of *Boecklin*, and Germany began to honour in him who had been so long blasphemed the founder of a new and ardently desired art.

Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau, and Arnold Boecklin are the four-leaved clover of modern Idealism, To future generations they will bear witness to the sentiment of Europe at the close of the century. All four are more or less of the same age; they all four began their work in the beginning of the fifties; and they were all different from those

who had gone before them or who stood around. They embodied the spirit of the future. Boecklin had gone through a process of change as little as the others. His spirit was so rich that it comprised a century in itself, and leads us now towards the century to come. He was the contemporary of Schwind, he is our own contemporary, and he will be the contemporary of those who come after us. And it were as impossible to derive his art from that of any previous movement as to explain how he, our greatest visionary, came to be born in Basle, the most prosaic town in Europe.

His father was a merchant there, and he was born in the year 1827. In 1846 he went to Schirmer in Düsseldorf, and upon Schirmer's advice repaired to Brussels, where he copied the old Dutch masters in the gallery. By the sale of some of his works he acquired the means of travelling to Paris. He passed through the days of the Revolution of June in 1848, studied the pictures in the Louvre, and returned home after a brief stay to perform his military duties. In the March of 1850, when he was three-and-twenty, he went to Rome, where he entered the circle of Anselm Feuerbach; and in 1853 he married a Roman lady. In the following year he produced the decorative pictures in which he represented the relations of man to fire; these had been ordered for the house of a certain Consul Wedekind in Hanover, but were sent back as being "bizarre." In 1856 he betook himself—rather hard up for money—to Munich, where he exhibited in the Art Union "The Great Pan," which has been bought by the Pinakothek. Paul Heyse was the medium of his making the acquaintance of Schack. And in 1858 he was appointed a teacher at the Academy of Weimar, by the influence of Lenbach and Begas. During this time he produced "Pan scaring a Shepherd" in the Schack Gallery, and "Diana Hunting." After three years he was again in Rome, and painted there "The Old Roman Tavern," "The Shepherd's Plaint of Love," and "The Villa by the Sea." In 1866 he went to Basle to complete the frescoes over the staircase of the museum, and in 1871 he was in Munich, where "The Idyll of the Sea" was exhibited amongst other

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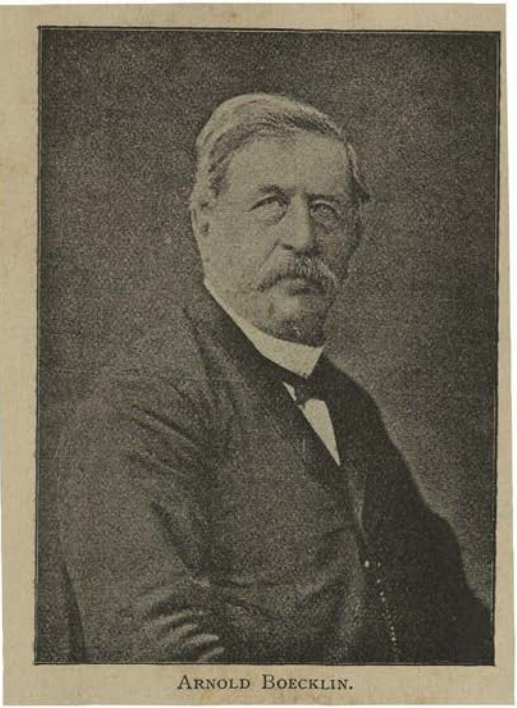
ARNOLD BOECKLIN: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

things. In 1876 he settled in Florence, and since 1886 he has lived at Zurich.

Any one who would interpret a theory based upon the idea that an artist is the result of influences might, while he is about it, speak of Boecklin's apprentice period in Düsseldorf and Schirmer's biblical landscapes. That "harmonious blending of figures with landscape" which is the leading note in Boecklin's work, was of course from the days of Claude Lorraine and Poussin the essence of the so-called historical landscape which found its principal representatives at a later period in Koch, Preller, Rottmann, Lessing, and Schirmer. Yet Boecklin is not the disciple of these masters, but stands at the very opposite pole of art. The art of all these men was merely a species of historical painting. Old Koch read the Bible, Æschylus, Ossian, Dante, and Shakespeare; found in them such scenes as Noah's thank-offering, Macbeth and the witches, or Fingal's battle with the spirit of Loda; and sought amid the Sabine hills, in Olevano and Subiaco, for sites where these incidents might have taken place. Preller made the *Odyssey* the basis of his artistic creation, chose out of it moments where the scene might be laid in some landscape, and found in Rügen, Norway, Sorrento, and the coast of Capri the elements of nature necessary to his epic. Rottmann worked upon hexameters composed by King Ludwig, and adhered in the views he painted to the historical memories attached to the towns of Italy. Lessing sought inspiration in Sir Walter Scott, for whose monks and nuns he devised an appropriately sombre and mysterious background. Schirmer illustrated the Books of Moses by placing the figures in Schnorr's Picture Bible



ARNOLD BOECKLIN.

in Preller's Odyssean landscape. Whether they were Classicists appealing to the eye by the architecture of form, or Romanticists addressing the spirit by the "mood" in their landscapes, it was common to all these painters that they set out from a literary or historical subject. They gave an exact interpretation of the actions prescribed by their authors, surrounding the figures with fictitious landscapes, corresponding in general conception to one's notion of the surroundings of heroes, patriarchs, or hermits. Their pictures are historical incidents with a stage-setting of landscape.

In Boecklin all this is reversed. Landscape-painter he is in his very essence, and he is moreover the greatest landscape-painter of the nineteenth century, at whose side even the Fontainebleau group seem one-sided specialists. Every one of the latter had a peculiar type of landscape and a special hour in the day which appealed to his feelings more distinctly than any other. One loved spring and dewy morning, another the clear, cold day, another the threatening majesty of the storm, the flashing effects of sportive sunbeams, or the evening after sunset, when colours fade from view. But Boecklin is as inexhaustible as infinite nature herself. In one place, he celebrates the festival of spring with its burden of beauty: it is ushered in by snowdrops, and greeted with joy by the veined cups of the crocus; yellow primroses and blue violets merrily nod their heads, and a hundred tiny mountain streams leap headforemost into the valley to announce the coming of spring. In another,

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BOECKLIN: "A SUMMER DAY."

nature shines, and blooms, and chimes, and breathes her balm in all the colours of summer. Tulips freaked with purple rise at the side of paths. And flowers in rows of blue, white, and yellow — hyacinths, daisies, gentians, anemones, and snapdragon—fill the sward in hordes; and down in the valley blow the narcissus in dazzling myriads, loading the air with an overpowering perfume. But, beside such lovely idylls, he has painted with puissant sublimity as many complaining elegies and tempestuous tragedies. Here, the sombre autumnal landscapes, with their tall black cypresses, are lashed by the rain and the howling storm. There, lonely islands or grave, half-ruined towers, tangled with creepers, rise dreamily from a lake, mournfully hearkening to the repining murmur of the waves. And there, in the midst of a narrow rocky glen, a rotten bridge hangs over a fearful abyss. Or a raging storm, beneath the might of which the forests bow, blusters round a wild mountain land which rises from a blue-black lake. Boecklin has painted everything: the graceful and heroic, the solitude and the waste, the solemnly sublime and the darkly tragic, passionate agitation and demoniacal fancy, the strife of foaming waves and the eternal rest of rigid masses of rock, the wild uproar of the sky and the still peace of flowery fields. The compass of his moods is as much greater than that of the French Classicists as Italy is greater than Fontainebleau.

Munich: Albert.]
BOECKLIN: "A ROCKY CHASM."

For Italy is Boecklin's home as a landscape-painter, and the moods of nature there are more in number than Poussin ever painted. Grave and sad and grandiose is the Roman Campagna, with the ruins of the street of sepulchres, and the grey and black herds of cattle looking mournfully over the brown pastures. Hidden like the Sleeping Beauty lie the Roman villas in his pictures, in their sad combination of splendour and decay, of life and death, of youth and age. Behind weather-beaten grotto-wells and dark green nooks of yew, white busts and statues gleam like phantoms. From lofty terraces the water in decaying aqueducts ripples down with a monotonous murmur into still pools, where bracken and withered shrubs overgrown with ivy are reflected. Huge cypresses of the growth of centuries stand gravely in the air, tossing their heads mournfully when the wind blows. Then at a bound we are at Tivoli, and the whole scenery is changed. Great fantastic rocks rise straight into the air, luxuriantly mantled by ivy and parasitic growths. Trees and shrubs take root in the clefts. And the floods of the Anio plunge headforemost into the depths with a roar of sound, like a legion of demons thunder-stricken by some higher power. Then comes Naples with its glory of flowers and its moods of evening glowing in deep ruby. Blue creepers twine round the balustrades

of castles. Hedges of monthly roses veil the roads, and oranges grow large amid the dark foliage. Farther away he paints the Homeric world of Sicily, with its crags caressed or storm-beaten by the wave, its blue grottoes, and its deep glowing splendours of changing colour. Or he represents the inland landscape of Florence with its soft graceful lines of hill, its fields and flowers, buds and blossoms, and its numbers of white dreaming villas hidden amid rosy oleanders and standing against the blue sky with a brightness almost dazzling.

Munich: Albert.]

BOECKLIN: "THE PENITENT."

Boecklin has no more rendered an exact portrait of the scenery of Italy than the Classic masters of France sought to represent in a photographic way districts in the forest of Fontainebleau. His whole life, like theirs, was a renewed and perpetual wooing of nature. As a boy, he looked down from his attic in Basle upon the heaving waters of the Rhine. When he was in Rome, in 1850, he wandered daily in the Campagna to feast his eyes upon its grave lines and colours. After a few years in Weimar, he gave up his post to gather fresh impressions in Italy. And the moods with which he was inspired by nature and the phenomena he observed were stored in his mind as though in a great emporium. Then his imagination went through another stage.

Munich: Albert.]

BOECKLIN: "PAN STARTLING A GOAT."

That "organic union of figures and landscape" which the representatives of "heroic landscape" had surmised and endeavoured to attain by a reasoned method through the illustration of passages in poetry took place in Boecklin by the force of intuitive conception. The mood excited in him by a landscape is translated into an intuition of life.

In many pictures, particularly those of his earlier period, the ground-tone given by the landscape finds merely a faint echo in small accessory figures. In such pictures he stands more or less on a level with *Dreber*, that master who died in Rome in 1875 and was forgotten in the history of German art more swiftly than ought to have been the case. For Franz Dreber was not one of those Classicists dispersed over the face of Europe, men who were content with setting heroic actions in the midst of noble landscapes in the fashion of Preller. On the contrary, he was the lyricist of this movement, the first man who did not touch the epical material of old myths in a manner that was merely scholarly and illustrative, but developed his picture from the original note of landscape. In his pictures nature laughs with those who are glad, mourns with those who weep, sheds her light upon the joyful, and envelops tortured spirits in storm and the terror of thunder. If the golden age is to be represented, the scene is a soft summer

Munich : Albert.]

BOECKLIN : "THE HERD."

landscape, where everything breathes peace and innocence and bliss. And the life of those who inhabit this happy region runs by in blissful peace also. Fair women and children rest upon the meadow, and gather fruits and pluck roses. If he paints Ulysses upon the shore of the sea, looking with yearning towards his distant home, a dull, sultry haze of noon broods over the district, wide and grey like the hero's yearning. A spring landscape of sunny blitheness, with butterflies sipping at the blossoms of the trees and sunbeams sportively dallying on the sea, are the surroundings of the picture where Psyche is crowned by Eros. And if Prometheus is represented chained to the rock and striving to burst his fetters, all nature fights the fight of the Titan. Lurid clouds move swiftly through the sky, ghostly flashes of lightning quiver, and a wild tempest rakes the mountains.

In Boecklin's earlier pictures the accessory figures are placed in close relation with the landscape in a manner entirely similar. The mysterious keynote of sentiment in nature gives the theme of the scene represented. In the picture called "The Penitent," in the Schack Gallery, a hermit is kneeling half-naked before the cross of the Saviour upon the slope of a steep mountain. Troops of ravens fly screaming above his head, and a strip of blue sky shines with an unearthly aspect between the trees,

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BOECKLIN: "A SACRED GROVE."

which are bent into wild shapes. The character of the scene is terribly severe, and severe and heavy is the misery in the heart of the man chastising himself with the scourge in his hand as he kneels there in prayer. A deep melancholy rests over the picture named "The Villa by the Sea." The failing waves break gently on the shore with a mournful whisper, the wind utters its complaint blowing through the cypresses, and a few sunbeams wander coyly over the deep grey of the sky. At the socle of a niche a young woman dressed in black stands, and, with her head resting upon her hand, looks out of deeply veiled eyes over the moving tide. In "The Spring of Love" the landscape vibrates in lyrically soft and flattering chords. The budding splendour of blossoms covers the trees luxuriantly, and a rivulet ripples over the laughing grassy balk. A young man touches the strings of a lyre and sings; and beside him, leaning against a blooming bush, there stands a girl, who is also singing loudly. In "The Walk to Emmaus" the ground-tone is given by a grave evening landscape. The storm ruffles

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BOECKLIN: "REGIONS OF JOY."

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the tops of the great trees, and chases across the sky the heavy clouds, over which strange evening lights are flitting. All nature trembles in shivering apprehension. "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

But Boecklin's great creations reach a higher level. Having begun by extending the lyrical mood of a landscape to his figures, he finally succeeded in populating nature with beings which seem the final condensation of the life of nature itself, the tangible embodiment of that spirit of nature whose cosmic action in the water, the earth, and the air he had glorified in one of his youthful works, the frescoes of the Basle Museum. In such pictures he has no forerunners whatever in the more recent history of art. His principle of creation rests, it might be said, upon the same overwhelming feeling for nature which brought forth the figures of Greek myth. When the ancient Greek stood before a waterfall he gave human form to what he saw. His eye beheld the outlines of beautiful nude women, nymphs of the spot, in the descending volume of the cascade;

its foam was their fluttering hair, and in the rippling of the water and spattering froth he heard their bold splashing and their laughter. The elemental sway of nature, the secret interweaving of her forces, took shape in plastic forms :—

> " Alles wies den eingeweihten Blicken,
> Alles eines Gottes Spur . . .
> Diese Höhen füllten Oreaden,
> Eine Dryas lebt in jedem Baum,
> Aus dem Urnen lieblicher Najaden
> Sprang der Ströme Silberschaum.
> Jener Lorbeer wand sich einst um Hilfe,
> Tantals Tochter schweigt in diesem Stein,
> Syrinx Klage tönt aus jenem Schilfe,
> Philomelas Schmerz aus diesem Hain."

The beings which live in Boecklin's pictures owe their origin to a similar action of the spirit. He hears trees, rivers, mountains, and universal nature whisper as with human speech. Every flower, every bush, every flame, the rocks, the waves, and the meadows, dead and without feeling as they are to the ordinary eye, have to his mind a vivid existence of their own ; and in the same way the old poets conceived the lightning as a fiery bird and the clouds as the flocks of heaven. The stones have a voice, white walls lengthen like huge phantoms, the bright lights of the houses upon a mountain declivity at night change into the great eyes with which the spirit of the fell glares fixedly down ; legions of strange beings circle and whir round in the fantastic region. In his imagination every impression of nature condenses itself into figures that may be seen. As a dragon issues from his lair to terrify travellers in the gloom of a mountain ravine, and as the avenging Furies rise in the waste before a murderer, so in the still brooding noon, when a shrill tone is heard suddenly and without a cause, the Grecian Pan lives once again for Boecklin—Pan who startles the shepherd from his dream by an eerie shout, and then whinnies in mockery at the terrified fugitive. The cool, wayward splashing element of water takes shape as a graceful nymph, shrouded in a transparent water-blue veil, and leaning upon her welling urn as she listens dreamily to the song of a bird. The fine mists which

rise from the water-source become embodied as a row of merry children, whose vaporous figures float hazily through the shining clouds of spring. And the secret voices that live amid the silence of the wood press round him, and the phantom born of the excited senses becomes a ghostly unicorn advancing with noiseless step, and bearing upon his back a maiden of legendary story dressed in a white garment. In the thundercloud lying over the broad summit of a mountain and abundant in blessing rain he sees the huge body of the giant Prometheus, who brought fire from heaven and lies fettered to the mountain-top, spreading over the landscape like a cloud. The form of Death stumbling past cloven trees in rain and tempest, as he rides his pale horse, appears to him in a waste and chill autumnal region, where stands a ruined castle in lurid illumination. A sacred grove, lying in insular seclusion and fringed with venerable old trees that rise straight into the air rustling as they bend their heads towards each other, is peopled, as at a word of enchantment, with grave priestly figures robed in white, which approach in solemn procession and fling themselves down in prayer before the sacrificial fire. The lonely waste of the sea is not brought home to him with sufficient force by a wide floor of waves, with gulls indolently flying beneath a low and leaden sky. So he paints a flat crag emerging from the waves, and upon its crest, over which the billows sweep, the shy dwellers of the sea bathe in the light. Naiads and Tritons assembled for a gamesome ride over the sea typify the fleeing hide and seek of the waves. Yet there is nothing forced, nothing merely ingenious, nothing literary in these inventions. The figures are not placed in nature with deliberate calculation: they are an embodied mood of nature; they are children of the landscape, and no mere accessories.

Boecklin's power of creating types in embodying these beings of his imagination is a thing unheard of in the whole history of art. He has represented his Centaurs and Satyrs, and Fauns and Sirens and Cupids, so vividly and impressively that they have become ideas as currently acceptable as if they were simple incomposite beings. He has seen the awfulness of the

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BOECKLIN: "SILENCE IN THE FOREST."

sea at moments when the secret beings of the deep emerge, and he allows a glimpse into the fabulous reality of their as yet unexplored existence. For all beings which hover swarming in the atmosphere around, have their dwelling in the trees, or their haunts in rocky deserts, he has found new and convincing figures. Everything which was created in this field before his time—the works of Dürer, Mantegna, and Salvator Rosa not excepted—was an adroit sport with forms already established by the Greeks, and a transposition of Greek statues into a pictorial medium. With Boecklin, who instead of illustrating mythology himself creates it, a new power of inventing myths was introduced. His creations are not the distant issue of nature, but corporeal beings, full of ebullient energy, individualized through and through, and stout, lusty, and natural; and in creating them he has been even more consistent than the Greeks. In their work there is something inorganic in the combination of a horse's body with the head of Zeus or Laocoon grafted upon it. But in the presence of Boecklin's Centaurs heaving great boulders around them and biting and worrying each other's manes, the spectator has really the feeling which prompts him to exclaim, "Every inch a steed!" In him the nature of the sea is expressed through his cold, slimy women with the dripping

Munich: Albert.]

BOECKLIN: "THE SHEPHERD'S PLAINT."

hair clinging to their heads far more powerfully than it was by the sea-gods of Greece. How merciless is the look in their cold, black, soulless eyes! They are as terrible as the destroying sea that yesterday in its bellowing fury engulfed a hundred human creatures despairing in the anguish of death, and to-day stretches still and joyous, in its blue infinity and its callous oblivion of all the evils it has wrought.

And only a slight alteration in the truths of nature has sufficed him for the creation of such chimerical beings. As a landscape-painter he stands with all his fibres rooted in the earth, although he seems quite alienated from this world of ours, and his fabulous creatures make the same convincing impression because they have been created with all the inner logical congruity of nature, and delineated under close relationship to actual fact with the same numerous details as the real animals of the earth. For his Tritons, Sirens, and Mermaids, with their awkward bodies covered with bristly hair and their prominent eyes, he may have made studies from seals and walruses. As they stretch themselves upon a rocky coast, fondling and playing with their young, they have the look of sea-cows in human form, though, like men, they have around them all manner of beasts of prey and domestic pets which they caress, in one place a sea-serpent, in another a seal. His obese and short-winded Tritons, with shining red faces and flaxen hair dripping with moisture, are good-humoured old gentlemen with a quantity of warm blood in their veins, who

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BOECKLIN: "FLORA."

love and laugh and drink new wine. His Fauns may be met with amongst the shepherds of the Campagna, swarthy strapping fellows dressed in goat-skins after the fashion of Pan — lads with glowing eyes and two rows of white teeth gleaming like ivory. It is chiefly the colour lavished upon them which turns them into children of an unearthly world, where other suns are shining and other stars.

In the matter of colour also the endeavours of the nineteenth century reach a climax in Boecklin. When Schwind and his comrades set themselves to represent the romantic world of fairyland, an interdict was still laid upon colour, and it was lightly washed over the drawing, which counted as the thing of prime importance. The period which schooled once more the lost sense of colour, by means of a diligent study of the old colourists, culminated in the flaunting bituminous painting of Makart. The activity of those who advanced from the study of mere translations from nature to that of the *editio princeps* was begun with Liebermann. But Boecklin was the first in Germany who revealed the marvellous power in colour for rendering moods of feeling and its inner depth of musical sentiment. Even in those years when the brown tone of the galleries prevailed everywhere, colour was allowed in his pictures to have its own independent existence, apart from its office of being a merely subordinate characteristic

Munich Photographic Union.]

BOECKLIN: "FIGHTING CENTAURS."

of form. For him green was thoroughly green, blue was divinely blue, and red was jubilantly red. At the very time when Richard Wagner lured the colours of sound from music, with a glow and light such as no master had kindled before, Boecklin's symphonies of colour streamed forth like a crashing orchestra. The whole scale, from the most sombre depth to the most chromatic light, was at his command. In his pictures of spring the colour laughs, rejoices, and exults. In "The Isle of the Dead" it seems as though a veil of crape were spread over the sea, the sky, and the trees.

Munich Photographic Union.]

BOECKLIN: "VITA SOMNIUM BREVE."

And since that time Boecklin has grown even greater. His splendid sea-green, his transparent blue sky, his sunset flush tinged with violet haze, his yellow-brown rocks, his gleaming red sea-mosses, and the white bodies of his girls are always arranged in new glowing, sensuous harmonies. Many of his pictures have such an ensnaring brilliancy that the eye is never weary of feasting upon their floating splendour. Indeed later generations will probably do him honour as the greatest colour-poet of the century.

And, at the same time, they will learn from his works that at the close of this same unstable century there were complete and healthy human beings. The more modern sentiment became emancipated, the more did artists venture to feel with their own nerves and not with those of earlier generations, and the

[*Hanfstängl helio.*

BOECKLIN: "IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES."

more it became evident that modern sentiment is almost always disordered, restlessly despairing, unbelieving, and weary of life. Even Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Gustave Moreau, and Puvis de Chavannes are men of overstrained, unhealthy temperament, refining even where they would be naïve. A distracted, psychopathic trait runs almost always through their works. Shrill cries of tremulous longing and melancholy abnegation break forth everywhere. And early satiety and the beginning of premature sterility have laid hold upon the younger men. At thirty they produce good works, and then they repeat themselves, break down, and become the caricatures of their earlier selves. Boecklin, however, the most modern of them all, possesses that quality of iron health of which modernity knows so little. There is a portrait of him painted by himself in which he faces the spectator in the best of humours, holding a wine-glass in his right hand, while his left arm rests against his side. That is the fundamental sentiment running through

Munich: Albert.]

BOECKLIN: "AN IDYLL OF THE SEA."

his art. It rises from the sad tide that flows around us to-day like a granite island of antique fable, because he is so exuberant of his power, so full of sunny blitheness, so free from all sentimentality and from the sorrowfulness of the world, so saturated with that Olympian calm which has vanished from the world since Goethe: he is no mortal who has fought and conquered and lost the peace of his own soul in conquest, but a hero, a god who triumphs smiling in quiet power.

A master who died in Rome some nine years ago might have been in the province of mural painting for German art what Puvis de Chavannes has become for French. In the earlier histories of art his name is not mentioned. Seldom alluded to in life, dead as a German painter ten years before his death, he was summoned from the grave by the enthusiasm of a friend who was a refined connoisseur four years after the earth had closed over him. Such was *Hans von Marées'* destiny as an artist.

Marées was born in Elberfeld in 1837. In beginning his studies he had first betaken himself to Berlin, and then went for eight years to Munich, where he paid his tribute to the historical tendency by a "Death of Schill." But in 1864 he migrated to Rome, where he secluded himself with a few pupils,

BOECKLIN: "THE ISLE OF THE DEAD." [*Max Klinger sc.*

and passed his time in working and teaching. Only once did he receive an order. He was entrusted in 1873 with the execution of some mural paintings in the library of the Zoological Museum in Naples, and lamented afterwards that he had not received the commission in riper years. When he had sufficient confidence in himself to execute such tasks he had no similar opportunity, and thus he lost the capacity for the rapid completion of a work. He began to doubt his own powers, sent no more pictures to any exhibition, and when he died in the summer of 1887, at the age of fifty, his funeral was that of a man almost unknown. It was only when his best works were brought together at the annual exhibition of 1891 at Munich that he became known in wider circles, and these pictures, now preserved in the Castle of Schleissheim, will show down to future years who Hans von Marées was and what he aimed at.

"An artist rarely confines himself to what he has the power of doing," said Goethe once to Eckermann; "most artists want to do more than they can, and are only too ready to go beyond the limits which nature has set to their talent." Setting out from this tenet, there would be little cause for rescuing Marées from oblivion. Some likenesses and a few drawings are his only performances which satisfy the demands

Munich: Fiedler.]
HANS VON MARÉES: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

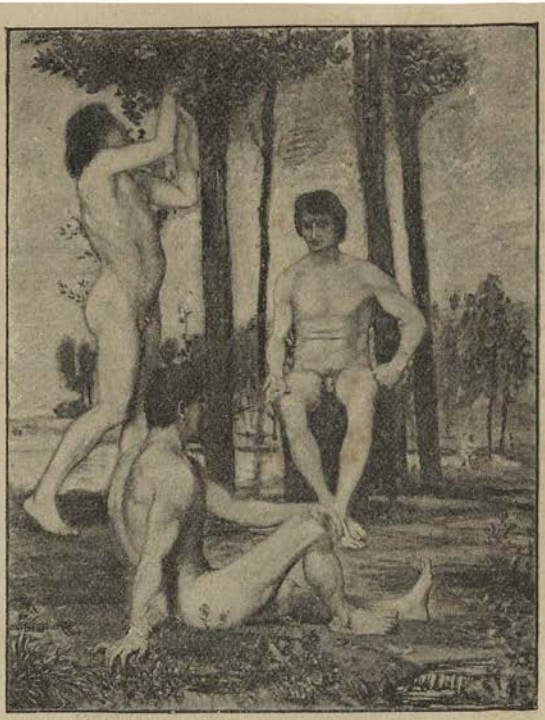
of the studio—the likenesses being large in conception and fine in taste, the drawings sketched with a swifter and surer hand. His large works have neither in drawing nor colour any one of those advantages which are expected in a good picture; they are sometimes incomplete, sometimes tortured, and sometimes positively childish. "He is ambitious, but he achieves nothing," was the verdict passed upon him in Rome. Upon principle Marées was an opponent of all painting from the model. He scoffed at those who would only reproduce existing fact, and thus, in a certain sense, reduplicate nature, according to Goethe's saying: "If I paint my mistress's pug true to nature, I have two pugs, but never a work of art." For this reason he never used models for the purpose of detailed pictorial studies; and just as little was he at pains to fix situations in his mind by pencil sketches to serve as notes; for, according to his view, the direct use of motives, as they are called, is only a hindrance to free artistic creation. And of course creation of this kind is only possible to a man who can always command a rich store of vivid memories of what he has seen and studied and profoundly grasped in earlier days. This treasury of artistic forms was not large enough in Marées. If one buries one's self in Marées' works—and there are some of them in which the trace of great genius has altogether vanished beneath the unsteady hand of a restless brooder—it seems as if there thrilled within them the cry of a human heart. Sometimes through his method of painting them over and over again he produced spectral beings with grimacing faces. Their bodies have been so painted and repainted that whole layers of colour lie upon separate parts, and ruin the impression in a ghastly fashion. Only too often his high

Munich: Fiedler.]

MARÉES: "THE HESPERIDES."

purpose was wrecked by the inadequacy of his technical ability; and his poetic dream of beauty almost always evaporated because his hand was too weak to give it shape.

If his pictures, in spite of all this, made a great effect in the Munich exhibition, it was because they formulated a principle. It was felt that notes had been touched of which the echo would be long in dying. When Marées appeared there was no "grand painting" for painting's sake in Germany, but mural decoration after the fashion of the historical picture—works in which the aim of decorative art was completely misunderstood, since they merely gave a rendering of arid and instructive stories, where they should have simply aimed at expressing "a mood." Like his contemporary Puvis de Chavannes in France, Marées restored to this "grand painting" the principle of its life, its joyous impulse, and did so not by painting



Munich: Fiedler.]

MARÉES: "THREE YOUTHS."

anecdote, but because he aimed at nothing but pictorial decorative effect. A sumptuous festal impression might be gained from his pictures; it was as though beautiful and subdued music held the air; they made the appeal of quiet hymns to the beauty of nature, and were, at the same time, grave and monumental in effect.

In one St. Martin rides through a desolate wintry landscape upon a slow-trotting nag, and holds his outspread mantle towards the half-naked beggar, shivering with the cold. In another St. Hubert has alighted from his horse, and kneels in adoration before the cross which he sees between the antlers of the stag. In another St. George, upon a powerful rearing horse, thrusts his lance through the body of the dragon with solemn and earnest mien. But as a rule even the relationship with antique, mythological, and mediæval legendary ideas is wanting in his art. Landscapes which seem to have been studied in another world he populates with people who pass their lives lost in contemplation of the divine. Women and children, men and grey-beards live, and love, and labour as though in an age that knows nothing of the stroke of the clock, and which might be yesterday or a hundred thousand years ago. They repose upon the luxuriant sward shadowed by apple-trees laden with fruit, abandoning

Munich: Fiedler.]
MARÉES: "ST. HUBERT."

themselves to a thousand reveries and meditations. They do not pose, and they aim at being nothing except children of nature, nature in her innocence and simplicity. Nude women stand motionless under the trees, or youths are seen reflected in the water-source. The motive of gathering oranges is several times repeated: a youth snatches at the fruit, an old man bends to pick up those which have dropped, and a child searches for those which are rolling away in the grass. Sometimes the steed, the Homeric comrade of man, is introduced: the nude youth rides his steed in the training-school, or the commander of an army gallops upon his splendid warhorse. Everything that Marées has painted belongs to the golden age. And when it was borne in mind that these pictures had been produced twenty years back or more, they came to have the significance of works that opened out a new path; there was poetry in the place of didactic formulas, in the place of historical anecdote the joy of plastic beauty, in the place of theatrical vehemence an absence of gesticulation and a perfect simplicity of line. At a time when others rendered dramas and historical episodes by colours and gestures, Marées composed idylls. He came as a man of great and austere talent, Virgilian in his sense of infinite repose on the heart of nature, monastic in his abnegation of petty superficial allurements, despite special

Graphische Künste.]

HANS THOMA: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

attempts which he made at chromatic effect. Something dreamy and architectonic, lofty and yet familiar, intimate in feeling and yet monumental, holds sway in his works. Intimacy of effect he achieved by the stress he laid upon landscape; monumental dignity by his grandiose and earnest art, and his calm and sense of style in line. All abrupt turns and movements were avoided in his work. And he displayed a refinement entirely peculiar to himself through the manner in which he brought into accord the leading lines of landscape and the leading lines in his figures. A feeling for style, in the sense in which it was understood by the old painters, is everywhere dominant in his work, and a handling of line and composition in the grand manner which placed him upon a level with the masters of art. A new and simple beauty was revealed. And if it is true that it is only in the field of plastic art that he has had, up to the present, any pupil of importance —and he had one in Adolf Hildebrandt—it is, nevertheless, beyond question that the monumental painting of the future is alone capable of being developed upon the ground prepared by Marées.

Hans Thoma, the hermit of Frankfort, makes but a very small figure beside Boecklin or even Marées. Both of the latter command a far more impressive and monumental art, and Thoma is slightly Philistine in comparison. And he was over-estimated beyond a doubt when, in the rapture of having discovered this misunderstood painter, people placed him beside Boecklin. The mind of Boecklin, who beholds the wonders of the world with large and clear eyes, embodying the most

Frankfort: Kühl.]

THOMA: "FLORA."

daring visions of his poetic spirit with deliberate and confident power, is so stupendous in its sovereign calm that it would be a crying injustice to measure Thoma by the same standard. He is merely naïve and genial, and in no case large and lofty; none the less is he an artist whom it is possible to love.

Thoma, the pupil of Albrecht Altdorfer, was born in Bernau, in the Black Forest, close to Hochkopf. As a boy he was surrounded by the homely poetry of nature. He lived in an old wooden house roofed with shingle, lay upon the green pastures on the mountain slope of his village, and played amid the little glistening trout-streams which wind like silver ribbons through the soft meadows of the Black Forest. Up to his twentieth year he lived his life as if in a quiet forest idyll, and then worked, in the winter, at any rate, for some time under Schirmer. But he was too old to learn the A B C of art. Neither his residence in Düsseldorf in 1867, nor his stay in Paris in 1868, nor a journey to Italy in 1874, nor a sojourn in 1875 in Munich, where he specially affected the society of Boecklin, Leibl, and Trübner, left any permanent impressions behind them. Victor Müller alone seems to have had a quickening influence upon him through some of his fairy pictures. Having acquired a simple method of painting,

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

THOMA: "TWILIGHT IN THE BEECHES."

with which he appears to have been content, and a faculty for giving exhaustive expression to what he profoundly felt, he settled in Frankfort, and led a lonely, industrious life in his studio, which was overgrown with ivy, troubling himself little over his want of success or the derision of the public. So long as the Piloty school was in the ascendant his unpretentious pictures were not understood. They represented no great historical dramas, and did not obtrude themselves through flaunting bituminous painting or pompous gestures. Even in the matter of colour there were some of them which seemed too green and blue, and others had too little grace in their hard outlines. It was only in 1889, when he exhibited in the Munich Art Union, that Germany began to understand Thoma's fresh and childlike tones.

Moreover his works will not stand minute criticism. They are full of inequalities, weaknesses, and errors of drawing. Every one of them might be pulled to pieces on the score of technical blemishes. And yet one would not wish them

Munich : Hanfstängl.]

THOMA : "A TAUNUS LANDSCAPE."

different ; one would be afraid of the personal note being lost in them. As they are they have something so profoundly German in their strange dreaminess that they recall Friedrich Schlegel's assertion that the German artist has either no character whatever, or he is forced to accept that of the old German masters and be true-hearted, *bourgeois*, and a trifle clumsy.

If Boecklin belongs neither to the past nor the present, and Marées is only at home in the Italian Quattrocento, Thoma's art is rooted in the old German wood-engraving. In place of the opulent imagination of the master of Zürich, who with the wide eyes of a creature of the sea gazes fixedly into life like the Hellenic sphinx, there is something rustic and provincial in Thoma, something naïvely childlike which directly suggests the masters of the age of Dürer, more particularly Altdorfer. A fresh whiff of ozone, a fragrant poetry of fable, and the rustling of German woodlands are felt from

his pictures. And the memory of Schwind and Ludwig Richter is awakened in his rustic idylls.

There are landscapes: grassy hills, sown with flowers, in the distance mountains, and little brooks in the foreground, and heavy blue air above; little paths which wind over the hills, and men playing the guitar as they wend their way; dark green slopes of forest, with deeply hued rain-clouds and dark blue horizon, and in the foreground moist fields and solitary peasants following the plough. Here he paints a luxuriantly green valley of the Black Forest, traversed by glittering and rippling waters, and warm sunshine sleeping upon the clumps of trees; there a landscape in the Taunus country viewed by a traveller who is lying upon a shady slope. Or he paints children dancing, or peasant lads sitting upon the stump of a tree in the garden playing the fiddle. The golden moon rises in the deep blue sky behind them, and scarlet flowers glimmer through the dusk, while the soft notes of the instrument softly and tremulously die away amid the mysterious peace of evening.

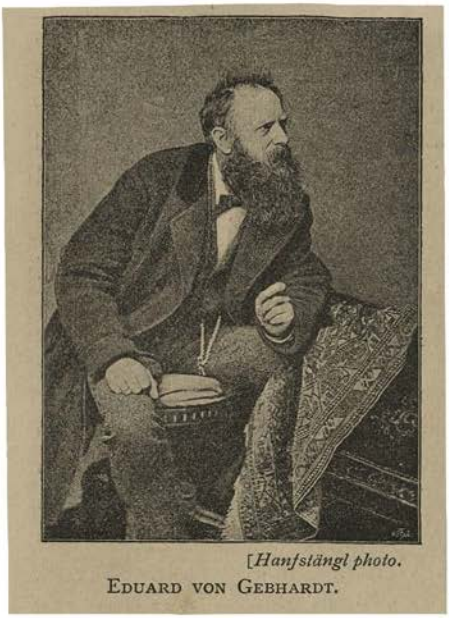
In these still landscapes the fabulous beings of old legends find a congenial haunt, the spirits of the forest and the fountain. Sometimes there is a nymph seated by the brawling stream, whilst farther back upon the ground starred with flowers little angels are twirling in the dance. Sometimes he reveals a goat-footed fellow in the thick of the wood blowing his syrinx, and at the verge of the forest a passing horseman listening in wonder to the ghostly tones. Or he represents a gigantic man with a lion at his side, standing as sentinel before the Garden of Love, where finely outlined figures of women and nude striplings are roaming. Or beneath a dazzling blue sky in front of the shadowy gloom of a forest whence a cool stream is flowing, the Madonna is seated, bending over the Child with maternal love, while little blond and blooming angels, shining like dragon-flies, wild children of the sky, bow with a droll gravity. His "Paradise" is a marvellous landscape with fair mountains and slender trees, green meadows, blue waters, and wise animals living in peaceful

harmony with Adam and Eve. Lucas Kranach might have painted the picture, were there not over everything in the work of Thoma a light breath of that melancholy which the nineteenth century brought first into the world.

But the young school has no right to claim either Boecklin or Marées or Thoma. They looked on with indifference whilst the historical painters, the Naturalists, and the Impressionists passed by their studio window, having already found the expression they needed for their reverie and meditation. The first Idealist of Naturalism is Fritz von Uhde. As early as 1884, when other young artists regarded everything transcending reality as a lure of the devil, Uhde rode forth into the unknown land as the first to start upon a reconnoitring venture: he was the first who, standing upon the soil of Naturalism, was not satisfied with merely reproducing what he had seen with his own eyes; on the contrary he approached metaphysical tasks by the route of Naturalism itself. "Art has decisively broken with religion." It is a curious coincidence that Fritz von Uhde was born in the very year when old F. T. Vischer demonstrated this thesis throughout so many pages of his *Æsthetic*, because it was Von Uhde who was destined to take up new sides of religious painting and devote himself to giving it new life with the zeal of an apostle.

In the nineteenth century its history had been one of great misfortunes. As a heritage derived from the classic periods of art it had come at once under the curse of discipleship. An age wanting in independence, such as the first half of the nineteenth century, of course never got beyond the imitation of classical forms, and confined itself to a lukewarm repetition of figures borrowed from the Cinquecento, which became so diluted that they gradually assumed a Byzantine pattern. "All biblical pieces have been robbed of their truth and simplicity and spoilt for sympathetic minds by frigid exaltation and starched ecclesiasticism. By stately mantles falling into folds an effort is made to conceal the empty dignity of the supernatural persons." Thus it was that Goethe wrote of this Idealism of a period of decay.

In the age when the Oriental picture dominated art religious painting also took part in this journey to the East. On the tour which he made to Syria and Palestine in 1839-40, Horace Vernet had recognized to his horror how much the Bible had been misconceived up to this time. Jerusalem, Damascus, and Nazareth—in reality they were all very different from what the pictures of the old masters would have led one to suppose. From the atmospheric effects to the agrarian, geological, and architectural details there was nothing that tallied. Even the costume in which biblical personages had been represented was apocryphal. Joseph—the East is conservative in its fashions—wore a white shirt and a machlah when he was espoused to Mary, and they had never thought of enveloping themselves in red and blue drapery in the interests of the future Cinquecentisti. The "Sposalizio" of Perugino and Raphael, after this was recognized, had the effect of a veritable masquerade. Vernet hastened to submit his new discovery to the judgment of the Institute. Modern painting, he contended, would attain its greatest triumphs through it. It could begin by reclothing the persons of the Old and New Testaments, and restoring to them those proper local associations which they had been forced to do without in the Renaissance. Happily this version of the Bible met with the same fate as Putkammer's orthography—no one could accustom himself to it. Through this historical and ethnographical meddling to which it was submitted in the thirties and forties, religious painting was no loftier than it had been in the days of Fra Angelico and Rembrandt. The spirit was dead, but the letter was alive. In strictly copying their architecture from Egyptian, Persian, Assyrian, or Roman remains, and their costumes from those of the modern Bedouins, painters were certainly able to attain local truth in externals, but the more essential truth of subject retreated further into the background. The character of the majority of these pictures might be described as an arid and Philistine Realism, in which every trace of taste disappeared, before the fatal consciousness at last arose that the Jews in the time of Christ most certainly did not wear burnouses and turbans.



[*Hanfstängl photo.*
EDUARD VON GEBHARDT.

Afterwards, when belief in historical painting was the first requisite of the æsthetic catechism, the Oriental *genre* picture was followed by the religious spectacular piece, the gala representation before God the Father. As all the secular heroes of the Piloty and the Delaroche school declaimed, gesticulated, and upset stools, the heroes of sacred history strode by with an empty desire of admiration with all the exaggerated bearing of stage princes. *Munkacsy's* "Christ before Pilate" is probably the best known and most important of these operatic scenes. If one were to think of any one of those figures from the populace which surround the Saviour in Rembrandt's etchings, any one of those simple folk who have no premeditated aim, who are just there, though they take part in the action with all their might and main, and do not in the least concern themselves about the spectator—if one were to think of such a figure beside the noisy, shrieking figurants so well trained to fill their place in these pictures, all the ostentatious creations of this period would sink into nothing; and beside Rembrandt's natural and unforced composition the same fate would befall the adroitly designed arrangement by which these painters sought to conceal the hollowness of their work.

The reaction against this spurious art began with *Wilhelm Steinhausen*—a master who has been but little honoured, though he had both force and depth of expression—and more particularly with *Eduard von Gebhardt.* Nothing more was to be gained from banal idealism of form; dominated by the effort to obtain beautiful folds of drapery, it left no room for the development of characterization. Weary of pseudo-idealistic pomp, and, like

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

GEBHARDT: "PIETÀ."

Leys, basing the whole spirit of his art upon the mediæval Germans, Gebhardt endeavoured to paint the men and women of the Bible in the costume of the fifteenth century. The Van Eycks, Dürer, Holbein, and, above all, Roger van der Weyden, the great dramatist amongst the Northern painters of the Quattrocento, were his models, and he imitated them with such judgment that it seemed as if a good Dutch painter of the Reformation period were risen from the grave. For this reason he marks no period of progress in the history of art. What he painted had been already painted quite as well. On the other hand, his appearance was a matter of importance to the religious painting of the nineteenth century. In substituting angular old Nuremburg and old Flemish figures for the handsome, athletic men formerly introduced as fishers and apostles, he accustomed the eye to notice that there was something truer than noble line and aristocratic pose. Realistic force took the place of ideal vagueness. For though the costumes are taken from the wardrobe of the fifteenth century, the heads are for

[*Artist litho.*

MENZEL: "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

the most part studied from nature. In the tough and raw population of his Esthland home he found a race of men as sinewy as Roger van der Weyden could have desired. In spite of their garb his apostles have a certain likeness to modern artisans; they do not pose and are not taken up with themselves. His antiquarian, old-world, ascetic tendency is not merely more full-blooded, but it has also greater spiritual distinction than that of the earlier artists, because he laid stress in the first place upon the action of the soul, the idealism of thought.

In this sense Gebhardt forms a link between the past and the present. When once the modern picture of the age had been substituted in the hands of the Realists for the historical painting, and the modern artisan had usurped the place of the Renaissance damsel and the mercenary soldier, it followed quite naturally that certain painters were prompted to treat the history of Christ as if they had taken part in it themselves that day or the day before. It was only by this transposition to the present that

LIEBERMANN: "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

it was held possible to give sacred painting that inner relationship to the age which it had in the older periods of art. And the sympathy with which the liberals at this time followed the struggle for the emancipation of the Jews was so eager, that artists felt they were on the right way in representing Christ as a specially wise and benevolent Jew. At the head of the group is Menzel, who in a brilliant lithograph of 1851 introduced the boy Jesus as an intelligent young Israelite, delighting a number of Polish Jews by His wise replies. As further experiments the two pictures by *Ernst Zimmermann* and *Max Liebermann* made a sensation in 1879; they were suggestive even from the purely pictorial point of view, though they were too much in opposition with the conceptions of our age to have successors on the same lines: as circumstances are, it is impossible to make the Western Jew of the nineteenth century a leading actor in sacred history without pictures becoming comic or producing an irreverent satirical effect.

Fritz von Uhde felt this, and set modern Christians in the place of modern Jews. When he came forward in 1884 with the first picture of this type he had already concerned himself with a great variety of matters. His father was an ecclesiastical functionary, and he was born in Wolkenburg in Saxony on May 22nd, 1848, and entered the Saxon Horse Guards in 1867.

He went through the French campaign as an officer, and remained in the army until 1877, when he had attained the grade of captain. After that he betook himself to Munich to become a painter, did his duty by the painting of knights and harness, and revelled in colouring after the fashion of Makart. In 1879 he stood in Paris at Munkacsy's easel. A "Chanteuse" and a "Family Concert" exhibited in 1880 in the Paris Salon were the fruits of his residence in that city. It was only after his return, when he was incited to go to Holland through Max Liebermann, that his views underwent a revolution. "The Sempstresses" and "The Organ-Grinder" were exceedingly pleasing works from Dutch life, which avoided every hint of *genre*, and, next to those of Liebermann, they were the first pictures which familiarized Munich painters with the results of French Naturalism.

Since that time Uhde has frequently painted such representations from modern life, and he is altogether one of the most various masters of the present—one of the most capable in making transitions. In 1884 he sent "The Drum Practice" to the Munich Exhibition; in 1888 "A Children's Procession," which in its sparkling vivacity made a close approach to Menzel; in 1889 "A Nursery," and "A Little Princess of the Heath" such as Bastien-Lepage would have painted in Dachau. And he placed himself at the side of the most eminent Munich portraitists by the likeness of a lady in black painted in 1890, and in 1893 by "The Actor." He grew richer in the means of expression, and his pallet became more powerful. Gifted with a tenacious faculty for work, he has ability enough to

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

UHDE: "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

approach all subjects; and it is to be expected that he will continue to take the public by surprise through many eminent pictures dealing with the most varied subjects.

But it is as a biblical painter that he has achieved his most lasting successes, associated as they are with those violent attacks upon him which contributed to render his works more familiar. The first of these same works—a picture entitled "Suffer Little Children to come unto Me," which is now in the Leipzig Museum—represented a schoolroom. It had a Dutch-tiled floor, and was filled with those straw mats, cane-bottomed chairs, and flower-pots which Munich painters were so fond of turning to account at a later time; and it was provided with those broad windows in the back wall which have since become part of the inventory of the Munich school. Within it the most charming peasant children are standing in their large wooden shoes with a delightful awkwardness, some of them wearing an air of attentive curiosity, others bashful and embarrassed. The pretty child in front, with a delicious air of confidence, reaches out his hand to the pale stranger who has entered during the lesson in religion and seated

Berlin: Schuster.]

UHDE: "COME, LORD JESUS, BE OUR GUEST."

Himself upon a Dutch cane-bottomed chair. And this stranger is Christ.

At the exhibition of 1884 the picture became the object of embittered attacks on account of this figure. But Uhde did not allow himself to be diverted from his purpose, and went calmly his own way. "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest" was the second strophe of his biblical epic. The family has just assembled for dinner in the dwelling of a poor artisan, and grace is about to be said, when Christ enters, a thin figure in a long robe falling into folds and with a faint halo round His head. The workman takes off his cap, welcoming the Son of God with a reverent gesture. The rest look up to Him with unfeigned and quiet love. Through a narrow window behind the light streams in, falling upon the group. "The Last Supper," which first appeared in the Paris Salon of 1886, made an effect of grave composition. A quiet sorrow is expressed in the countenance of Jesus; and the furrowed, weather-beaten faces of the apostles—simple fishermen and artisans, such as

UHDE: "THE HOLY NIGHT." [*Hanfstängl photo.*

the Gospel describes them—are inspired with deep feeling. An evening dusk, the weak light of the dying day, falls over this sad scene of parting, as though it were a grey veil. In "The Sermon on the Mount" he produced his first biblical picture with a scene in the open air. The sun has almost set, and its last rays cast a glow upon the field. A peaceful village, of which the red roofs may be descried, lies in the dusky background. Tired and covered with dust by His journey, Christ has seated Himself upon a bench in the open field, and is preaching to the "poor in spirit" who have gathered round Him. Women and children are kneeling at His feet. And troops of people are descending from the mountain slope, the women—by nature more capable of enthusiasm—being followed by the more tranquilly minded men, who listen to the words of the Preacher leaning upon their scythes.

"The Holy Night" is an altar triptych. In the central picture, which represents a bare workshop, Mary is regarding with quiet reverence the Child who is lying upon her lap. In the left-hand picture the shepherds are drawing near, following a steep mountain road in awe and veneration, while their rude forms, emerging from the gloom, are illuminated

UHDE: "THE LAST SUPPER." [*Hanfstängl photo.*

here and there by the radiance of a lantern. In the picture on the right hand there are little angels descending from heaven: these are no naked Loves painted in the fashion of the Italians, but the departed innocents in white robes and with flowers in their hair.

And in all these pictures Uhde shows himself an eminent painter as well as a great psychologist. It is marvellous, in his picture "Suffer Little Children to come unto Me," how the light gently ripples into the room, touching the blond heads of the little ones with a golden brightness and glancing over the straw mats upon the floor. The whole atmosphere is tremulously clear, and everything is steeped in fine silvery grey harmonies. An august poetry of light plays round the figures in the picture treating of the adoration of the child Jesus. The faint brightness of a crisp, sparkling, mid-winter night is streaming in, while in the foreground a lantern is flickering and casts, here at one moment and there at another, a reddish beam through the mysterious gloom. In the "Going to Bethlehem" loose snow has fallen on the ground, and night has descended upon the wanderers; the wind plays with the blond hair of the

[Hanfstangl photo.

UHDE: "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

young woman and ruffles her meagre robe, while the lights of the village are twinkling in the distance, and a poetry of Christmastide, fragrant of the pine, rests upon the landscape. And how rich is every one of his works in delicate spiritual observation! A trace of tenderness, inward depth, and cordial idyllicism runs through the art of Uhde. His Christ—that quiet Being laying His hand so softly down and moving with such spiritual calm—is the impersonation of benevolence, the embodiment of brotherly love. In "The Holy Night" Mary is not a beautiful woman, but she is glorified by the consciousness of her motherhood. As Millet wrote, "When I paint a mother I try to render her beautiful by the mere look she gives her child." And in "The Sermon on the Mount" the varied gestures of naïve humility, pious devotion, edification, and sincere uplifting of the heart are entirely masterly. A nameless yearning, an ardent desire fully to understand the words spoken, is expressed in the dilated blue eyes of the two women as in the sunburnt faces of the men. The charming angel in "The Annunciation," raising his dress somewhat awkwardly and

uttering the glad tidings with uplifted hand, is altogether delightful. But he is specially to be ranked amongst the greatest painters of children that the century has produced. I should be unable to name any previous artist who could have painted with such delightful charm the babbling lips and shining eyes of children, their shy trust, their bashful curiosity and awkward attempts at friendliness, and all the simple naïveté of child-life. In later days there is no doubt that this will be felt with greater candour than is at present possible.

"'Tell me yourself, Reverend Sir: Could you imagine a sacred story with modern costume, a St. Joseph in a coat of pilot cloth, a Virgin in a dress with a Turkish shawl thrown round her shoulders? Would it not seem to you an undignified, nay, a horrible profanation of the loftiest theme? And yet the old painters, more especially the Germans, represented all biblical and sacred stories with the costume of their own time, and it would be quite false to maintain that those costumes were better adapted to pictorial representation than the present. Many of the fashions of old time were exaggerated, I might say monstrous; just fancy those pointed shoes bent upwards an ell in height, those bulging trunk-hose, those slashed jerkins and sleeves.' 'Well,' replied the Abbot, 'well, my dear Johannes, in a few words I can put before you thoroughly the difference between the old pious age and the more corrupt era of the present. Consider this: in olden times the sacred stories had so entered into human life, I might even say they were so much a condition of life, that every one believed the miraculous to have taken place before his very eyes, and that everlasting Omnipotence might allow it to happen every day. And to the devout painter sacred history, to which he turned his attention, was identified with the present; amongst men surrounding him in life he saw the grace of God accomplished, and because he perceived it so vividly it was what he represented in pictures. But, my dear Johannes, just because the present age is too profane not to stand in hideous contrast with those pious legends, just because no one is in a condition to imagine those miracles taking

place amongst us, the representation of them with our modern costume must necessarily appear preposterous, absurd, and even irreverent. If the Eternal Power were to permit a miracle actually to take place before the eyes of us all, we might then tolerate the costume of our own age in the picture; but so long as this is not the case, young painters, if they would have any standpoint, must take care to note with accuracy in old events the costume of the actual period, to meet the requirements of the case. *Si duo idem faciunt non est idem*, and it is quite possible that what fills me in an old master with a devout and holy thrill, would seem a profanation to me in a new painter.'"

This passage occurs in T. A. Hoffmann's *Lebensansichten des Kater's Murr*, published in 1820, and it possibly explains why it is that Uhde's pictures, in spite of all their wealth of spiritual feeling, produce an effect upon the majority of the public which is rather strange than convincing. The naïveté and naturalness quite unconsciously produced, according to the general supposition, by the old masters, is in Uhde a logical conclusion—in other words, the result of a complicated sequence of ideas. When he introduced into his pictures certain symbolical ideas, represented things which mirrored, as it were, the eternal continuance of Christian doctrine, it was easier to follow him. Not once alone does Jesus console those who are crying for faith, not once alone does He approach the table of the poor, not once alone does He break bread with His disciples: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." But when the painter came to represent historical events which could only be imagined as having happened once, when he began not merely to introduce modern peasants into biblical pictures, but to clothe biblical personages in the dress of modern peasants, the effect of his pictures was seriously prejudiced in the opinion of most spectators, because the historical consciousness rebelled. After a long period of eruditely rationalistic art, there are few immediately capable of regarding pictures through any medium except that of the understanding. But Uhde's historical position does not suffer by this. In sentiment and ability his pictures

Munich Photographic Union.]

DÜRR: "MADONNA."

are amongst the best produced in Germany during the last decade. Indefatigably wrestling to obtain a personal solution of ancient problems, he has merely chosen modern costume to avoid all the medley of historical costume, and divert no one from the psychical character of the motive by an external, antiquarian equipment, while to justify his conception he may cite as his accomplices all the old masters of Teutonic origin, and even the Italians of periods other than that of Raphael. In his creations with as little constraint as in theirs is the poetic joy in the ever-enduring sentiment of devout legends interwoven with true artistic pleasure in faithfully representing life as it is around us, and, if any inference from the past be permissible in reference to the future, later generations will view Uhde's pictures with as little prejudice as we do the works of the old masters.

His art has exerted a wide influence, particularly in other countries, although none of his imitators has equalled the master in earnestness and inward depth of feeling. The Scandinavians Skresdvig and Edelfelt, in addition to L'Hermitte, Blanche, and many others, have painted New Testament pictures with the costume of the present time. Even Jean Béraud, the journalist of the Parisian boulevards, has been guilty of a

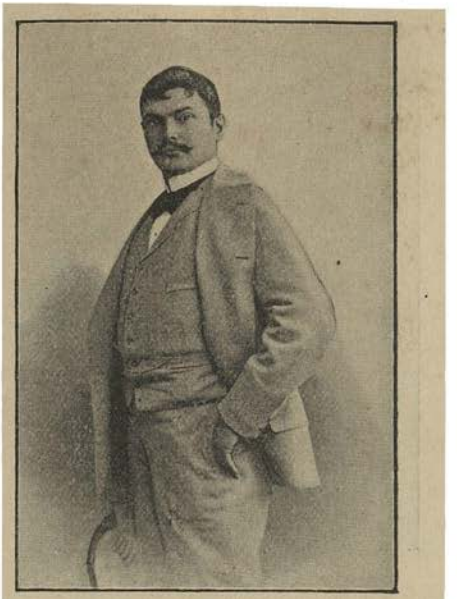
HOFMANN: "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

Crucifixion upon Montmartre and a St. Mary Magdalene lying at the feet of Jesus in a *cabinet particulier* of the Café Anglais amid a circle of Parisian men of letters. In Germany it was only *Firle* and *Hermann Neuhaus* who made a few more or less successful attempts. The other sacred painters worked with exquisite delicacy, avoiding every Naturalistic adaptation of biblical events, and merely endeavouring to create an effect akin to devotional feeling through the medium of a fragrant atmosphere of fairy-legend, overpowering the spectator like mesmerism. This peculiarity, for instance, helped in 1888 to achieve the success gained by the "Madonna" of *Wilhelm Dürr*. The shades of evening have fallen, enveloping the earth in dreamy silence. The meadow-grass and the foliage of the bushes rise almost black against the dusky sky, and the outlines of the figures melt into hazy vapour. And the air only vibrates with the notes of a viola with which a blond-headed angel is greeting the Blessed Virgin, whilst another, lost in devout reverie, gazes up in rapture to the Child-Christ. A Madonna of *Wilhelm Volz* attained in the following year a similar if less enduring effect. It is a Sunday forenoon in spring. The bells of the little church in the distance are chiming, the gnats humming, and the leaves rustling. And Mary, a delicate, girlish figure in a white dress and with a white kerchief for her head, has

EXTER: "THE WAVE." [*Albert photo.*

seated herself upon a bench in an open field. No angel draws near to announce to her the glad tidings. But her spirit is vividly moved. She hears the chime of the bells, the hum of the gnats, and the rustling of the leaves. In her heart, as in nature, it is spring. The whole picture is composed with few tones of colour, and through this very simplicity of white on green it produces a delicate effect of fragrant innocence and of being veiled by a hue of old-world story.

In the rest German New Idealism is expressed through the same forms as in England and France. For some all is transformed into an iridescent and variegated fairy realm. They live once more, as in the times of Novalis, in the world of the blue flower, where sun and moon and stars endow things with beauty, fragrant and rich in colour, and unearthly, although for



FRANZ STUCK.

that reason the more perishable. The others, with a greater tendency to Hellenic severity of form, have an inclination to aim at style, at primitive Classical simplicity. A third class busy themselves as etchers with thoughtful allegorical inventions. But the peculiar *décadent* mood, *l'épidémie de langueur*, as André Michel has called it, has for the present no interpreter, which is perhaps an evidence of the healthy inborn force of the German people.

Ludwig von Hofmann is abundant in the attractions of colour, placing red flowers, blue fields, and green skies in skilful combinations of hue. Deep blue clouds are resting over the far-off sea. The veils of mist above it are crossed by red and green lances of sunlight, pearls of dew are sparkling, and three young girls, in bright Grecian robes of crape and with long auburn air, run laughing, arm-in-arm, into the clear waves of the sea. Another of his pictures is a symphony in rose-colour. Heavy yellow roses are hanging from a bush, flowery woods girdle a large lake, and the water is tinged with glowing purple. Swans glide through the rushes, dark bluebells bend to and fro at the shore, and the solitary figure of a woman looks thoughtfully into the murmuring waters. A third picture reveals a bluish-green thicket, where deep blue poison-flowers grow rife. Adam is asleep, and Eve drinks in with avidity the sibilant words of the serpent. Or between flowery bushes and tall palms of which the fan-like leaves sway in the yellow light of the sky, there sleeps a sheltered pool, where a handsome boyish Daphnis, standing up to the knees in water, is gazed upon with yearning by his fair-haired Chloe. But Hofmann has not yet

STUCK: "FIGHTING SATYRS."

found his ultimate form of expression. His works seem like a pageant of all the ideas of the century, a sanguinary battle-field between Boecklin, Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler, and the Scots; and so far as can be seen it will be long before a style of his own arises from this medley of other styles. But the chords of colour which he touches have often a most soothing harmony; and in his conceptions, especially those of landscapes, a largeness and poetry only bestowed upon really talented men lie sometimes implicit; while an unfailing sense of decorative effect is expressed in his designs for lacquer-work and the like.

Julius Exter was prompted in the most fruitful manner by Besnard. His very first picture, "The Playground" of 1890, was an interesting study in the manner of the French luminists. The bright colours of the dresses have a piquant and coquettish effect between the sunlight and the shade of the avenue; and the delicate figures of the girls running about in their play are detached in a fragrant and charming way from the soft colouring of the background. Later he became more courageous in the tasks he set himself to accomplish. His "Wave" was a marvellous

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

STUCK: "THE CRUCIFIXION."

picture of dusk. In the blue haze of evening, which is just drawing on, a beautiful siren rises from the gleaming violet confusion of the waves, while at no great distance the form of another woman emerges like a shadow from the water. Glittering pearls fall from her hair, and magical hues repose upon the sea. "Paradise Lost" is a symphony in yellow. Two naked figures are cowering on the earth, while the soft sunlight falls upon them. In another picture there were naked boys lying upon the strand; and the warm sea-air plays over their lithe forms stretched upon the sand. At times Exter also stands in other people's shoes, but he will acquire a manner of his own; the bold confidence with which he worked from the very first day gives assurance of that.

Amongst young Munich artists *Franz Stuck* is the man of

[*Hanfstängl photo.*

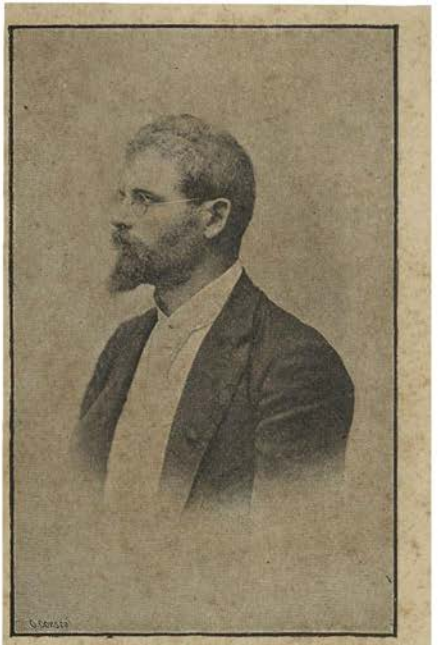
STUCK: "LUCIFER."

greatest and most promising talent. Beside these painters, with their nervously vibrating sense of colour, he has the effect of being a draughtsman; beside these men of calculated refinement he is like a primitive artist. And primitive are the subjects he represents, primitive his simplification of colour, primitive his style in form. In the former painters everything is colour and flowing light, and in him everything is line, firmness of contour, and plastic calm. His starting-point was industrial art. When he took the world by storm in 1889 with his first picture, "The Warder of Paradise," a year after Rochegrosse's "Tannhäuser" had been exhibited in Munich, he was already known by his spirited illustrations for *Fliegende Blätter* and his graceful designs for "cards and vignettes." Since then he has developed in an extraordinary way. With a many-sidedness and a fertility which are unequalled, he has the secret of approaching legends from all sides, seizing their joyous grace and their demoniacal horror. Here he paints the form of Satan rising like a spectre from a dim grey background. There he revels with Boecklin in the wild company of those demi-gods, who carry on their grotesque gambols in old scenes of fable. To take shelter from the heat a faun has clambered up a tree with broad leaves, and there he takes his noonday slumber lying astride upon a bough. Or upon a cliff over the sea-coast, amid a classical evening landscape, a shepherd is playing the flute, while a

nixie, tempted by curiosity, has crept out to listen. Pairs of Centaurs bound across the field at a thundering gallop, and faun children seek glow-worms in the late evening twilight. In his "Wild Hunt" figures with glowing eyes, heads thrown backwards, gaping mouths, and arms flung up in raving madness, issue from the thick grey atmosphere. The spirits of the night are riding upon the skeletons of animals. In front of all these glimmers the bare skull of a horse, and above it is seen, distorted with hellish rage, the visage of the devil, who is whirling his whip in frenzied urgency, with his doubled arm bent back. Yet Stuck gave his attention also to the tender German legends with their lime-blossoms and enchanted princes. The evening sky shines as though with liquid gold. In the dim meadow stands a princess looking down with curiosity at a frog which bears a tiny crown upon its head and is a prince bewitched. Such pictures as "Orpheus making Music," the "Samson" painted grey upon grey, the "Head of Pallas Athene," and that picture representing the figure of a muscular young athlete bearing a statue of Nike and a laurel in his hands, have an entirely ornamental effect in the style of a baroque antique. His "Sin" is a luxuriant woman with a pale amber visage framed in raven locks, a woman whose shining eyes are animated with a smile at once startled and sick with longing, while the cold body of a serpent presses round her form in heavy coils. He represents Medusa staring into vacancy with a dead, distorted gaze. In the exhibition of 1890 he had a Pietà of a petrified Classicality. The body of the Saviour lay upon a marble socle, while the Mother was standing beside it, upright and rigid as a statue, hiding her face with her hands. And his "Crucifixion" of 1891 was a deep symphony upon the theme of Golgotha, with full chromatic figures. There was a Venetian bloom and a Scotch sombre tinge in the strong austere colours of the waving black and crimson mantles of the priests, something brutal and Herculean in the rigid drawing of the nude body, and something distorted to caricature in the yelling and howling Jews breathing fury and indignation as they shout, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

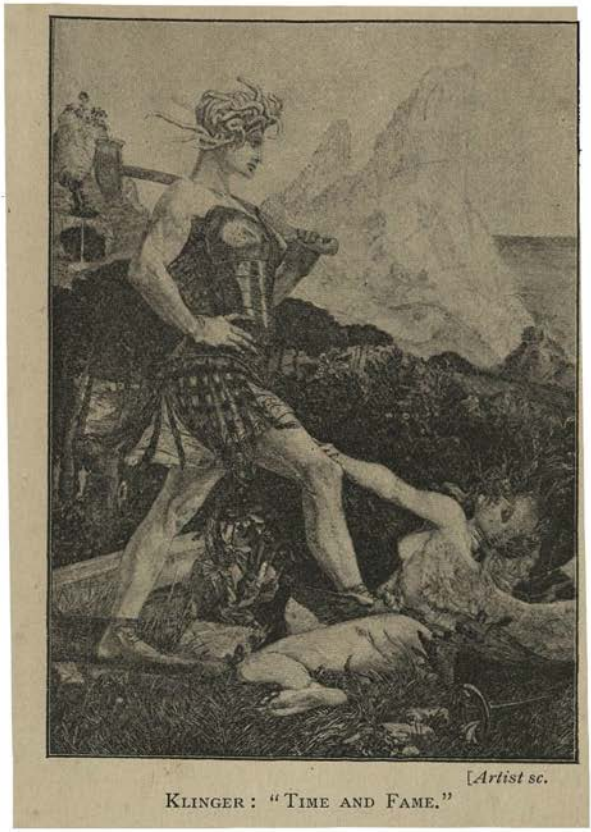
But in spite of their great variety of subject one sharply defined trait runs through the pictures of Stuck—a trait, as it were, of the creative capacity for industrial art. Every work takes the spectator by surprise through its strange individuality of colour, which has, however, always the mark of taste, and through a skill in draughtsmanship sometimes suggesting the Greeks and sometimes the Japanese. He is always captivating by his ease and dexterity in technique, and by his strong sense of decorative effect. But he is not to be ranked amid the artists with whom one can enter into spiritual relationship. When Rops draws a Satan, there is a lurid fire in his glimmering and uncannily watchful eyes. There is something of the serpent in them and something of Nero abstractedly gazing at the flames of burning Rome. Burne-Jones holds one in thrall by his tender melancholy; Boecklin by the weight of spirit with which he bears one along with sovereign power, as he runs through the entire gamut from wayward humour to the pitch where terror is wedded to grandeur. The harmonies of Puvis de Chavannes whisper, melting and mysterious like exquisite music heard in the dusk. In the picture one is always conscious of the psychical state from which it was created and which quickens the same mood of spirit in the spectator. But what is expressed in the pictures of Stuck is pure and positive pleasure in moulding and developing forms. If Boecklin's beings are full of life and the force of nature, Stuck's are decorative and antiquarian. If Gustave Moreau's mysticism is spiritualized and rich in thought, Stuck's works are mythological representations which do not go beyond ornamental effect. A Bavarian, full of strength and marrow, he will have nothing to do with the sorrows and sufferings which impel the men of aristocratic temperament amongst the moderns to become productive; he bounds into the weary present age like a Centaur.

And that is what divides Stuck from *Max Klinger*, with whom he shares the elements of Hellenic sentiment, originality, precision of form, and the heraldic line. Stuck is more enthralling in his handiwork, for he is the greater master of technique. But



MAX KLINGER.

the works of Klinger are more interesting to the psychologist, for a more profound and distinctive spirit is expressed in them. It was in 1878 that a young pupil of Gussow first exhibited at the Berlin Academy Exhibition two series of pen sketches, a "Series upon the Theme of Christ" and "Fantasies upon the Finding of a Glove." Klinger began his career as an etcher with an "experience," a love-affair, which had lacerated his spirit. Being a man of excitable, sensitive temperament, he emancipated himself from a passion, like Goethe, by giving it artistic form. The first work of the series brings the spectator to the Berlin skating-rink. The two leading figures are the artist, a tall military figure with thick curling hair, and a young lady, a Brazilian. The lady loses a long six-buttoned glove as she skims along; and the young artist stoops in his course to pick it up. What is more serious, he falls in love with her. After returning home he sits cowering down with his face buried in his hands, and dreams of the glove and its wearer—dreams of the history of his love: the highest happiness, doubt, despair, and happiness again. Then he beholds the glove upon a ship reeling in a terrible storm; and then the sea subsides, and the glove is borne to the shore, where the foam is transformed into shining roses, in a shell drawn by creatures of the sea. The glove is in his possession, and makes him happy. They pass the night together, but in the morning it goes from him as though forced to flee. Klinger stretches out his arms imploringly to hold it, as it is being borne from him by an angry monster. Then there is once more tempest and dismay. The waves beat



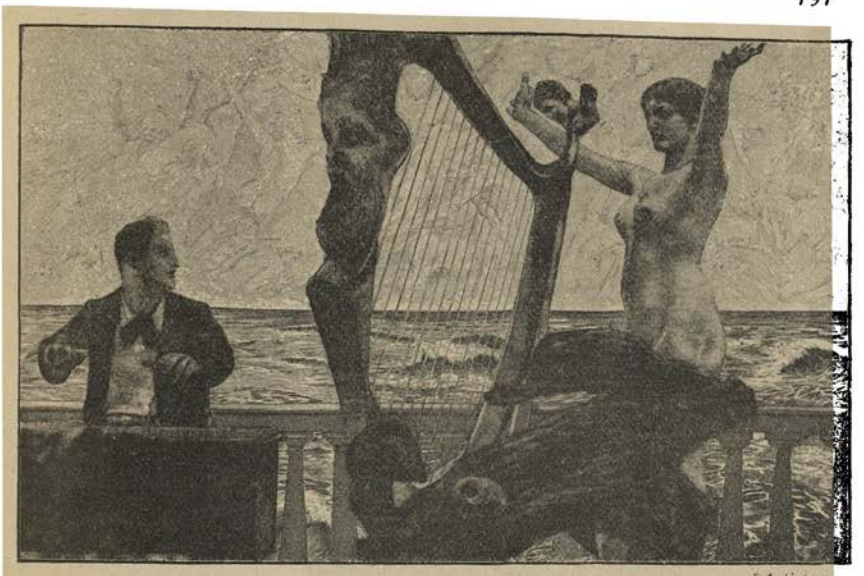
[*Artist sc.*

KLINGER: "TIME AND FAME."

against the very bed of the sleeper, and all manner of prodigies of the deep draw near. At last he awakes to find the glove lying upon the table beside his bed, where he had laid it upon the previous evening; while a little Cupid, mocking the dreamer, keeps watch over the soft and fragrant treasure, upon which rose-leaves are showered.

The originality of these things, executed when he was one-and-twenty, was so baroque that no one knew whether it was the result of genius or insanity. But most people were content with disposing of "The Glove" as an example of lunacy, while they broke out in tones of the greatest indignation over the treatment of the religious themes. It was Levin alone who championed Klinger, writing in *Die Gegenwart* that it would be said in after-times of the Berlin Exhibition of 1878: "Max Klinger first exhibited there."

Fifteen years have passed since then, and Klinger has gone his lonely way, disregarding praise and blame. He neither stood in need of protection nor of external impulses, for there lived in this thin, reserved man, with his red hair and strange, prominent eyes, guarded by gold spectacles, such a prolific and light-winged fantasy as has fallen to the portion of few mortals. Undisturbed by the taste or opinion of the day, he



[Artist sc.

KLINGER: "THE EVOCATION."

worked in industrious quietude in Munich, Brussels, Paris, or Rome, as the case might be, until he finally settled far from the society of artists, in Plagwitz, near Leipzig, where he handles the brush or the etching-needle, the chisel or the pen, according to the inspiration of the moment.

His "Judgment of Paris" was the *enfant terrible* of the exhibition of 1886. It was said that the body of the foremost goddess was the colour of leather, and that the second looked like a figure in terra-cotta. Juno had no peacock, and Paris not even an apple, as he sat there composedly with a red cloth spread over his lap. Instead of a philological exegesis of the fable, Klinger had created a legendary picture of Homeric naïveté in the fashion of the old masters. In his "Crucifixion of Christ" there lived something of the quiet gravity of Italian frescoes. His "Pietà," with its vehemently contorted faces, might have been attributed to Carlo Crivelli, apart from its paradisiacal landscape, which is so large in conception and which betrays its nineteenth-century origin. And in the picture of those nixies dreamily resting upon a lonely cliff of the sea, and placed beneath a magical light coming from some mysterious

[*Artist sc.*

KLINGER: "TEMPTATION."

source, he won his spurs, after long experiments, as an artist in colouring.

But etching remained his peculiar field. Here it is not a technical artist for ever making tentative efforts who gives expression to his talent, but the accomplished master. He is a man of inventive, speculative talent, and by a mixture of the manner of aquatint and pure work of the needle he brought the capacity for expression in etching to such an astonishing height that certain exemplars of his work are to be ranked even in technique with the best that the history of art has to show. Later times will probably date a new period in the art of the burin from his appearance. As in earlier years *Stauffer-Bern* received from Klinger the impulses which were most permanent with him, so at the present day *Otto Greiner*—one of the most forcible artists in Munich and one with the greatest capacity for development—has been attracted by Klinger; and, equipped with an admirable knowledge of drawing, Greiner has been the first in Germany to make lithography an effective medium of expression.

In Klinger the thinker and the poet are combined. All that limitless range extending from what is lovely to what is terrible, and from the realistic element to the imaginative, is spanned by Klinger's art as it was by that of the old German

masters. At times he is as one preaching repentance, laying bare the evils of the age without mercy, revealing the night-sides of life with a hand of power, and lifting the curtain upon the brutal tragedies of the gutter and the hovel. And at times, intoxicated with beauty and filled with the joy of life, he summons into existence an Hellenic world as bright as crystal, peopling marvellous Grecian landscapes with glorious nude figures which seem to have taken their rise directly from the enchanting forms delineated upon Grecian vases. Naturalism of the school of Zola and Socialistic tendencies of thought are united with Goya's demoniacal fantasy. The inward emotion and profound worship of beauty of Franz Schubert, whose music he plays and loves, are combined with the metaphysical fantasticality of Jean Paul Richter and the wild fevered dreams of T. A. Hoffmann. Like the visionary Blake, he finds his inspiration everywhere: forms take shape before him in everything—in the smoke of a taper, in the waves of the sea, in the scudding fleeces of the clouds; beautiful women and deformed dwarfs, winged figures wailing as they float towards heaven, and gnomes with long beards smiling as they move in mystic dances.

[*Artist sc.*

KLINGER: "MOTHER AND CHILD."

The works which immediately followed "The Glove" dealt with ancient legends; and over his representations for "Cupid

[*Artist sc.*

KLINGER: "TO BEAUTY."

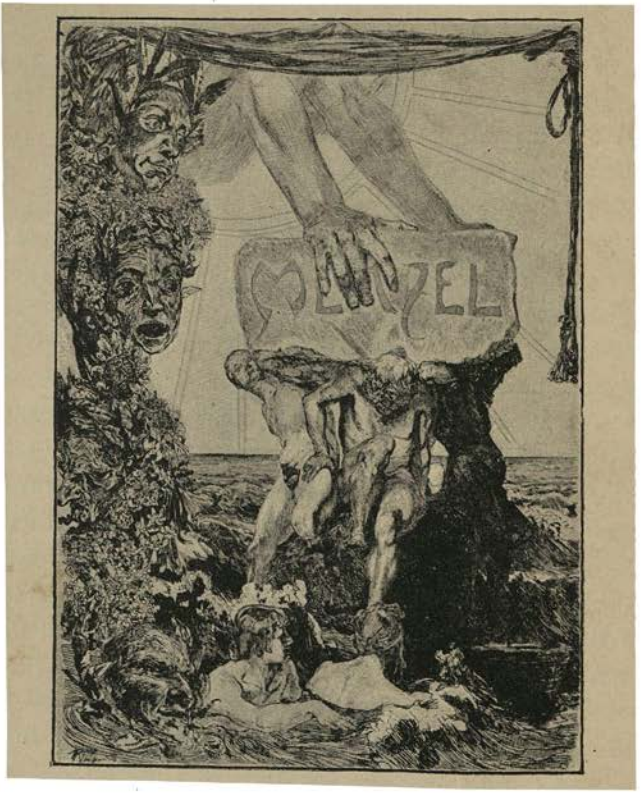
and Psyche" there rested a blithe joy in existence which was genuinely antique, an Ionic amenity, a noble simplicity, and a largeness and calm such as was attained by no other artist of the century. Long before he ever set his foot upon Roman soil he had dreamed in his "Deliverances of Sacrificial Victims told in Ovid" of classical landscapes, noble and rich in form, and simple and pristine in sentiment. And in his series of illustrations to *Simplicissimus* he gave expression in a fashion that was fresh and aboriginally Teutonic to the witchery of the German forests with their mysterious gloom, their desolate glens, and their enchanting glimpses into the distance.

But he once more struck a path leading to the present age in "Eve and the Future." Eve is standing before the fatal tree, and the gaping mouth of the serpent looking down upon her is a mirror. The knowledge of her beauty is to be her ruin. Standing enchanted upon tiptoe, she beholds her own charm. Then the die is cast. Before the gate of rock at the verge of Paradise there crouches a huge tiger resting upon his fore-paws in majestic quietude. Abrupt walls of insurmountable rock enclose the garden of Eden, now for ever lost to men. "The wages of sin is death," and in the final plate "Death as the Pavior" stamps together a pyramid of skulls.

"A Life" gives a new version of that old Hogarthian theme the career of a harlot. There is a young woman, passionate and dreamy, and surrounded by luring faces like those of a *Fata Morgana*. For a time she lives in a wild intoxication of love, and is then deserted. After that comes need and the seductive chink of gold. Then there is seen a coquette looking on composedly while two rivals are killing one another for her sake. The next scene is that of a dancing-girl whirling round upon the stage in mad bounds and displaying her charms. And the end of all takes place in a gutter under the gloom of night. She is judged: she is saved. In the final plate Christ rises through the night, revealing a world of atonement and purity and peace.

And the art of the nineteenth century seems also to be saved. "*Le propre de l'homme est d'inventer, d'être soi et non pas un autre*," has once more, as in the great ages, become the principle of creation for the best works. When, in the beginning of his career, Klinger produced the series dealing with the sacrificial victims in Ovid, he opened it with an appeal to the ancient muse. A work-table with drawing implements is represented; to the left is a candle with a bright flame, the smoke of which thickens into clouds. A head of classic beauty wreathed with flowers rises mistily, and hard by there is a Grecian landscape. And to the right, resting upon the table, the two hands of an artist are clasped in fervent prayer to the spirit of antique beauty. Another confession of faith is made in the last plate of the series on death. A magnificent group of primæval trees surrounded with tendrils permits a free prospect of the sea resting beneath the cheerful glance of the sun. Upon the turf in front a nude mortal is kneeling, having sunk down in the presence of the ocean, overpowered by an ecstatic sense of beauty; and kneeling there he covers his face with his hands to press back his thickly coming tears. Thus the stammering appeal to the ancient goddess is followed by a thrilling hymn to the beauty of nature. They are, as it were, the starting-point and the destination of the way over which the painting of the nineteenth century has passed. It received freedom from the study of life, and now that the basis of

Naturalism has been prepared for it, the imagination comes proudly to her royal right. Upon a title-page which Klinger drew in 1881 for the catalogue of a private exhibition in Berlin, the beautiful form of a woman with floating hair stands with an earnest mien upon the globe, over which a silvery full-moon is shining. In her lap rests the son of art to whom she, with glowing eyes, reveals the secrets of the universe, pointing with a key instead of a staff. And should she ever lose the touch of earth beneath her feet in that ecstasy amid the clouds which has been attained by Boecklin, two gigantic hands from above —such as Klinger drew in one of his dedication plates—will once more press down upon the earth a mass of rock with the inscription :



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CHAPTER XXXIV

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